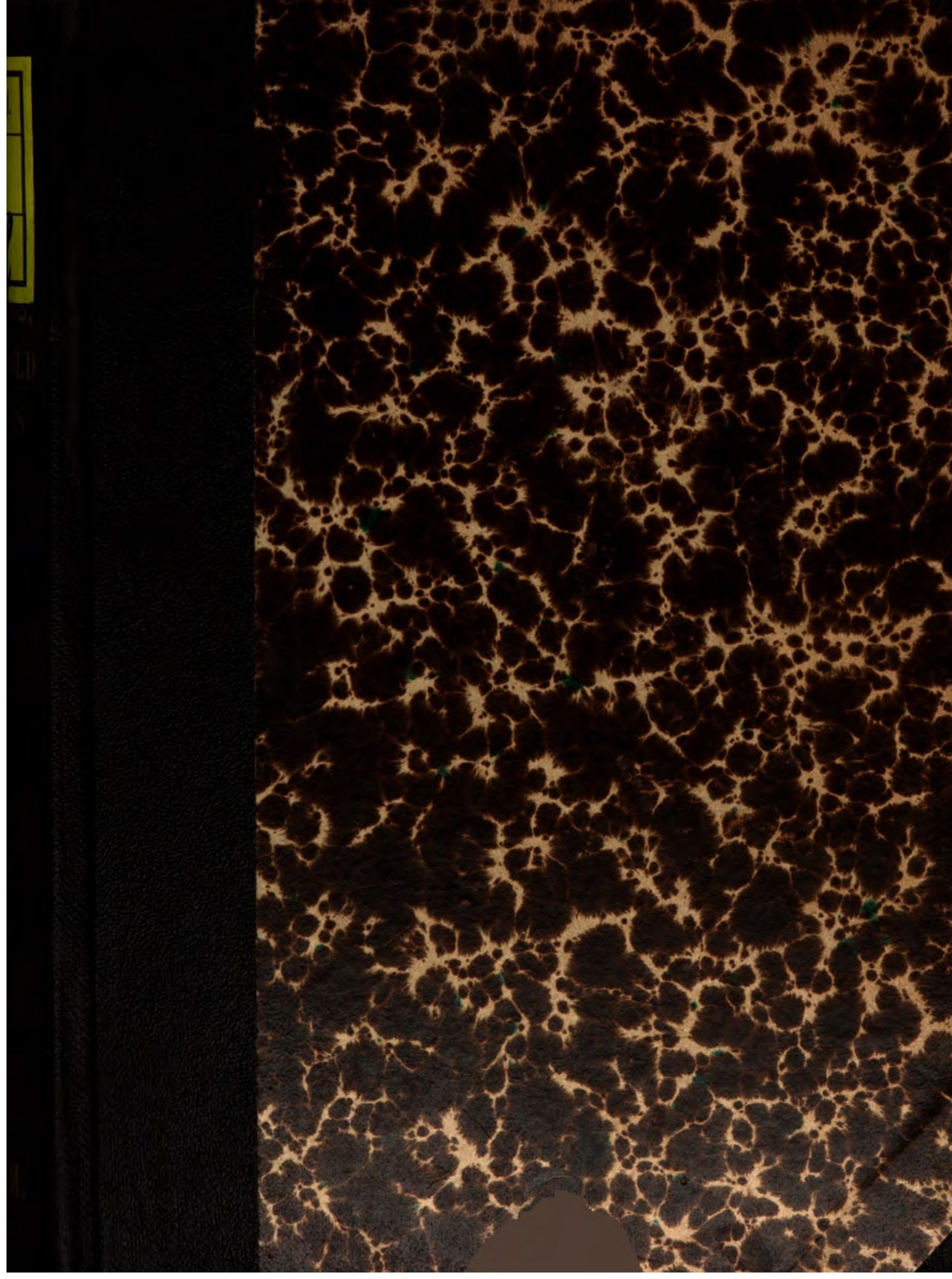




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VOL. X

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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Shakespeare.

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

CONDUCTED BY
CHARLES DICKENS.

THE BIRTH AND PARENTAGE OF LETTERS.

IN so far as the perfection of materials for writing, and the facility of means for sending letters are concerned, we may have little more to hope for in this country. Our paper and ink are materials so perfectly adapted for their purpose, that it is difficult to imagine in what way they can be substantially bettered by inventors that shall be hereafter. Quill pens, to be sure, have to be superseded; but in order that this their destiny may be accomplished, steel or metallic pens have to be very much improved. They are improving steadily. In the matter of transmission, though there is scarcely a grander civil institution in the world than our English postal system, we dare still rely upon the march of science for increased rapidity of transit; and, consequently, increased frequency of communication. Letters will hereafter be absolutely sent more rapidly from hand to hand, and, what is more immediately practicable, the powers of

the electric telegraph, from being a rare luxury, have to become vulgarised and pressed into service for the important correspondence of the million. Then, too, we may have, some of these days, that is to say, in "the good time coming," an ocean penny post.

It is a terrible thing, however, to remember that while paper, pens, and ink are placed in such a perfect state beside the fingers of the people; while the national resources offer to every man incredible facility for the transmission of his bit of mind to a distance when he has written it, yet millions among us cannot grapple with a pen, and are but dimly conscious even that they have a bit of mind wherefrom they could indite a letter. It is as bad with them as it was with the whole world thousands of years ago, in those very prime Old Times which are laid up in Bin No. 1 of History.

We should respect those little scraps which men who have been educated to the handling of a pen

are daily sending abroad, and receiving from the hands of postmen — in London hourly — at their doors; we should respect those little scraps which are called letters, if they were not so thoroughly familiar that we can scarcely conjure up a notion of the difficult and slow degrees through which the power of thus speaking to the absent was attained by man. It is a marvel of art, which has become, like nature's marvels, part of our daily life; a thing that seems almost more necessary to us, in a civilised condition, than our legs, though, by-the-by, if the whole community were legless, we should soon find out that what can be dispensed with by an individual, may nevertheless be essential to a race. Few of us, then, can even by an effort abstract in our minds the art of letter-writing from all its familiar relations, so as to obtain a full sense of its being marvellous. Let us help the imagination by an anecdote. In the Brazils, a slave was sent once by a gentleman to his friend with a basket of figs and a letter. The bearer was of course illiterate — for those who enslave the bodies of men, make it a rule to keep the light of the contained mind from being kindled. The slave liked figs, and ate a number of them, but his theft was detected when he reached his destination, because the accompanying letter told exactly what the basket should contain. The thief was greatly puzzled to conceive by what spell the letter was enabled

to tell tales about him; but the next time he went with fruit, and his mouth watered for a share of it, he determined that the paper should not tattle; so he put it underneath a large stone, and then sat upon the stone; there he was safe against the spy, and having taken his refreshment, he released the letter and completed the remainder of his duty. To his dismay, again the talisman testified against him, and brought down the whip upon his back. Now, let us go back and briefly trace the origin of this tale-bearing invention; let us inquire what were the first letters like, and who were the first of the Letter-writers?

Let us take a voyage to some far isle in the Pacific Ocean, where the savages are perfectly untutored. They may resemble civilised men as they were in the best or oldest of Old Times. Do they write letters to each other? Not exactly, but they write. The first writing is never private and confidential; it is a "Know all men by these presents," scratched upon some rock. These men have minds yet utterly uncultivated; they cannot advance far in cultivation, for no written records give to their present the vantage ground of a true knowledge of the past. Except some vague traditions, and some rough practical knowledge that has been perpetuated by familiar use, the knowledge of one man consists in just so much as he can discover for himself during the period which

elapses between the first day on which he can totter in his infancy, and the last day on which he can totter in his age. The material universe prompts his ideas — there is nothing transcendental in his humour; his supernatural ideas are only of rocks, waterfalls, and storms, and men, magnified and distorted by the play of an untrained imagination. He can talk about nothing, or almost nothing, but trees, huts, animals, things visible in form. Of such things the idea can be communicated without speech, by scratching their outline on a tree or rock. Does he hold any animal sacred, and has he devoted any sequestered corner of the forest to the purposes of worship, he will naturally indicate that fact to himself and all whom it may concern, by a rude figure of the god upon the nearest surface suitable for the reception of a drawing. Stone — a rock — he would choose naturally as having a smooth hard surface, as being fixed and durable. If anywhere in the wilds he should distinguish himself as a warrior or a hunter, he would desire to make his mark against the place for a perpetual memorial of the achievement. Men, weapons, and animals would thus come to be scratched upon the rocks, in figures somewhat similar to those which the young gentlemen and ladies at a preparatory school are in the habit of eliminating on their slates. Such marks — not symbols, but in all cases direct attempts at the imitation of some visible object which the artist had in his mind — such marks are all the writing that is found to this day in many of the Pacific Islands, and they jot a note down of the first step which mankind took upon the road to our mail-trains and penny post of 1851.

What was the second step? An obvious one. It would soon be felt that a figure of eight, with two strokes for a pair of legs, and two strokes for a pair of arms, would do to express man in general, but that each hero wanted to commemorate his own deed in particular. Among the lower animals, plants, and objects of dead nature, each in its kind was found to have a certain character, while men found in each other characters and dispositions varying exceedingly. Where tribes, and the relations among them, multiplied at all, it would be necessary for each man to distinguish the members of his own connexion, about whom he would often have to speak when they were absent, by some name. That object in nature which most resembled him in character, would be almost the only name that could be thought of by a tribe whose life and thoughts were bound within the limit of their bodily perceptions. So one man would be called the ox, and one the serpent; their encampments would require names at a later stage of social progress, and would receive names, upon which would, by that time, be constituted the established principle.

All this would lead to that improvement in rock-writing which we find among the Mexican inscriptions. A man is figured, and before his mouth is placed a little object — a dove, or serpent, for example — which stands there to signify the name of the individual whom it was intended to depict. By means of writing of this kind, it would obviously be impossible to communicate any complex information; and at this time portable inscriptions could not in any way assist the business of common life.

Coeval with the use of names signifying qualities, and drawn from the outer world, there would arise a habit of attaching external ideas of matter to internal ideas of the mind; courage, cowardice, prudence, &c., would be represented habitually by emblems; the soul would begin to turn the world of matter to its own high use, and there would arise that figurative language, that poetry, which is the habitual language of all savage communities that have made the first two or three steps towards the development of human power. Ideas which exist only in the mind, would now begin to multiply and preponderate over ideas founded upon bodily sensation. The world without would become more and more a storehouse of emblems to be used for the depiction of a world within. A lion for strength, a serpent for subtlety — objects would now commonly be drawn to represent ideas; and now the writing still scratched

upon rocks and walls, would be sufficient to communicate much information to all those who were accustomed to the symbols.

Let us imagine now, that a community of men which has advanced so far in its writing powers, and proportionately in the other branches of its civilisation, having formed into a rude state, makes war on another rude state at a distance, speaking another language. It is victorious, and brings home captive a chief, with a barbarous name, like nothing in the language of the victors. The triumph must be written on a rock; but how is the name of the vanquished enemy to be re-recorded? Glory forbid that it should not be put to shame. Here there would present itself a difficulty to be mastered, and there would be but one way in which it could be overcome. The spoken name being a series of sounds, it could be written, if the sounds contained in it could be recorded. In this way there would arise, and did arise, a new use of material objects, as phonetic signs; so, to this day the Chinese, whose native writing is an elaborate representation of ideas by objects, (ideographic,) represent foreign names to native ears in this phonetic way, as rudely as we might express the sound of the word "artifice" by the three figures which stand for heart — eye — fish.

Our own alphabets, we know, are, in the present day, thoroughly "phonetic" — each letter represents a sound, and as we put let-

ters together on paper, so we put sounds together on our lips. It will be curious to show how men, slowly and carefully, still felt their way out of darkness, and by what slow stages we travelled from the first necessity for a phonetic scrap, down to our present system. The inquiry is not foreign to our purpose, since our purpose is to show how, generation after generation, man has had to toil and struggle onward to obtain that power which is to-day exercised familiarly by the Miss Julia Mills, who, living in London, sends the overflowings of her heart, under half an ounce in weight, to her most confidential friend at Newcastle.

We find our step to the extended use of a phonetic system, when we pass from the Chinese to the matured practice of the ancient Egyptians. The Egyptian hieroglyphics contain much that is phonetic in them. They are written upon three systems at once. Where an Egyptian, sculpturing some story, had to express a word that signified a visible object, easy to figure, there he simply figured it, and put three dots thereafter, if it was a plural. Then he used the earliest and simplest form — the “figurative” writing. If the next word represented an idea to which there was attached a symbol (and there was a fixed catalogue of such symbols to guide him), he figured it accordingly, and so used the advanced form of “symbolic” writing. If the next word chanced to be a

verb, or something that could not be represented either absolutely or by proxy, then he wrote it down, on a phonetic system, and the phonetic system was carried out in this manner. The sound of B was represented by any one of about half-a-dozen natural objects chosen for the purpose, whose names began with B; for the letter C, a small collection was set apart of animals, &c., whose names were commenced with C; and so on. The figures to be used were fixed; but for the representation of each sound, an option was given to the sculptor, among five or six objects, in order that, when executing his work, he might as much as possible avoid “tautology” — or tauto-figury, — too great a run upon the sun or moon, too many crocodiles or ibises. Just as when, in our own writing, the same word occurs two or three times in a few lines, we substitute for it, once at least, a synonyme, if possible; so the Egyptian writer, if he saw that he produced his crocodiles too fast, and had a care of elegance, had in the phonetic system a reserve of figures out of which he was at liberty to pick the one which he found least hackneyed as a substitute.

This Egyptian system of phonetics has brought us now to the borders of our A. B. C. But our letters are not pictures of objects. Although we tell our children that A stands for Apple, and B for Bull, we have not now to tell them (as the Egyptians had to teach)

that Apple stands for A, and Bull for B. Faint traces of a pictorial alphabet we may detect, as the hissing serpent, for example, in our S; but they are very faint traces. How did the pictures vanish? Here, again, Egypt serves us for an illustration. We have talked of hieroglyphics, and the hieroglyphic characters were elaborate figures of objects carved upon rocks and walls. But the Egyptians had advanced beyond rock writing, and their priests wrote upon portable material so constantly, and so much at length, that it became an object to avoid the tediousness and delay attendant upon writing as the chisel wrote. Thus, there arose the use of Hieratic characters, which were simply the hieroglyphics, simplified into a running hand. Where the hieroglyphic was a lion, the hieratic version was a simple outline of the haunches and hind legs, as seen in the set form of the hieroglyph. There was no option allowed in the mode of drawing either the original or the abbreviation. There was only one way of drawing a lion, and only one way of abbreviating the sketch. So with other things. The hieratic characters retained no very great resemblance to anything in nature, and when it is added that a selection from these was committed to the popular use as domestic characters, for ordinary purposes, as for example, letter-writing, it will be readily imagined that Egyptian *billets doux* were put together in characters nearly as

far remote from picture-writing as the letters which now travel through St. Martin's-le-Grand.

This sketch is enough to indicate the path by which mankind has arrived at that power which enables each individual, who learns the mystery, to seal up a selection from his thoughts within a little parcel, and to transmit it safely by hand, whithersoever he may please, for its communication to a distant friend. And now that we have seen how hardly mind has had to battle for the art of writing, let us see what difficulties have been overcome before we could attain to such materials of writing as we now possess; let us find our way to the first letter-writers, and see how they wrote, and what sort of things their letters were.

We have seen that in the first infancy of writing, in the Cradle of Letters, nothing was wanted but a rock. Communities attained to an imposing show of material power before the notion of sending written messages was acted upon with any vigour. A fragment of rock, not too large to be carried, was then broken off and used as a material. It was the first and most natural idea; but as the arts of construction supply a pressing material want, and are advanced without much difficulty, it is easy to perceive that in many nations, moderately destitute of stone, brick-making would be a discovered art before the time when there would be felt any strong necessity for sending letters. Letters coming afterwards

would, in such cases, take the form of inscriptions upon brick and tile. We find this accordingly to be the case. Among the curiosities turned up at Nineveh, by Mr. Layard, are some of the Assyrian documents inscribed on this material. Well, certainly, society could not stop there. If we were still obliged to write our letters upon bricks, and build a brick wall when we made a book, or write a novel in three stacks, instead of three volumes, we should find the literature and correspondence of the country to be somewhat heavier commodity than it is at present. The inconvenience was felt even in those days, when there were no books, and no postmen were wanted to cart bricks to people's doors; no editors to be bricked in with correspondence: only high and mighty people sent these written messages, for they were chiefly edicts, testaments, and so forth. The Ten Commandments were written, as we know, upon stone. Nations possessing lead — a metal scratched with ease — would find it a convenient substitute for stone or brick. In "Job," there is allusion made to writing material of this kind. Flat shells would also suggest themselves as portable, and hard, and easy to be scratched. The Athenian practice of ostracism, by which the people inscribed the character of certain votes on oyster-shells, arose in this way. It was not for want of other materials, but for the sake of secrecy, that Histiaëus shaved a man's head, and engraved a message on his skull, then let the hair grow, and sent him to Miletus to be shaved and read; man himself being, in this case, used as writing material, and transformed into a locomotive letter.

The very absurd question has been raised, Who was the first letter-writer? Who invented the art of letter-writing? And credit has been given on this account to Atossa, the mother of Xerxes. A letter is a message written upon something portable, and then transmitted to a distant person. It is obvious that messages of this kind would be sent, though at first very rarely, among each people, from the first month after it had passed in its development to the idea of writing on detached and reasonably light pieces of material. The idea of detached, transmissible writing having once begun to run alone and grow familiar with a people, it would soon be obvious, that the lighter the material, the better it would be for men who had to carry it about; and the more easily could a person addressed retain his information in privacy, by carrying it about his person. Leaves, especially in Oriental countries, where the leaves are large and smooth, would soon suggest themselves. The Cumæan Sibyl's prophecies were said to be inscribed on this material. Votes written upon olive leaves, instead of oyster-shells, are also mentioned. The Hindoos are known to have used leaves, and in some parts of India

and Ceylon it is said that books are still occasionally found whose paging is on leaves, in the precise and strict sense of the word. Leaves, however, would soon be found a material in various ways inconvenient, and the drier bark of trees would be preferred, especially that thin, smooth, inner bark which in some trees is exceedingly coherent, strong, and durable. The Saxons, in this country, are said to have used the bark of beech trees, called by them "boc," for writing purposes; and from this fact, our word "book" is sometimes thought to be derived. The Latin for a book means, certainly, the inner bark, and points to the use of that material. So the word "library" reminds us of the days when letters were still in their cradle. Bark tablets were prepared for use by polishing; and it was one of the amusements of a King of Persia on his travels to take bark and a knife, that he might beguile the time by rubbing them together, as an American might take a stick to whittle.

Thanks to the bees, men would not be long in finding out the excellence of honey, and the use of wax. The idea of writing upon wax, first spread over a thin board, to give to it the requisite strength, came rather late, but was extremely natural. In the time of Themistocles, these waxen tablets were in use; but we find it recorded of Themistocles himself, at the same time, that he wrote a letter to the Ionians upon stone.

Bark had been used for tablets and for writing letters, which were capable of being folded up, during the best period of the Roman world, and we find them still in use under the later emperors. The tablets were of bark on which the Emperor Commodus inscribed his list of victims, and the discovery of which led to the victimization of himself. Waxed tablets had, however, been for a long time in use, and these were written upon with an iron pointed weapon; we might say, a skewer, but the Romans said a style. From an early period, it was forbidden to wear arms within the Roman city. Tablets and style not being interdicted, the style became (as pens have been since then, in many fingers) the only weapon handy for a stab, and men attacked or offended, secured themselves by skewering their foes. Julius Cæsar, when attacked by the conspirators, wounded his first assassin with a style; and it was with their styles that the followers of Caius Gracchus killed, in a tumult, the lictor of Opimius. The well-known modern Italian *stiletto* may derive its name from such an origin.

The Egyptians arrived soon at the art of making linen; and that done, white linen would soon suggest itself as a convenient material on which to make a portable inscription. Linen was therefore used; but soon the principal idea of that age, the notion from which we derive our common name for the material on which we write,

was carried out in Egypt. It was a very simple thing, an improvement on the use of tree-bark, caused by the use of peelings from a reed, called Byblos or Papyrus, then very common, and now very rare in Lower Egypt. From its name, Byblos, comes the Greek word signifying book, and through that channel our word for the sacred volume. The papyrus grew abundantly in lakes and marshes, to a height of about ten feet. The diameter of its stem is two or three inches, and from its surface peel can be taken off, layer after layer, to the number of about twenty coatings. The use of this peel soon occurred to the Egyptians as an improvement upon ordinary bark. To prepare papyrus for use, having cut off the brush from above, and the root from below, the Egyptians cut each stem into two pieces of equal length, and then proceeded to the peeling. The layers became smaller, of course, but also whiter, as the peelers gradually approached the centre of the stem. Each strip was then extended flat, and suffered a few slight acts of preparation before another strip was placed over it, in such a manner that the fibres of the two strips crossed each other's grain, and gave strength to the whole when they were joined together; they were joined, perhaps by their own saccharine matter, or by simple vegetable gluten, beaten together, pressed and polished. A number of these prepared and strengthened slips having been gummed and beaten

together at the edges, would form a papyrus sheet of any size; and the whole, having been thus prepared, was impregnated with oil of cedar to preserve it from corruption. Of the papyrus manufactured, there soon came to be several qualities. That made from the fine white strips in the middle was imperial, and called "August." The middle quality, used by the priests, was called "hieratic" until flattery named it, after the wife of Augustus, "Livia." The finest sort, however, being torn too easily by the hand, pointed reeds were improved in the reign of Claudius, by crossing with a more plebeian strip.

Papyrus could be written upon one side only. The introduction of this material by the Egyptians gave a great lift to the letter-writer, and to literature generally. It is, as Germans would say, the "name-father" to paper, and a very respectable and worthy elder. Books were copied into long rolls of sheet glued under sheet: the sheet which felt the first glue was called, on that account, the protocol, and our diplomatists preserve the term in their transactions.

The run upon papyrus being very great, that plant began to show some signs of scarcity in Egypt, and for that reason, among others, its exportation was at one period forbidden. At the same time the Kings of Pergamus began to be a literary sect, and wanted something whereupon their scribes might copy books. The skins

of beasts, which, in a rough state, had before, in various places, been occasionally used, attracted now increased attention. They were smoothed and prepared into dry substances, called, after Pergamus, Pergament or Parchment, and vellum, which is but another way of saying skin. Here was another capital, durable thing, which found its way into the world about two or three hundred years before Christ. It was dear, however, and for common purposes papyrus was so much more convenient, that the Egyptian paper never was supplanted, until the birth of a system which got paper out of cotton, certainly not earlier than seven or eight hundred years after the first discovery of parchment. The world then worked on for something like a thousand years before we hit upon the plan of making paper out of linen rags; a very lucky thing, for up to that time the monks, who could not go to the expense of much new parchment, had been industriously scraping out the copied records of antiquity, and works of its great masters, to make room for their own opinions on things in general, and saints and miracles particularly. The gradual progress of the art of paper-making to the present day, it is not necessary now to illustrate; but we may refer, in connexion with this subject, to the description of a paper-mill, contained in page 235 of Vol. III of Household Words.

Probably the first pen was a piece of flint, or any barbarous

chisel; which would be supplanted by some kind of iron style so soon as civilisation had advanced sufficiently for the attainment of an instrument in iron. These metal pens were generally found less suitable than reeds when men had come to possess the power of writing with a coloured fluid upon parchment or papyrus. The first ink probably was the dark matter from the "ink-bag" of the different species of cuttle-fish; that is what the "Indian ink," made and employed in China, ought to be, though the Chinese (horrible cheats) imitate it frequently with lamp-black. Our colour called sepia is the same thing, differing in character as coming from a mollusc of another species. To people with weak eyes the Romans sometimes wrote with an exceedingly black ink on ivory. But even where a letter would be written on papyrus with ink and a reed, it was first put together on wax, in most cases with an iron style: for the Romans were more clever at the sword than at the pen, and it bothered the brains of an average Roman very much to write a decent letter. It was requisite to make a rough draft in the first instance, and he did this with a style on wax, where he could erase, interpolate, and botch with comfort, till he had struck out a composition to his liking. That iron age of writing passed away, and the great thinkers of the world stirred nations with a feather. Feather and Pen are words of the same meaning, but

the age of feather-writing is upon the wane, and iron has come back into the world. In fifty years we shall be again writing with metallic instruments, and Pen will then be a word whose etymology can be explained only by the story of the past, just as we have to go back now when we explain the name of Paper.

The Roman letters in the form of rolls were fastened with a seal of soft wax, on which, from the time of the first emperors, it was usual to make an impression peculiar to the writer. The messenger by whom the packet was delivered was frequently instructed to ascertain that he made no mistake, by asking the person into whose hands the letter was delivered, whether he could tell by the impression who had written it.

As for the transmission of letters, the word "post" is a Roman word, and derives its name from people who were placed or posted at fixed distances, to run and pass from hand to hand the missives of the state. A magnificent and costly postal system was established by the Roman Emperors, but it was wholly for the use of Government, and the defence of provinces. It did not take the letters of the people, and the post-horses were only used by subjects when permission had been given by the Emperor. We have not leisure now for any connected sketch of the world's progress to (what is yet a dream) an universal postal system. But the work that has been done in this way may be

estimated very fairly by any one who will turn to some details in the first pages of "Household Words," under the head "Valentine's Day at the Post Office," and remember that in this country there was little trace of any post establishment at all up to the twenty-third year of Queen Elizabeth.

Thus, then, we perceive, that although there be gentlemen among us who profess to teach the art of writing in six lessons, yet a simple invitation written to a friend, and sent by post, contains the result of human activity sustained over a period of some three thousand years.

TWO ASPECTS OF IRELAND.

THE FIRST ASPECT.

THE moorland was wide, level, and black; black as night, if you could suppose night condensed on the surface of the earth, and that you could tread on solid darkness in the midst of day. The day itself was indeed fast dropping into night, although it was dreary and gloomy at the best; for it was a November day. The moor, for miles around, was treeless and houseless; devoid of vegetation, except heather, which clad with its gloomy frieze coat the shivering landscape. At a distance you could discern, through the misty atmosphere, the outline of mountains apparently as bare and stony as this wilderness, which they bounded. There were no fields,

no hedgerows, no marks of the hand of man, except the nakedness itself, which was the work of man in past ages; when, period after period, he had tramped over the scene with fire and sword, and left all that could not fly before him, either ashes to be scattered by the savage winds, or stems of trees, and carcasses of men trodden into the swampy earth. As the Roman historian said of other destroyers, "They created solitude, and called it peace." That all this was the work of man, and not of Nature, any one spot of this huge and howling wilderness could testify, if you would only turn up its sable surface. In its bosom lay thousands of ancient oaks and pines, black as ebony; which told, by their gigantic bulk, that forests must have once existed on this spot, as rich as the scene was now bleak. Nobler things than trees lay buried there; but were, for the most part, resolved into the substance of the inky earth. The dwellings of men had left few or no traces, for they had been consumed in flames; and the hearts that had loved, and suffered, and perished beneath the hand of violence and insult, were no longer human hearts, but slime. If a man were carried blindfold to that place, and asked when his eyes were unbandaged where he was, he would say — "Ireland!"

He would want no clue to the identity of the place, but the scene before him. There is no heath like an Irish heath. There is no desolation like an Irish desolation.

Where Nature herself has spread the expanse of a solitude, it is a cheerful solitude. The air flows over it lovingly; the flowers nod and dance in gladness; the soil breathes up a spirit of wild fragrance, which communicates a buoyant sensation to the heart. You feel that you tread on ground where the peace of God, and not the "peace" of man created in the merciless hurricane of war, has sojourned: where the sun shone on creatures sporting on ground or on tree, as the Divine Goodness of the Universe meant them to sport: where the hunter disturbed alone the enjoyment of the lower animals by his own boisterous joy: where the traveller sung as he went over it, because he felt a spring of inexpressible music in his heart: where the weary wayfarer sat beneath a bush, and blessed God, though his limbs ached with travel, and his goal was far off. In God's deserts dwells gladness; in man's deserts, death. A melancholy smites you as you enter them. There is a darkness from the past that envelops your heart, and the moans and sighs of ten-times perpetrated misery seem still to live in the very winds.

One shallow, and widely-spread stream struggled through the moor; sometimes between masses of grey stone. Sedges and the white-headed cotton-rush whistled on its margin, and on island-like expanses that here and there rose above the surface of its middle course.

I have said that there was no sign of life; but on one of those greystones stood a heron watching for prey. He had remained straight, rigid, and motionless for hours. Probably his appetite was appeased by his day's success amongst the trout of that dark red-brown stream, which was coloured by the peat from which it oozed. When he did move, he sprung up at once, stretched his broad wings, and, silent as the scene around him, made a circuit in the air; rising higher as he went, with slow and solemn flight. He had been startled by a sound. There was life in the desert now. Two horsemen came galloping along a highway not far distant, and the heron, continuing his grave gyrations, surveyed them as he went. Had they been travellers over a plain of India, an Australian waste, or the Pampas of South America, they could not have been grimmer of aspect, or more thoroughly children of the wild. They were Irish from head to foot.

They were mounted on two spare but by no means clumsy horses. The creatures had marks of blood and breed that had been introduced by the English to the country. They could claim, if they knew it, lineage of Arabia. The one was a pure bay, the other and lesser, was black; but both were lean as death, haggard as famine. They were wet with the speed with which they had been hurried along. The soil of the damp moorland, or of the field in

which, during the day, they had probably been drawing the peasant's cart, still smeared their bodies, and their manes flew as wildly and untrimmed as the sedge or the cotton-rush on the wastes through which they careered. Their riders, wielding each a heavy stick instead of riding-whip, which they applied ever and anon to the shoulders or flanks of their smoking animals, were mounted on their bare backs, and guided them by halter, instead of bridle. They were a couple of the short frieze-coated, knee-breeches and grey-stockings fellows who are as plentiful on Irish soil as potatoes. From beneath their narrow-brimmed, old, weather-beaten hats, streamed hair as unkempt as their horses' manes. The Celtic physiognomy was distinctly marked — the small and somewhat upturned nose; the black tint of skin; the eye now looking grey, now black; the freckled cheek, and sandy hair. Beard and whiskers covered half the face, and the short square-shouldered bodies were bent forward with eager impatience, as they thumped and kicked along their horses, muttering curses as they went.

The heron, sailing on broad and seemingly slow vans, still kept them in view. Anon, they reached a part of the moorland where traces of human labour were visible. Black piles of peat stood on the solitary ground, ready, after a summer's cutting and drying. Presently, patches of cultivation presented themselves; —

plots of ground raised on beds each a few feet wide, with intervening trenches to carry off the boggy water, where potatoes had grown, and small fields where grew more stalks of ragwort than grass, enclosed by banks cast up and tipped here and there with a briar or a stone. It was the husbandry of misery and indigence. The ground had already been freshly manured by sea-weeds, but the village — where was it? Blotches of burnt ground; scorched heaps of rubbish, and fragments of blackened walls, alone were visible. Garden-plots were trodden down, and their few bushes rent up, or hung with tatters of rags. The two horsemen, as they hurried by with gloomy visages, uttered no more than a single word: — “Eviction!”

Further on, the ground heaved itself into a chaotic confusion. Stony heaps swelled up here and there, naked, black, and barren; the huge bones of the earth protruded themselves through her skin. Shattered rocks arose, sprinkled with bushes, and smoke curled up from what looked like mere heaps of rubbish; but which were in reality human habitations. Long dry grass hissed and rustled in the wind on their roofs (which were sunk by-places, as if falling in); and pits of reeking filth seemed placed exactly to prevent access to some of the low doors; while, to others, a few stepping-stones made that access only possible. Here the two riders stopped, and hurriedly tying their steeds to

an elder-bush, disappeared in one of the cabins.

The heron slowly sailed on to the place of its regular roost. Let us follow it.

Far different was this scene to those the bird had left. Lofty trees darkened the steep slopes of a fine river. Rich meadows lay at the feet of woods and stretched down to the stream. Herds of cattle lay on them, chewing their cuds after the plentiful grazing of the day. The white walls of a noble house peeped, in the dusk of night, through the fertile timber which stood in proud guardianship of the mansion; and broad winding walks gave evidence of a place where nature and art had combined to form a paradise. There were ample pleasure-grounds. Alas! the grounds around the cabins over which the heron had so lately flown, might be truly styled pain-grounds.

Within that home was assembled a happy family. There was the father, a fine-looking man of forty. Proud you would have deemed him, as he sate for a moment abstracted in his cushioned chair; but a moment afterwards, as a troop of children came bursting into the room, his manner was instantly changed into one so pleasant, so playful, and so overflowing with enjoyment, that you saw him only as an amiable, glad, domestic man. The mother, a handsome woman, was seated already at the tea-table; and, in another minute, sounds of merry voices and childish laughter were

mingled with the jocose tones of the father, and the playful accents of the mother; addressed, now to one and now to another, of the youthful group.

In due time the merriment was hushed, and the household assembled for evening prayer. A numerous train of servants assumed their accustomed places. The father read. He had paused once or twice, and glanced with a stern and surprised expression towards the group of domestics, for he heard sounds that astonished him from one corner of the room near the door. He went on — “Remember the children of Eden, O Lord, in the day of judgment, how they said, Down with it, down with it, even to the ground. O daughter of Babylon, wasted with misery, yea, happy shall he be who rewardeth thee, as thou hast served us!”

There was a burst of smothered sobs from the same corner, and the master's eye flashed with a strange fire as he again darted a glance towards the offender. The lady looked, equally surprised, in the same direction; then turned a meaning look on her husband — a warm flush was succeeded by a paleness in her countenance, and she cast down her eyes. The children wondered, but were still. Once more the father's sonorous voice continued — “Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.” Again the stifled sound was repeated. The brow of the master

darkened again — the mother looked agitated; the children's wonder increased; the master closed the book, and the servants, with a constrained silence, retired from the room.

“What *can* be the matter with old Dennis?” exclaimed the lady, the moment that the door had closed on the household. — “O! what is amiss with poor old Dennis!” exclaimed the children.

“Some stupid folly or other,” said the father, morosely. “Come! away to bed, children. You can learn Dennis's troubles another time.” The children would have lingered, but again the words, “Away with you!” in a tone which never needed repetition, were decisive: they kissed their parents and withdrew. In a few seconds the father rang the bell. “Send Dennis Croggan here.”

The old man appeared. He was a little thin man, of not less than seventy years of age, with white hair and a dark spare countenance. He was one of those many nondescript servants in a large Irish house, whose duties are curiously miscellaneous. He had, however, shown sufficient zeal and fidelity through a long life, to secure a warm nook in the servants' hall for the remainder of his days.

Dennis entered with an humble and timid air, as conscious that he had deeply offended; and had to dread, at least, a severe rebuke. He bowed profoundly to both the master and mistress.

“What is the meaning of your interruptions during the prayers,

Dennis?" demanded the master, abruptly. "Has anything happened to you?"

"No, Sir."

"Anything amiss in your son's family?"

"No, your honour."

The interrogator paused; a storm of passion seemed slowly gathering within him. Presently he asked, in a loud tone, "What does this mean? Was there no place to vent your nonsense in, but in this room, and at prayers?"

Dennis was silent. He cast an imploring look at the master, then at the mistress.

"What is the matter, good Dennis?" asked the lady, in a kind tone. "Compose yourself, and tell us. Something strange must have happened to you."

Dennis trembled violently; but he advanced a couple of paces, seized the back of a chair as to support him, and, after a vain gasp or two, declared, as intelligibly as fear would permit, that the prayer had overcome him.

"Nonsense, man!" exclaimed the master, with fury in the same face, which was so lately beaming with joy on the children. "Nonsense! Speak out without more ado, or you shall rue it."

Dennis looked to the mistress as if he would have implored her intercession; but as she gave no sign of it, he was compelled to speak; but in a brogue that would have been unintelligible to English ears. We therefore translate it; —

"I could not help thinking of

the poor people at Rathbeg, when the soldiers and police cried, 'Down with them! down with them, even to the ground!' and then the poor bit cabins came down all in fire and smoke, amid the howls and cries of the poor creatures. Oh! it was a fearful sight, your honour — it was, indeed — to see the poor women hugging their babies, and the houses where they were born burning in the wind. It was dreadful to see the old bedridden man lie on the wet ground amongst the few bits of furniture, and groan to his gracious God above. Oh, your honour! you never saw such a sight, or — you — sure a — it would never have been done!"

Dennis seemed to let the last words out, as if they were jerked from him by a sudden shock.

The master, whose face had changed during this speech to a livid hue of passion, his eyes blazing with rage, was in the act of rushing on old Dennis, when he was held back by his wife, who exclaimed — "Oswald! be calm; let us hear what Dennis has to say. Go on, Dennis — go on!"

The master stood still, breathing hard to overcome his rage. Old Dennis, as if seeing only his own thoughts, went on — "O, bless your honour! if you had seen that poor frantic woman when the back of the cabin fell, and buried her infant, where she thought she had laid safe for a moment, while she flew to part her husband and a soldier, who had struck the other children with the

flat of his sword, and bade them to troop off! Oh, your honour, but it was a killing sight! It was that came over me in the prayer, and I feared that we might be praying perdition on us all, when we prayed about our trespasses. If the poor creatures of Rathbeg should meet us, your honour, at Heaven's gate (I was thinking) and say — 'These are the heathens that would not let us have a poor hearthstone in poor ould Ireland.' And that was all, your honour, that made me misbehave so; I was just thinking of that, and I could not help it."

"Begone! you old fool!" exclaimed the master; and Dennis disappeared, with a bow, and an alertness that would have done credit to his earlier years.

There was a moment's silence after his exit. The lady turned to her husband, and clasping his arm with her hands, and looking into his darkened countenance with a look of tenderest anxiety, said: —

"Dearest Oswald, let me, as I have so often done, once more entreat that these dreadful evictions may cease. Surely there must be some way to avert them, and to set your property right, without such violent measures."

The stern, proud man said — "Then, why, in the name of Heaven, do you not reveal some other remedy? why do you not enlighten all Ireland? why don't you instruct Government? The unhappy wretches who have been swept away by force are no

people, no tenants of mine. They squatted themselves down, as a swarm of locusts fix themselves while a green blade is left. They obstruct all improvement; they will not till the ground themselves; nor will they quit it to allow me to provide more industrious and provident husbandmen to cultivate it. Land that teems with fertility, and is shut out from bearing and bringing forth food for man, is accursed. Those who have been evicted, not only rob me; but their more industrious fellows.

"They will murder us!" said the wife, "some day for these things. They will —"

Her words were cut short suddenly by her husband starting, and standing in a listening attitude. "Wait a moment," he said, with a peculiar calmness, as if he had just got a fresh thought; and his lady, who did not comprehend what was the cause, but hoped that some better influence was touching him, unloosed her hands from his arm. "Wait just a moment," he repeated, and stepped from the room, opened the front door, and without his hat, went out.

"He is intending to cool down his anger," thought his wife: "he feels a longing for the freshness of the air." But she had not caught the sound which had startled his quicker, because more excited ear: she had been too much engrossed by her own intercession with him: it was a peculiar whine from the mastiff, which was

chained near the lodge-gate, that had arrested his attention. He stepped out. The black clouds which overhung the moor had broken, and the moon's light struggled between them.

The tall and haughty man stood erect in the breeze and listened. Another moment, — there was a shot, and he fell headlong upon the broad steps on which he stood. His wife sprang with a piercing shriek from the door, and fell on his corpse. A crowd of servants gathered about them, making wild lamentations, and breathing vows of vengeance. The murdered master and the wife were borne into the house.

The heron soared from its lofty perch, and wheeled with terrified wings through the night air. The servants armed themselves; and, rushing furiously from the house, traversed the surrounding masses of trees. Fierce dogs were let loose, and dashed frantically through the thickets. All was, however, too late. The soaring heron saw grey figures, with blackened faces, stealing away — often on their hands and knees — down the hollows of the moorlands towards the village; where the two Irish horsemen had, in the first dusk of that evening, tied their lean steeds to the old elder bush.

Near the mansion no lurking assassin was to be found. Meanwhile, two servants, pistol in hand, on a couple of their master's horses, scoured hill and dale. The heron, sailing solemnly on the

wind above, saw them halt in a little town. They thundered with the but-ends of their pistols on a door in the principal street. Over it there was a coffin-shaped board, displaying a painted crown, and the big-lettered words, "POLICE STATION." The mounted servants shouted with might and main. A nightcapped head issued from a chamber casement with — "What is the matter?"

"Out with you, Police! out with all your strength, and lose not a moment; Mr. Fitz - Gibbon, of Sporeen, is shot at his own door."

The casement was hastily clapped to, and the two horsemen galloped forward up the long, broad street; now flooded with the moon's light. Heads full of terror were thrust from upper windows to inquire the cause of that rapid galloping; but ever too late. The two men held their course up a steep hill outside of the town, where stood a vast building overlooking the whole place. It was the barracks. Here the alarm was also given.

In less than an hour, a mounted troop of police in olive-green costume, with pistols at holster, sword by side, and carbine on the arm, were trotting briskly out of town, accompanied by the two messengers; whom they plied with eager questions. These answered, and sundry imprecations vented, the whole party increased their speed, and went on, mile after mile, by hedgerow and open moorland, talking as they went.

Before they reached the house

of Sporeen, and near the village where the two Irish horsemen had stopped the evening before, they halted, and formed themselves into more orderly array. A narrow gully was before them on the road, hemmed in on each side by rocky steeps, here and there overhung with bushes. The commandant bade them be on their guard, for there might be danger there. He was right; for the moment they began to trot through the pass, the flash and rattle of fire-arms from the thickets above saluted them, followed by a wild yell. In a second, several of their number lay dead or dying in the road. The fire was returned promptly by the police; but it was at random, for although another discharge, and another howl, announced that the enemy were still there, no one could be seen. The head of the police commanded his troop to make a dash through the pass; for there was no scaling the heights from this side; the assailants having warily posted themselves there, because at the foot of an eminence were stretched on either hand impassable bogs. The troop dashed forward, firing their pistols as they went; but were met by such deadly discharges of fire-arms as threw them into confusion, killed and wounded several of their horses, and made them hastily retreat.

There was nothing for it, but to await the arrival of the cavalry; and it was not long before the clatter of horses' hoofs and the ringing of sabres were heard on

the road. On coming up, the troop of cavalry, firing to the right and left on the hill-sides, dashed forward, and, in the same instant, cleared the gully in safety; the police having kept their side of the pass. In fact, not a single shot was returned; the arrival of this strong force having warned the insurgents to decamp. The cavalry in full charge ascended the hills, to their summits. Not a foe was to be seen, except one or two dying men, who were discovered by their groans.

The moon had been for a time quenched in a dense mass of clouds, which now were blown aside by a keen and cutting wind. The heron, soaring over the desert, could now see grey-coated men flying in different directions to the shelter of the neighbouring hills. The next day he was startled from his dreamy reveries near the moorland stream, by the shouts and galloping of mingled police and soldiers, as they gave chase to a couple of haggard, bare-headed, and panting peasants.

These were soon captured, and at once recognised as belonging to the evicted inhabitants of the recently deserted village.

Since then years have rolled on. The heron, who had been startled from his quiet haunts by these things, was still dwelling on the lofty tree with his kindred, by the hall of Sporeen. He had reared family after family in that airy lodgment, as spring after spring came round; but no family, after that fatal time, had ever tenanted

the mansion. The widow and children had fled from it so soon as Mr. FitzGibbon had been laid in the grave. The nettle and dock flourished over the scorched ruins of the village of Rathbeg; dank moss and wild grass tangled the proud drives and walks of Sporeen. All the woodland rides and pleasure-grounds lay obstructed with briars; and young trees, in time, grew luxuriantly where once the roller in its rounds could not crush a weed; the nimble frolics of the squirrel were now the only merry things where formerly the feet of lovely children had sprung with elastic joy.

The curse of Ireland was on the place. Landlord and tenant, gentleman and peasant, each with the roots and the shoots of many virtues in their hearts, thrown into a false position by the mutual injuries of ages, had wreaked on each other the miseries sown broadcast by their ancestors. Beneath this foul spell men who would, in any other circumstances, have been the happiest and the noblest of mankind, became tyrants; and peasants, who would have glowed with grateful affection towards them, exulted in being their assassins. As the traveller rode past the decaying hall, the gloomy woods, and waste black moorlands of Sporeen, he read the riddle of Ireland's fate, and asked himself when an *Œdipus* would arise to solve it.

THE FRENCH FLOWER GIRL.

I WAS lingering listlessly over a cup of coffee on the Boulevard des Italiens, in June. At that moment I had neither profound nor useful resources of thought. I sat simply conscious of the cool air, the blue sky, the white houses, the lights, and the lions, which combine to render that universally pleasant period known as "after dinner," so peculiarly agreeable in Paris.

In this mood my eyes fell upon a pair of orbs fixed intently upon me. Whether the process was effected by the eyes, or by some pretty little fingers, simply, I cannot say; but, at the same moment, a rose was insinuated into my button-hole, a gentle voice addressed me, and I beheld, in connexion with the eyes, the fingers, and the voice, a girl. She carried on her arm a basket of flowers, and was, literally, nothing more nor less than one of the *Bouquetières* who fly along the Boulevards like butterflies, with the difference that they turn their favourite flowers to a more practical account.

Following the example of some other distracted *décorés*, who I found were sharing my honours, I placed a piece of money — I believe, in my case, it was silver — in the hand of the girl; and, receiving about five hundred times its value, in the shape of a smile and a "*Merci bien Monsieur!*" was again left alone — ("desolate," a

Frenchman would have said) — in the crowded and carousing Boulevard.

To meet a perambulating and persuasive *Bouquetière*, who places a flower in your coat and waits for a pecuniary acknowledgment, is scarcely a rare adventure in Paris; but I was interested — unaccountably so — in this young girl: her whole manner and bearing was so different and distinct from all others of her calling. Without any of that appearance which, in England, we are accustomed to call “theatrical,” she was such a being as we can scarcely believe in out of a ballet. Not, however, that her attire departed — except, perhaps, in a certain coquettish simplicity — from the conventional mode: its only decorations seemed to be ribbons, which also gave a character to the little cap that perched itself with such apparent insecurity upon her head. Living a life that seemed one long summer’s day — one floral *fête* — with a means of existence that seemed so frail and immaterial — she conveyed an impression of *unreality*. She might be likened to a Nymph, or a Naiad, but for the certain something that brought you back to the theatre, intoxicating the senses, at once, with the strange, indescribable fascinations of hot chandeliers — close and perfumed air — foot-lights, and fiddlers.

Evening after evening I saw the same girl — generally at the same place — and, it may be readily imagined, became one of the most constant of her *clientelle*. I learned,

too, as many facts relating to her as could be learned where most was mystery. Her peculiar and persuasive mode of disposing of her flowers (a mode which has since become worse than vulgarised by bad imitators) was originally her own graceful instinct — or whim, if you will. It was something new and natural, and amused many, while it displeased none. The sternest of stock-brokers, even, could not choose but be decorated. Accordingly, this new Nydia of Thessaly went out with her basket one day, awoke next morning, and found herself famous.

Meantime there was much discussion, and more mystification, as to who this Queen of Flowers could be — where she lived — and so forth. Nothing was known of her except her name — Hermance. More than one adventurous student — you may guess I am stating the number within bounds — traced her steps for hour after hour, till night set in — in vain. Her flowers disposed of, she was generally joined by an old man, respectably clad, whose arm she took with a certain confidence, that sufficiently marked him as a parent or protector; and the two always contrived sooner or later, in some mysterious manner, to disappear.

After all stratagems have failed, it generally occurs to people to ask a direct question. But this in the present case was impossible. Hermance was never seen except in very public places — often in

crowds — and to exchange twenty consecutive words with her, was considered a most fortunate feat. Notwithstanding, too, her strange, wild way of gaining her livelihood, there was a certain dignity in her manner which sufficed to cool the too curious.

As for the directors of the theatres, they exhibited a most appropriate amount of madness on her account; and I believe that at several of the theatres, Hermance might have commanded her own terms. But only one of these miserable men succeeded in making a tangible proposal, and he was treated with most glorious contempt. There was, indeed, something doubly dramatic in the *Bouquetière's* disdain of the drama. She who *lived* a romance could never descend to act one. She would rather be Rosalind than Rachel. She refused the part of Cerito, and chose to be an Alma on her own account.

It may be supposed that where there was so much mystery, imagination would not be idle. To have believed all the conflicting stories about Hermance, would be to come to the conclusion that she was the stolen child of noble parents, brought up by an *ouvrier*; but that somehow her father was a tailor of dissolute habits, who lived a contented life of continual drunkenness, on the profits of his daughter's industry; — that her mother was a deceased duchess — but, on the other hand, was alive, and carried on the flourishing business of a *blanchisseuse*. As

for the private life of the young lady herself, it was reflected in such a magic mirror of such contradictory impossibilities, in the delicate discussion held upon the subject, that one had no choice but to disbelieve everything.

One day a new impulse was given to this gossip by the appearance of the *Bouquetière* in a startling hat of some expensive straw, and of a make bordering on the ostentatious. It could not be doubted that the profits of her light labours were sufficient to enable her to multiply such finery to almost any extent, had she chosen; but in Paris the adoption of a bonnet or a hat, in contradistinction to the little cap of the *grisette*, is considered an assumption of a superior grade, and unless warranted by the "position" of the wearer, is resented as an impertinence. In Paris, indeed, there are only two classes of women — those with bonnets, and those without; and these stand in the same relation to one another, as the two great classes into which the world may be divided — the powers that be, and the powers that want to be. Under these circumstances, it may be supposed that the surmises were many and marvellous. The little *Bouquetière* was becoming proud — becoming a lady; — but how? why? and above all — where? Curiosity was never more rampant, and scandal never more inventive.

For my part, I saw nothing in any of these appearances worthy, in themselves, of a second thought;

nothing could have destroyed the strong and strange interest which I had taken in the girl; and it would have required something more potent than a straw hat — however coquettish in crown, and audacious in brim — to have shaken my belief in her truth and goodness. Her presence, for the accustomed few minutes, in the afternoon or evening, became to me — I will not say a necessity, but certainly a habit; — and a habit is sufficiently despotic when

“A fair face and a tender voice have made me” —

I will not say “mad and blind,” as the remainder of the line would insinuate — but most deliciously in my senses, and most luxuriously wide awake!

But to come to the catastrophe —

“One morn we missed *her* in the accustomed spot” —

Not only, indeed, from “accustomed” and probable spots, but from unaccustomed, improbable, and even impossible spots — all of which were duly searched — was she missed. In short, she was not to be found at all. All was amazement on the Boulevards. Hardened old *flaneurs* turned pale under their rouge, and some of the younger ones went about with drooping moustaches, which, for want of the *cire*, had fallen into the “yellow leaf.”

A few days sufficed, however, for the cure of these sentimentlists. A clever little monkey at the Hippodrome, and a gentleman who stood on his head while he

ate his dinner, became the immediate objects of interest, and *Hermance* seemed to be forgotten. I was one of the few who retained any hope of finding her, and my wanderings for that purpose, without any guide, clue, information, or indication, seem to me now something absurd. In the course of my walks, I met an old man, who was pointed out to me as her father — met him frequently, alone. The expression of his face was quite sufficient to assure me that he was on the same mission — and with about as much chance of success as myself. Once I tried to speak to him; but he turned aside, and avoided me with a manner that there could be no mistaking. This surprised me, for I had no reason to suppose that he had ever seen my face before.

A paragraph in one of the newspapers at last threw some light on the matter. The *Bouquetière* had never been so friendless or unprotected as people had supposed. In all her wanderings she was accompanied, or rather followed, by her father; whenever she stopped, then he stopped also; and never was he distant more than a dozen yards. I wonder that he was not recognised by hundreds, but I conclude he made some change in his attire or appearance, from time to time. One morning this strange pair were proceeding on their ramble as usual, when, passing through a rather secluded street, the *Bouquetière* made a sudden bound

from the pavement, sprung into a post-chaise, the door of which stood open, and was immediately whirled away, as fast as four horses could tear — leaving the old man alone with his despair, and the basket of flowers.

Three months have passed away since the disappearance of the *Bouquetière*; but only a few days since I found myself one evening very dull at one of those “brilliant receptions,” for which Paris is so famous. I was making for the door, with a view to an early departure, when my hostess detained me, for the purpose of presenting me to a lady who was monopolising all the admiration of the evening — she was the newly-married bride of a young German Baron of great wealth, and noted for a certain wild kind of genius, and utter scorn of conventionalities. The next instant I found myself introduced to a pair of eyes that could never be mistaken. I dropped into a vacant chair by their side, and entered into conversation. The Baronne observed that she had met me before, but could not remember where, and in the same breath asked me if I was a lover of flowers.

I muttered something about loving beauty in any shape, and admired a bouquet which she held in her hand.

The Baronne selected a flower, and asked me if it was not a peculiarly fine specimen. I assented; and the flower, not being redeemed, I did not return it. The

conversation changed to other subjects, and, shortly afterwards the Baronne took her leave with her husband. They left Paris next day for the Baron's family estate, and I have never seen them since.

I learned subsequently that some strange stories had obtained circulation respecting the previous life of the Baronne. Whatever they were, it is very certain that this or some other reason has made the profession of *Bouquetière* most inconveniently popular in Paris. Young ladies of all ages that can, with any degree of courtesy, be included in that category, and of all degrees of beauty short of the hunch-back, may be seen in all directions intruding their flowers with fatal pertinacity upon inoffensive loungers, and making war upon button-holes that never did them any harm. The youngest of young girls, I find, are being trained to the calling, who are all destined, I suppose, to marry distinguished foreigners from some distant and facetious country.

I should have mentioned before, that a friend calling upon me the morning after my meeting with the Baronne, saw the flower which she had placed in my hand standing in a glass of water on the table. An idea struck me: “Do you know anything of the language of flowers?” I asked.

“Something,” was the reply.

“What, then, is the meaning of this?”

“SECRECY.”

UNCULTURED GIFTS.

LIFE'S but a mask upon the face of
Death;
When left untill'd, the mind lies idly
fallow;
And, vainly rising on the stammering
breath,
The brood of thought remains unfledged
and callow.

Then unimproved are Man's peculiar
gifts,
The noblest portion of his compound
being;
Untasted then the happiness that lifts
Him nearer Heaven, as year by year is
fleeing.

Yet countless thousands of the human
race
Live thus in death, as when the world
was younger;
Rulers of realms the beaten footpath trace,
Content to succour helpless want and
hunger.

Yon aged peasant, leaning on his staff,
Peering around with sunken eyes and
faded,
Mumbles and mutters with a vacant laugh,
By mindless toil to idiotcy degraded.

Some, half-instructed, but unschool'd to
think,
Devour the page which teems with vice
and treason;
Till, straying heedlessly on error's brink,
They fall, unguided by the light of
reason.

Let useful knowledge, well and soundly
taught,
Endow the poor man with exhaustless
treasures;
That when his hands their daily task have
wrought,
His mind may revel in ennobling plea-
sures.

Then Peace will hallow every cottage
home,
Gathering their inmates round her sa-
cred altar;
Where, as they comment on some valued
tome,
With thrilling joy their tongues will
often falter!

MAN MAGNIFIED.

THE flea magnified, until he
looks as large as an elephant, and
as ugly as a crawfish, is an old
friend with all sight-seers. Neither
are such marvels of the micro-
scope, as the terrible combat dis-
played in the circle of light on the
walls of the Polytechnic Institu-
tion — where animals, like all sorts
of tigers and snakes, beetles and
flying fish, dart and twist and
jerk, in all directions — unfami-
liar even to juvenile and nervous
spectators. These are amongst
the chosen subjects for popular
illustrations. But far more star-
tling objects may be seen through
the lenses nearer home. Man may
be magnified as well as fleas. The
fancies of Swift have been paral-
leled by the discoveries of the
microscopist. The rough skin of
the Brobdignagian has been
shown in reality under the object
glass, with other things much
more strange than any the Dean
ventured to imagine. Nowadays
from the crown of the head to the
sole of the foot, every tissue of
the human frame has, in turn, be-
come the subject of investigation.
The bones on which the body is
built — the muscles that move it
— the brain that exerts the will —
and the nerves that convey that
will to each limb — the blood that
vitalises and repairs — and the
lungs which feed the blood with
air — have all been put to the test,
and made to reveal their peculia-
rities.

We need not, to see all this, set

up one of Ross's fifty guinea microscopes, or trouble anatomists for specimens. The whole task has been gone through by various medical inquirers, and we have the results told in scientific terms by Dr. Arthur Hill Hassall, in his volumes on the "Microscopic Anatomy of the Human Body, in Health and Disease," recently completed and published. Without troubling the doctors for terms, let us see what facts they afford us.

No microscope ever was made (nor ever will be made, probably) large enough to grasp any whole specimen of the genus *Homo* at once. You cannot catch a life-guardsmen, or even a Tom Thumb, and put him under the power of eight or nine hundred diameters. But though we cannot magnify the entire animal at once, we can yet examine him in detail, portion by portion. One hair, or one drop of blood, displays the characteristic features of its construction, just as completely as though the whole scalp, or the entire contents of the heart, could be seen at once. Knowing one, we know all.

A small piece of skin, for instance, displays a series of ridges and furrows, having a somewhat scaly surface; between the ridges, little openings are seen. They are the mouths of the perspiratory ducts. Under the surface, and forming the most important and interesting portion of the skin, is the layer in which resides the sense of touch; but if this be va-

luable, it is even less beautiful, as we see under the microscope, than the scaly cuticle provided for its protection, for it looks more like a dense crop of double teeth than anything else — each tooth having four sharp tubercles. Between each tooth, we see the continuation of the perspiratory duct winding its way deeper into the frame; just as a good farmer places tiles to drain his lands. These fleshy teeth are known as the papillary portion of the skin, and where they are most numerous, there is the sense of touch most keen. On the soft, sensitive hand and fingers of a young lady, looking the perfection of whiteness and delicacy, they are ranged thick and threefold; and so, too, are they on the skilful fingers of the workman trained to the more delicate manipulations of art. In the rough labourer, they become buried under a hard crust of coarse cuticle. The naked eye can easily detect the ridges into which the papillæ are arranged; each ridge being, in fact, two rows of papillæ — two rows of double teeth — but the microscope is wanted, if we wish to behold them in their exact forms — beautifully adapted to the work they have to do, but rougher than the rind of a pine-apple, or the scales of a French artichoke, and by no means so picturesque as the scale armour of the magnified flea.

The hair may be called the offspring of the skin; and in health and disease, youth and age, there is a close sympathy between the

two. A fine growth of hair, when magnified, might be compared to a plantation of osiers, when the leaves are off: with some differences, of course. Human hair is not perfectly round, as it seems to be when seen with the naked eye; nor is it of the same thickness through its whole length. At its origin in the skin, it swells out into a bulbous form, like a crocus-root, or the body of a young spring onion, before the leaves have opened. From this base the hair springs forth, and gradually becomes bulkier as it lengthens. This goes on to a certain point, at which the greater growth is attained; and then the hair grows fine by degrees and beautifully less; until, if allowed its full growth as on the head of a young damsel, its point is many times smaller and more delicate than the portion near the centre of its length. Some hair is much rounder, more cylindrical, than other; some being oval, and some flattened. The flat hair it is that curls most. Adonis and the negro are, therefore, alike in one point at least. Hairs vary very much, both in thickness and in length; those on the female scalp being, naturally, the longest of all; and those of the beard of men being next in length, and longer than those of the male head. The hair of the female scalp is not only longer than that of the male, but, in proportion to its length, is larger in diameter. The thickest of all human hair, however, is that of the beard of men; and the investigations of this subject tend to justify the assertion of the barbers, that frequently cutting and shaving the hair, has a tendency to make it thicker. Every hair has a stem and a root, just as a tree has; the root being bedded in the skin just as the tree is in the earth. But the comparison does not end here. The tree has bark, medulla, and intervening substance; the hair has the same. The bark (or cortex) of the hair displays a series of scales placed, one overlapping another, just as we see tiles overlap on a house-top. Immediately below this scaly bark we have a fibrous portion, forming two-thirds of the bulk of the hair. These fibres are seen to separate when the hair splits from being left too long uncut. The centre of the hair has a little canal, full of an oily, marrow-like substance, containing the greater part of the colouring matter; black in black hair, brown in brown hair, and almost absent when the hair has become grey. The marrow of the hair, and its two outer coatings, are well seen in a section of a hair from a well-shaved chin. The razor, day by day, cuts it across; it cannot grow longer, so it grows thicker and stronger; and each slice taken away by the matutinal shave, looks, under the microscope, like a section of a bone; just as a bone is cut across when a ham is cut up into slices for broiling; whilst the *stump* remaining on the chin has just the same look as the bone on the section of grilled ham ready

for the breakfast-table. The primly shaved mouth is thickly dotted round by myriads of hideous hair-stumps, with inner layer and marrow all exposed. Fashion, ever since the days of Louis Quatorze, has demanded the daily sacrifice, and men continue to pay it. Happily they do not see the stumps of their beards through a microscope, or razor-makers would starve.

Fat appears to be a series of little globules, each enclosed in a vesicle. A collection of fat, therefore, is like a series of receptacles each full of oily matter. The hold of a Dutch or Irish trader full of well-filled bladders of lard, resembles the material which makes up the rolls of fat that traditionally hang, like robes of office, about an alderman. The consistence of fat varies in different animals, and varies also in hot and cold weather. The fat of an ox or a sheep is harder than that of a pig; that of the human subject being intermediate between the two extremes. The quantity of fat secreted, varies (as is well known) in different animals, and in different constitutions; the tendency to its increase varies also at different times of life. In man, the unwieldly accumulation of fat usually indicates that he has passed the meridian of life. A moderate proportion of these bladders of oil, however, adds both to health and to beauty. Their uses are many. They give softness to the skin, symmetry to the human outline; they are a gar-

ment to keep out cold; often (as on the soles of the feet) act as guards against injurious pressure on bones, and nerves, and muscles; and, in certain cases, form a reserve of nourishment on which the system can draw for sustaining life, when food cannot be taken, or is not to be had. So, if the fat of the frame, when magnified, does look like a portion of the contents of a provision shop, the similitude is as great in fact as in appearance.

Marrow only differs from fat in this respect: — the cells are rounder, and it is less encumbered with cellular tissues. Inside a bone, the fat requires, in fact, less tying together than is needed in other situations on the body.

From this partial substitute for food to the masticators of it, is no very violent digression. The teeth, under the microscope, are seen to be made up of three different portions: the enamel on the surface above the gum; the ivory, making up the bulk of the tooth beneath the enamel; and the coating of the fang. The ivory of the tooth is full of small tubes, running from the cavity in the centre towards the outer surface of the tooth. These tubes get finer and finer as they approach the surface, and many of them branch out like little tubular trees. The microscope gives strength to the supposition, that decay of the teeth, with the horrible aches which accompany it, arises from a parasitical growth

promoted by a vitiated condition of the secretions of the mouth. The tartar that accumulates on neglected teeth consists of lime mixed with mucus, and the refuse from the lining substances of the mouth. This substance contains, in the case of negligent and dirty people, animalcules and vegetable growths. Imagine a human being with a small zoological and botanical collection between, and round about, the teeth.

We have spoken of the skin, the hair, the fat, and the teeth; all contributing to the appearance of the surface of the body. One other of the materials of which the frame is made up must be mentioned; for, from it all the rest are built up; upon its presence their vitality depends; and, to its brightness and visibility is due that great charm of the beauties of England — a blooming complexion. We speak of the blood. It seems simply a crimson fluid till scrutinised under the magic glass of the microscopist. Instead of appearing one evenly bright red stream, we see that it is made up of globules, some of which are white, and others red. The white ones, indeed, are largest, and roundest; but the red ones are by far the more numerous. On they flow, whilst life lasts; the red dots being too many in a plethoric alderman, or fox-hunting squire; and too few in a pale, lovelorn maiden. But in both alike, on, on they flow through the arteries; like myriads of red and white billiard

balls running through a series of tubes.

This revelation of the ultimate forms of living structure may not altogether make up a flattering picture. Man magnified may be less handsome than man seen by ordinary unassisted eyesight. Skin, rough as the bark of an old pine tree; hair, a winter osier-bed; teeth, encrusted by earthy matter; and blood shown sometimes gluttonously rich, and sometimes indolently poor, make no flattering picture for self-satisfied contemplation. But the roughness of the skin, covered by its myriads of perspiratory ducts, teaches the need for careful cleanliness; the hair, tortured by frizzling-irons and mutilated by razors, suggests a thought as to the purposes for which portions of the frame were thus carefully covered by the Author of all things; teeth becoming sources of agonising pain, and falling to decay, teach the wise necessity of giving them proper care — both direct, by washing, and indirect, by keeping the juices of the mouth pure by proper food and wholesome temperance. Blood too white or too red warns us against gluttony on the one hand, or indolence and innutrition on the other.

There is not one particle of the vast natural kingdom but has its lesson, if we do but take the trouble to read it. Surely there is an obvious code of morals plainly indicated in this one glimpse of Man Magnified.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

HEARING and seeing all we do of London, with its Thames water, odorous sewerage, precipitous wooden pavement; its Smithfield, its Guildhall balls to Royalty, its earnest and liberal patronage of dirt and filth, — few strangers, whether provincial or continental, would dream of the existence of such places as Shooters Hill, Kew, Hendon, or Hampstead, at but a few miles of omnibus or steamboat distance. The fashionable lounge of the more favoured West End has, perhaps, as little idea of these places, except such obscure recollections as are suggested by Lady Lasse de Richmond's ball (to which he went by gas-light, and returned just as the sun was threatening to appear), or from dining once with Sir Gore Hatton, the wealthy banker, at Downshire Cottage, or, from some indistinct notions about the Mansfield property, or some article in the "Times," relative to "enclosing" something which people in general preferred should be left open.

Neither is this sort of ignorance to be corrected by the ordinary channels of literature. London is at present flooded with guide-books; but there is no authentic guide to Hampstead Heath. We would therefore supply the deficiency.

Passing up Tottenham Court Road, that universal resort for "persons about to marry," and who are earnestly invited to pur-

chase rickety furniture and shabby glass-ware, in order to have the pleasure of doing the same thing about once in every five years — we come to the Hampstead Road, a humbler reflection of Tottenham Court Road, but still richer in peripatetic dealers in gigantic, chalk-farm looking oysters, early wall-flowers, and anomalous toys and knick-knacks, "all this lot at one penny." Nor are travelling *cafés* wanting, and a fish-ordinary, of hot eels, whelks, and "winkles," is kept up at every hour in the day, at a halfpenny per head. The houses are gradually turning their front gardens into shops, and the few trees that are left — always excepting the gardens appertaining to Mornington Crescent — seem to hold their ground under a sadly uncertain tenure. Those people who can remember the New Road before it was colonised by ladders, zinc chimney-pots, and stone shepherds, will have a good idea of the Hampstead Road as it was, and as it is.

The Mother Red Cap Tavern, that celebrated station for omnibuses, forms our best landmark. Three roads branch from it; the centre and left of which — with the Gothic milk-shop and its blown-glass and shell-work museum for an apex — lead us to Hampstead.

People who are going to the Heath by the omnibus must wait for a green conveyance, labelled "Hampstead," which only requires some twenty minutes' pa-

tience; people who are going our way, will take the road to the right of the Gothic milk-shop, and go straight under the railway-bridge. We prefer this way, firstly, because it is the more pleasant; and, secondly, because we want to grumble at one or two things by the way.

It is of no use to give directions as to the many turnings and zig-zags leading into the Hampstead Fields on our left. The best plan is, to ask, and take the first way that comes. The higher, however, we go up the Highgate Road, the more pleasant are the ways across. Once in the fields, Hampstead looks us boldly in the face, at no great distance.

Sunday evenings are, perhaps, the worst for Hampstead Fields. We do not find fault with the many respectable working men who come out with their families, and enjoy the walk as heartily as it deserves; we have no objection to the orange-boys or the ginger-beer cart. But there are always a large stock of the real riff-raff about, the snake-catching, bird's-nesting community of vagabond boys, who seem as if they idled about the streets all the week, and came into the fields for a change on Sunday. Besides these, a troop of half-drunken fellows, generally accompanied by a bull-terrier of as forbidden appearance as themselves, run tumbling along, knocking each other over, rolling insanely on the grass, and shouting more insanely still. Fur-

thermore, on Sundays you meet more pipes than usual.

But go on whatever day you will, these fields are always pleasant, and become more so as you approach Hampstead: though bricks and mortar, those friends to fresh air when they develop themselves in the form of healthy, lofty lodging-houses in crowded cities — those enemies to it, when they trench upon our few beautiful fields — are rapidly doing mischief. For a long time, a miserable, one-roomed attempt, with two windows and a door (associated only with conventional dwellings of witches, and modern two-penny table-beer) was the only attempt at "enclosure," and the cows and the people had it all to themselves. But now, promising building-leases are announced in all directions; more than one attempt at a saw-pit has been realised; and a few brick "skeletons" threaten future villas, streets, "places," and terraces. This is to be deplored — to be withstood. All the beauty of Hampstead Fields depends upon the openness of the surrounding prospect, and it needs no professor of optics to prove how little, houses contribute to opening out a landscape.

Keeping gently north-west, we come to a narrow lane, with comical palings on both sides of every conceivable pattern. This is, to our taste, the very prettiest entrance into Hampstead. Although the houses are not picturesque, they are the oldest in the place,

and their bright red bricks come out pleasantly from among the rich trees. When the sun is either setting, or at its full meridian, the effect is glorious — just such an effect as makes a great picture out of the simplest and least pretending subject.

Leaving the "Vale," and passing the White Horse — which, on certain occasions, clings to entertainments, in which Ethiopian serenaders, sack-jumping, greasy-poles, and races performed by veteran washerwomen for a "cup" of tea, never fail to draw crowded audiences — we cross an enclosure, (which calls up a mixture of something between Paddington - Green and a parochial pound,) and ascend the hill towards the Heath.

But to our taste; and, "we believe, most people's who know the neighbourhood; it is far more pleasant to turn to the right of the enclosure, pass the few cottages, which may be remembered if it be only for the glorious fuchsias which literally cover their parlour windows, mount a conveniently-awkward, or awkwardly-convenient, modern stile, and run over Parliament and Constitution Hills. But you must remember that you will then get an excellent distant view of London. It is well worth seeing, although it reminds us how near we are.

We will suppose ourselves back again in the old track, merely to look at the waterworks building, something like the Temple of the Four Winds at Athens, with a

monster pomatum-pot (of the old "Civet Cat" pattern) at top, and to catch the first glimpse of the donkeys; for the donkey is as truly the indigenous animal of Hampstead Heath, as is the chamois of St. Bernard, the racoon of the backwoods, and the black birds of the chandlers' shops in the neighbourhood of Golden Square.

It is sad, for the cause of romance, to reflect that these donkeys — the hired palfreys of holiday misses, perpetually associated throughout the summer with half-dozens of pretty, fun-enjoying faces, rackety, good-humoured laughter, enhanced by an occasional "spill," productive of more confusion and blushing than danger — it is sad to think of these bullied, stick-persuaded creatures degenerating, in the winter, into despicable beasts of draught. Pretty milliners, plump babies, and fast young gentlemen, are faded from their memories; and salt-fish, coals, and green stuff, are, for the next seven months, their only topics of reflection. We do not know, nevertheless, whether they are not better off in the winter-time. The costermongers are rough enough, but the donkey-drivers are absolutely brutal. Cab-driving and donkey-driving have many points of resemblance, not the least marked of which is their pleasing uncertainty respecting fares. An hour's ride, or a half-hour's ride, on Hampstead Heath, are the same facetious fictions as eightpenny and one-and-

four-penny fares are in London. Of a truth, donkey-drivers know as little of practical arithmetic as some bishops.

But we must not forget another animal which is associated with the aboriginal (if learned societies dispute the propriety of this epithet, we cannot help it) donkeys of the Heath, and that is the Hampstead Heath pony. Captain Jumper's "History of the Horse," 8vo, London, with seventy-four illustrations, on steel, the "Winners of the Chalk Farm Sweeps," 8vo, H. G. Besom and Son, Cork Place, Hatton Garden, with fifty portraits of the winners, give no idea of the animal in question. It is not a mule; nor a cob, nor a Welsh colt, nor a Shetland sheltie, nor a prad, nor a tit, nor anything heard of either in the inn-yard, or on the box. It is a deplorable instance of the proverbial effects of mixing in bad society. It is a something that might have been a horse; but was thrown in early life with imperfect education among donkeys, and has learned all their tricks badly. Long association has taught it to believe in thick sticks, and despise the gentle switch; to prefer outrageous shouting to the more refined "ccceckkkk;" and, without anything like a spirited show of resistance, to make dead stops, to walk zig-zag, to trot as if all the joints of all its legs were broken, and to look humiliated and miserable upon all occasions. It knows but one rider, and that is the donkey boy. Once we at-

tempted a Hampstead Heath pony ourselves, on the strength of considerable experience of Oxford hacks and Kensington-kept hunters. It was of no use. We edged on a few paces, then turned round; then we tried to munch the grass; then we looked as if we were going to bolt; then we stuck down our head; and, finally, we turned and went back at a melancholy slow pace. When the owner held out his hand, and shouted, "A shilling, please Sir," it was with the conscious look of a man who was making money rapidly.

There is an aristocracy on Hampstead Heath as well as on the turf. There are "touters." They beset young gentlemen, who have ladies with them, with as eager an earnestness as the lookers-out for Boulogne hotels. There are stern, severe drivers — who manage the extortion part of the business, and keep the time upon the ingenious calculations already described — as well as their serfs, who do not own the donkeys they drive. To borrow a theatrical allusion, the former are the "managers," who pocket the money; the latter are the — not box, but donkey-keepers, who, instead of being paid for their office, are allowed to sponge for an additional fee. But in these fortunate days of reform, we may hope to see even donkey-riding reduced to something like a regular principle, and the fiction of the distance between Jack Straw's Castle and The Spaniards

Inn, or of the corresponding circuit round the left side of the Heath, set at rest by a policeman established at the Grand Downshire Hill And Hampstead Heath Junction Donkey Station.

A word about the inns in this quarter. It is an absurdity to keep up the aristocratic paraphernalia of heavy private rooms, waiters never within call, and high prices, at the present time. When the railways and steamboats throw open to us so many excursions, when the superior elegance and varied *table d'hôte* of the *restaurateurs* at such places, and with a more moderate scale of charges, stares us in the face at every pier, station, and office, and in every newspaper, circular, and handbill, it is folly to suppose that Hampstead will draw a sufficient number of people to eat fortnight-old pigeon-pies, and drink dry brandied sherry, at tariffs somewhat above those of Regent Street. Nor will ill-attended tea-gardens attract the less aristocratic caste of visitors. Till there is a more regular as well as a more reasonable system of refreshments and prices, the inn business of the Heath must be confined to a few half-reputable rollicking parties, a few practical old gentlemen, who go there because they used to do so; and pay old prices to keep up old associations.

But we have done grumbling. Even the weather is too fine to let us enjoy that genuine Englishman's privilege; and — to use a cruelly hackneyed, most improper,

but favourite metaphor — we are fairly launched upon the Heath. The view is glorious. If we step upon the ridges, we look down upon a wide expanse of shaggy bushes, tipped with golden blossoms, forming all sorts of imaginary grottoes, labyrinths, and retreats. Did you ever play at "being lost" on Hampstead Heath? If not, do so with the very first company of pretty young ladies you can get out with. What with the pleasantries of crouching down in places where you never thought you could be seen, and watching a distant bonnet and parasol tracking you in precisely the reverse direction, we cannot recommend better fun. Moreover, the narrow, slippery, sandy, turf-starving ridges, where stunted grass and moss grow together, till you cannot tell which is which — the pleasing chances of slipping down, the excitement of stepping through a small plantation of nettles, or trying to step over some awkwardly straggling brambles — no one who has not spent six or seven consecutive hours on Hampstead Heath can appreciate these, and a hundred other of its delights.

But civilisation will not be quiet. It will not leave even the left side of the Heath to the donkeys and the human beings who want to enjoy themselves. Here and there a gravel-pit has been cut out, and (if they will not make too many of them, and then build near them,) they are rather an improvement. They look rough, bold, and rock-

like. Moreover, like the Indian temples at Salsette or Edfou, they are pleasantly chiselled all over with the devices and initials of various individuals, who seem to go through the world like savages, with clasp-knives in their hands, and whose earthly mission it tattooing. The same spirit that leads Englishmen to write poetry in the heavy arbours of Kensington Gardens, is equally developed in the carving their names or initials on the red-ochre *façade* of a Hampstead Heath gravel-pit.

Sit down amidst the furze, low enough to have no forms around you; its dark, rough, broken outlines standing out boldly against the clear blue sky above, or, perhaps, perched on the root of one of the cedar firs, from which the gravelly soil has gradually receded by a series of Lilliputian land-slips, with a larger and more noble prospect before you; and, while we revel in the clear, healthy air around us, we think with pain upon any prospect of change. Scarcely can we realise even in idea this beautiful wilderness hedged, ditched, drained, furrowed, and submitted to all the other useful cruelties of agriculture. Still less do we think of its appropriation to forming select parks and paddocks for villa mansions. Little thankful should we be for regular, correct pathways, neatly laid down with powdered sea-shells, getting dry after every shower, and always looking unpicturesque, orderly, and public-requested-not-to-walk-on-the-

grass-ified. While we look at the free open space, with no intruders but ourselves, an occasional cow, quite astonished at her own independence, or a bevy of donkey-mounted girls, we begin to think that all we have heard or read about notions of enclosing Hampstead Heath are a fiction, a cry got up by agitators, to drown some other cry.

But, as we cross to the other side of the Heath, and wend our way towards the "Vale of Health," we find that there is less of fiction, less of impossibility, than we supposed. What have those neat, Tunbridge-brick, with white coping, villas to do on Hampstead Heath? They do not look as if they had been there long. Their architecture is not even Elizabethan. We will not say, with the gallery-mob on a benefit night, "turn them out;" but we will say, "build no more."

Whether the "Vale of Health" took its name from the fact of the water in its hollow being the very dirtiest of all the "Hampstead Ponds," we cannot say. If it had belonged to the Corporation of London, we should have had less hesitation. It is a curious district, and is more associated with tea-making than the picturesque. A range of indifferently white-washed cottages, somewhat resembling the worst of the old Hyde Park barracks, with a plentiful collection of rickety tavern tables, and primitive forms, are relieved by clothes-props and lines, more or less bending under

the discharge of their great social duty. Abundance of hot water within, a few elderly women (who appear to be always in the same proverbially uncomfortable element) an awful host of squalling children, and worried mammas, and a number of urchins, who will probably take to donkey-driving hereafter, prepare tea, drink or spill tea, or tout for customers. If a Frenchman visited Hampstead, Gravesend, or Kew, he would set down the English as a tea-drinking nation; and all the French notions about bottled porter and grog would be left to the pens of their correct delineators of English habits and society. It is worthy of observation, that economical mammas, who certainly form the largest part of the company in this direction, take their tea with them, paying twopence for the cups, saucers, and hot water, and wisely thinking that a profit of about five hundred per cent. must be made at some slight loss to themselves. This may be called the "accommodation" system.

We are again upon the Heath, on our way home, and innovation has been at work. The evening is getting darker; but it does not prevent us noticing a number of infantile trees, cased in with wooden hurdles, like those of the Park plantations. Who planted them? Had he any business to do so? They are an eyesore. Where will they end? Did not some one say that somebody — we forget, and do not care who — tried to

enclose Hampstead Heath? If he does so, may his heirs find a quick road to their inheritance! Who could he have been? Surely it was not one of the five Whig noblemen who wanted to pull down the Crystal Palace, because it deprived the people of the dirtiest, most unmeaning, and least inviting part of Hyde Park? It could not have been one of the gentlemen who advocate health, baths, and washhouses? It must have been some tailor, who had suddenly become a director of railways, or some half-fledged baronet, the second of the family, who, having a half title to his own property, fancied that no title at all might suffice for appropriating that of the public. Whoever he was, may his dreams be redolent of Smithfield, may nightmare tread with donkey hoofs on his chest, and may visions of angry laundresses scald his brain with weak tea!

It is getting late; the sun has left only a dim, sallow streak behind us; the sky is dark above us, and stars are looking out in all directions. Worn-out donkeys are trotting back to their station at a speed that renders the stick and boots of their rough rider quite unnecessary. Straggling parties, in twos and threes, are walking home, varying their quiet observations on the beautiful night with one or two altercations with the dogs in neighbouring gardens. Sober old gentlemen, and fast young men who have smoked and drunk the whole af-

ternoon, are dozing inside omnibuses, or laughing and smoking on the roof. Give us the way home across the fields. We have not so far to go, but we shall see far more on the way. It is dark enough to make us forget the few intruding houses; the precincts of London are lighted up with ten thousand lights, that seem to dance before our eyes, and to cast a warm red halo up into the dark arch above us. We feel healthier, better in body and mind: we feel, that while such heaths and fields can be trodden by all, few will grumble at division of property, and that Chartism will make few converts. But let them meddle with Hampstead Heath, and may all they deserve follow, and follow quickly!

BUDDING CHATHAMS.

Not long ago five or six young men, having arrived at the conclusion that the enunciation of their several opinions on various questions should, in common justice to mankind, take effect within the hearing of a more numerous auditory than they then commanded, resolved to assemble a club for the discussion of questions "affecting the social, moral, and political condition of the human race." The field of speculation was extensive, including every theory, and every range of subject. There was no bye-law in the constitution of the club that could prevent an ambitious mem-

ber from disputing Newton's law of gravitation; no fine restricted him from exulting in the social and artistic perfectitude of the middle ages; he might attempt to prove that the French won the battle of Waterloo, or that two and two sometimes make five, with perfect impunity. Neither, if he chose to hold forth on the perfectibility of human reason, or on the relation of mind to matter in the abstract, need he dread any worse punishment than the loud dissent or the tranquil sleep of his auditors. The laws were framed to catch the eloquence of every member; or rather to allow any number of hobbies to be ridden by any number of members who were disposed for a ride.

The early days of the club were sad times. Young gentlemen, with all the wish to make speeches of interminable length, only kept themselves decently on their legs for five minutes. In those green days of the germinating orators, their rhetoric was so bound up in the bud, that it could not at first burst forth into flower. They burned with the *cacoëthes*, without having the *vis loquendi*. They had plenty to say, but could not say it. They boasted of hosts of ideas, but want of practice denied them the use of words. The consequence was that the law of primogeniture was reviewed in its effects, from the Conquest up to the year 1850, in ten minutes: a republican young man "obtained possession of the floor" at a quarter to eight o'clock, and

proved to his own entire satisfaction that no head that had ever worn a crown had ever betrayed one sign of the commonest human virtue, before the clock had struck the hour. Although great confidence existed as to the latent talent of the members, and their capacity to deal with every vital question; yet after the experience of a few evenings, the fact that practice was wanted by the majority present, became undoubted. The two or three members who possessed greater fluency than the rest were soon promoted to leaderships, and then the disposition of parties became manifest. The Budding Chathams soon found that they had a Liberal Party, a Moderate Party, and a Tory Party. For each party a leader was found; and then the usual business of a debating club began in earnest. Young gentlemen of eighteen, with crimson blushes, stammered out towards the close of the debate that they felt great reluctance "in giving a silent vote on so important a question;" men who in the ordinary concerns of life were Harry and Tom, to each other became mutually "my honourable friend." "Mr. Chairman" had often not attained his majority, and very often not his years of discretion; law students were referred to as "the learned gentleman who had just sat down;" and one or two clerks connected with manufacturing firms were known to the Budding Chathams as "distinguished partisans of the Manchester School."

As time wore on, and practice wore away the bashfulness of unskilful members, instead of a couple of dozen speeches per night, one evening was often too short for two or three. The buds of eloquence burst into such expansive flower, that discretion never told them when to stop. Like Baron Münchhausen's frozen trumpet when it thawed, all the pent-up music of their minds' utterance burst forth. Various men adopted various styles of speaking, and had their acknowledged peculiarities. Mr. Pattens was the honourable member who divided every question he touched into three heads: Mr. Walkingame Cocker was the statistical genius of the club, and could tell off the number of committals in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, for every year since 1815. Then there was the satirical speaker, who was always listened to with profound attention. He had a reputation for reply. Throughout the evening he would listen to the speeches of all the heavy men; and then, just as the chairman was about to "call upon the honourable opener for his reply," he would rise "to offer a few remarks on one or two points where gross blunders had been made by previous speakers. He disclaimed all personality, and it was far from being his wish to offend any honourable member; but he must say that he had never heard a speech more characterised by flippancy and an audacious disregard of facts, than that which he had just been called upon to hear.

If the honourable gentleman who preceded him had been as accurate in his grammar as he had been ponderous in his facts, the club would have been more indebted to him; and had the honourable opener shown a little less confidence, and a greater familiarity with the subject he had professed to expound, the honourable members present would have been better able to arrive at a fair decision upon the merits of the case before them."

Still, despite the not unusual tendency to loquacity, the Budding Chathams managed on "field-days" to despatch a wonderful amount of public business; and showed, as to mere rapidity, an example worthy of imitation in another place.

Statesmen have been discussing the excellences of Free Trade and Protective systems for years; the Budding Chathams opened the question at eight o'clock one evening, and recorded their firm opinion upon it before midnight. The Catholic titular claims, which have worried us for months, were negatived by the young Chathams in four hours, stoppages (viz., "Hear, hear, hear!" "Question, Question!" "Name, Name!" "Chair!" &c.) included. So much for the speed with which the confidence of two-and-twenty deals with vital political dogmas. These elements, mixed up with a large number of Budding Chathams who observed a discreet silence on all occasions, and voted with the best speakers, constituted a club si-

milar in aim to thousands which exist in different parts of England.

Instituted to afford practice in public speaking to a number of young men, the club was highly successful in this object; but how far it strengthened and concentrated the reasoning faculties of "honourable members," is a question which would be an edifying subject for the discussion of some other club of Budding Chathams.

These clubs, it should be observed, are generally formed by young men of intellectual tendencies — law students who burn with the hope of enjoying the softness of the woolsack — younger sons with hopes of political advancement, and in their hearts vague longings for Downing-street power — literary students with crude theories, the enunciation of which is a relief to their young vanity. These aspirations and faculties have a common sympathy, and consequently mingle into a very fascinating common body. The laugh with which a stranger hears the title of "honourable member" given to his intimate associate, is rebuked by the gravity of the young men; who, in their dream-land, seem to touch for a brief time the realisation of their ambition. At present they are hard-working students, with little enough money to spend, and without power; but even now it is painful to have the contrast between their aspiration and their actual position ridiculed in any way. They like to be "honourable

members," and "Mr. Chairman." Here is a foretaste of the importance and the power they are to win. They refer to the time when Brougham and Macaulay were members of the Edinburgh Speculative Society; and from this reference draw sundry very flattering and invigorating conclusions as to their own prospects. Many consolations, many hopes, many good resolves flow from these intellectual sparring clubs. Much vanity is corrected, for young men, particularly, are less swayed in the formation of their friendships by worldly considerations, than their elders; and by finding an immediate and considerate public ready to applaud the student in his most wearisome and thankless hours, the struggle is eased, and the loneliness and chill of student life loses much of its repulsiveness.

The Budding Chathams include many men with pale, haggard features; who, worn with the studies of long days, brighten as the Chatham discussion night approaches, when intellect will be pitted against intellect, and the strongest without servility, or any base consideration, will carry the majority with him. The decisions of the club, the votes given by certain prominent members, the arguments used by others, and the subjects proposed for future consideration, afford continual gossip to a wide circle of men. The scorn with which ignorance of history is met; the heat with which rival schools of poetry and painting are

advocated; the general acclamation with which a happy quotation is received; the unstudied respect paid to members of great acquirements, are manifestations which generally characterise those debating clubs which have ever shown any vitality.

He would be a bold man who would openly establish a school for the education of orators after the fashion of those who occupy the time of the House of Commons for five hours at a stretch, or who make amendments at railway meetings: but the spontaneous formation of debating clubs in the various towns of England argues, we are inclined to think, a healthful intellectual progress in the young men of the time. The Budding Chathams may not send forth a member possessing the reputed eloquence of the distinguished statesman after whom they are christened; yet many wholesome advantages may accrue from their meetings. In provincial towns, the traveller is often surprised to find a mechanic at a local meeting expressing his ideas with logical order, and in easy Saxon English. On inquiry as to the cause of this precision, he learns that the speaker is the member of a debating club — that he is in the habit of sustaining a public argument. On further inquiry he will find that the mechanic has shrewd, well-digested notions on the prevailing topics of the day; that he is not to be carried away by the false glitter of a voluble speaker; and that he can place the men of

the time in their proper relative positions. He is often critical even as to the turn of a period; and talks not of "rounding a sentence," but does it. He is an humble imitator of the more ambitious Chathams. As he throws his shuttle in the morning, he thinks of his evening's debate; — what reasons his friend Jones will bring to bear upon the question; and how the opener will be able to answer the array of facts he has marshalled against him. At the worst, this is harmless mental exercise; and, without doubt, it is an advance upon those amusements which working men patronised some twenty years back.

Therefore, prosperity to provincial debating clubs! Success to "Mr. Chairman," with his incipient moustache. Success to "the honourable opener," who has now seen only twenty summers. Success to "my learned friend," who has eaten two terms, and is already critical about the Temple wine. Success to the young author flushed with the notices of his first work, and bright with all the glory of hope about him!

SHAKESPEARE AND NEWGATE.

THERE are not many things of which the English as a people stand in greater need than sound rational amusement. As a necessary element in any popular education worthy of the name;

as a wholesome incentive to the fancy, depressed by the business of life; as a rest and relief from realities that are not and never can be all-sufficient for the mind, — sound rational public amusement is very much indeed to be desired.

Such of our readers as have accompanied Mr. Whelks to the Theatre through the medium of these pages, know what the Drama, with its noble lessons of tenderness and virtue, usually does for *him*. Such of them as live in the Metropolis, and care to cross Waterloo Bridge, will find the walls and shop-windows eloquent upon the subject, and may judge for themselves. It is not our present purpose to pursue that aspect of the question, which, in the monotony of its vicious stupidity, is soon exhausted.

Neither do we purpose to investigate the causes of the decline of the Drama. It may have had its share of misgovernment, in being absurdly confided to Heaven-born Lord Chamberlains, possessing not the slightest sympathy with it, and caring (if possible) less about it than they have known. It may have suffered greatly, from the inferiority of many actors and actresses to the art they have professed, and from their exactions and caprices having expanded as their merits contracted. It may have been, in its manner of rendering the least effect and the greatest, a notable example of persistence in conventionality when all was change around it;

and of a dull grinding of its chariot wheels in the ruts of precedent, scarcely to be surpassed by the Court of Chancery. Fashion and frivolity may have had their part in its downfall. It may even owe something of its decay to that fine spirit of humour which, in the high Tory days of the present century, jeered at every simple recreation within the reach of the common people, systematically tried to blight with its disparagement and ridicule even Nature herself as she could alone reveal herself to the dwellers in great cities in their few and short escapes, and swelled into astonished indignation when the people were miraculously discontented.

Among other good places of sound rational amusement, we hold that a well-conducted Theatre is a good place in which to learn good things. And we wish to show what an intelligent and resolute man may do, to establish a good Theatre in a most unpromising soil, and to reclaim one of the lowest of all possible audiences.

Seven or eight years ago, Sadler's Wells Theatre, in London, was in the condition of being entirely delivered over to as ruffianly an audience as London could shake together. Without, the Theatre, by night, was like the worst part of the worst kind of Fair in the worst kind of town. Within, it was a bear-garden, resounding with foul language, oaths, catcalls, shrieks, yells, blasphemy, obscenity — a truly diabolical clamour. Fights took

place anywhere, at any period of the performance. The audience were of course directly addressed in the entertainments. An improving melo-drama, called *BARRINGTON THE PICKPOCKET*, being then extremely popular at another similar Theatre, a powerful counter-attraction, happily entitled *JACK KETCH*, was produced here, and received with great approbation. It was in the contemplation of the Management to add the physical stimulus of a pint of porter to the moral refreshments offered to every purchaser of a pit ticket, when the Management collapsed and the Theatre shut up.

At this crisis of the career of Mr. Ketch and his pupils, MR. PHELPS, a gentleman then favourably known to the London public as a tragic actor, first at the Haymarket Theatre under the management of MR. WEBSTER, and afterwards at the two great theatres of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, when MR. MACREADY made them a source of intellectual delight to the whole town (persons of fashion excepted), conceived the desperate idea of changing the character of the dramatic entertainments presented at this den, from the lowest to the highest, and of utterly changing with it the character of the audience. Associating with himself, in this perilous enterprise, two partners: of whom one (for a time) was MRS. WARNER, a lady of considerable reputation on the stage: the other, MR. GREENWOOD, a

"gentleman of business knowledge and habits:" he took the theatre, and went to work.

On the opening night, the scene of MR. KETCH's triumphs — which may be presumed not to have been confined to that small sphere, but to have extended, in the glory of his pupils, beyond the height of the Old Bailey to the harbour of Norfolk Island — was densely crammed with the old stock. The play was MACBETH. It was performed amidst the usual hideous medley of fights, foul language, catcalls, shrieks, yells, oaths, blasphemy, obscenity, apples, oranges, nuts, biscuits, ginger-beer, porter, and pipes — not that there was any particular objection to the Play, but that the audience were, on the whole, in a condition of mind, generally requiring such utterance. Pipes of all lengths were at work in the gallery; several were displayed in the pit. Cans of beer, each with a pint measure to drink from (for the convenience of gentlemen who had neglected the precaution of bringing their own pots in their bundles), were carried through the dense crowd at all stages of the tragedy. Sickly children in arms were squeezed out of shape, in all parts of the house. Fish was fried at the entrance doors. Barricades of oyster-shells encumbered the pavement. Expectant half-price visitors to the gallery, howled defiant impatience up the stairs, and danced a sort of Carmagnole all round the building.

It being evident, either that the

attempt to humanise the place must be abandoned, or this uproar quelled — that Mr. Ketch's disciples must have their way, or the manager his — the manager made vigorous efforts for the victory. The friers of fish, vendors of oysters, and other costermonger-scum accumulated round the doors, were first removed. Of course they claimed to have (as every public abuse in England does) a vested right in their wrong-doing. They resisted with all their might, and asserted that they were legally privileged by the New River Company. The inexorable manager, taking all risks upon himself, dislodged them nevertheless, by the aid of the police, and persisted night after night. The noisy sellers of beer inside the Theatre were next to be removed. They resisted, too, and offered a large weekly consideration "for leave to sell and call." The management was obdurate, and rooted them out. Children in arms were next to be expelled. Orders were given to the money-takers to refuse them admission; but these were found extremely difficult to be enforced, as the women smuggled babies in under their shawls and aprons, and even rolled them up to look like cloaks. A little experience of such artifices led to their detection at the doors; and the Play soon began to go on, without the shrill interruptions consequent on the unrolling of dozens of these unfortunate little mummies every night.

But the most intolerable defilement of the place remained. The outrageous language was unchecked; and while that lasted, any effectual purification of the audience and establishment of decency, was impossible. Mr. Phelps, not to be diverted from his object, routed out an old Act of Parliament, in which there was a clause visiting the use of bad language in any public place with a certain fine, on proof of the offence before a magistrate. This clause he caused to be printed in great placards, and posted up in various conspicuous parts of the Theatre. He also had it printed in small hand-bills. To every person who went into the gallery, one of these hand-bills was given with his pass-ticket. He was seriously warned that the Act would be enforced; and it *was* enforced with such rigor, that on several occasions Mr. Phelps stopped the play to have an offender removed — on other occasions went into the gallery, with a cloak over his theatrical dress, to point out some other offender who had escaped the vigilance of the police — on all occasions kept his purpose, and his inflexible determination steadily to carry it, before the vagabonds with whom he had to deal — on no occasion showed them fear or favour. Within a month, the Jack Ketch party, thoroughly disheartened and amazed, gave in; and not an interruption was heard from the beginning to the end of a five act tragedy.

We cannot forbear remarking, that we earnestly commend this example to the notice of our best stipendiary magistrates, and to the principal directors of the Police. The flagrant use of coarse and shocking expressions by ruffianly boys, and other idle fellows, in the parks and fields, is a national disgrace to the existence of which we can bear strong testimony. It is one of the commonest and least-checked offences against public decency within our experience. About the Regent's Park and Primrose Hill, especially on holidays when those places have been filled with orderly people and their children, we have had occasion for some years to notice the extent of this pollution of decent ears, and the perfect repose with which it has been received by listening constables.

The Manager having now established order and silence, proceeded with his purpose of establishing a home for the high drama at Sadler's Wells. In his first season, he presented SHAKESPEARE'S plays of HAMLET, KING JOHN, THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, OTHELLO, and RICHARD THE THIRD, in all one hundred and six nights. Besides which, he further produced, as imperfect substitutes for Jack Ketch, BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, MASSINGER, SHERIDAN, HOLCROFT, BYRON, BULWER, and KNOWLES.

In his second season, besides producing three original plays, he presented THE WINTER'S TALE, forty-five nights. In the succes-

sive seasons between that time and the present, he has produced other original tragedies, and has many times performed *THE TEMPEST*, *MACBETH* without the music as originally written, *CORIOLANUS*, *CYMBELINE*, *JULIUS CÆSAR*, *HENRY THE EIGHTH*, *ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA*, and *MR. HORNE'S* reconstruction of *THE DUCHESS OF MALFI*. In the spring of the present year (1851), we had the means of knowing that *MR. PHELPS* had acted Shakespeare, at Sadler's Wells, one thousand nights.

It is to be observed that these plays have not been droned through, in the old jog-trot dreary matter-of-course manner, but have been presented with the utmost care, with great intelligence, with an evidently sincere desire to understand and illustrate the beauties of the poem. The smallest character has been respectfully approached and studied; the smallest accessory has been well considered; every artist in his degree has been taught to adapt his part, in the complete effect, to all the other parts uniting to make up the whole. The outlay has been very great; but, having always had a sensible purpose and a plain reason, has never missed its mark. The illusion of the scene has invariably been contrived in a most striking, picturesque, and ingenious manner. A completeness has been attained, which at twenty times the cost could never have been bought, if *Mr. Phelps* were not a gentleman in spirit, and an

accomplished and devoted student of his art.

The management and audience have re-acted on each other. Sensible of the pains bestowed on everything presented to them, the audience have desired to show their appreciation of such care, and have studied the plays from the books, and have really come to the Theatre for their intellectual profit. We question whether a more sensible audience for a good play could be found anywhere than is to be found at Sadler's Wells. The management, on the other hand, constantly addressing itself to the improved taste it has bred, is constantly impelled to advance.

The prices of admission are, to the boxes, three shillings and two shillings; to the pit, a shilling; to the gallery, sixpence. The latter is now as orderly as a lecture-room. The pit, which is very capacious, is made very comfortable, and is constantly filled by respectable family visitors. A father sits there with his wife and daughters, as quietly, as easily, as free from all offence, as in his own house. The natural result is, that he goes there; that staid and serious people of the neighbourhood who once abhorred the name of a Theatre, are frequenters of this one; and that the place which was a Nuisance, is become quite a household word.

We sincerely believe that if a man as earnest and as sensible as *Mr. Phelps*, could do in very many English towns what *Mr. Phelps*

has done in this suburb of London, he would supply a great want which few observant persons can fail to acknowledge, and would do a giant's work in the discouragement of low sensual enjoyments, as well as in the conquering of prejudices not by any means without foundation.

TWO ASPECTS OF IRELAND.

THE SECOND ASPECT.

No Œdipus came to solve the riddle of Ireland's destiny. Heaven itself put forth its hand, and amid the most awful calamities which ever swept over a nation, burst the fatal spell which for ages had bound down the people in unspeakable misery. A plague fell on the sole root by which hung the lives of five millions of human beings. Famine followed. The stricken people perished. They lay dead in thousands in their squalid cabins. They were rolled up on the roadsides like black and wasted mummies. They dropped in dumb inanition amid their shrivelling kindred, who were too feeble to bury them. Ireland's ages of evil seemed resolved into one wide death.

But the mighty calamity, annihilated, with mortal life, inborn prejudices more powerful than life or death itself. The die was cast — the hour was come! At that terrible cry of famishing thousands, humanity rose in its

divine greatness. England forgot "Repeal," rebellion, and everything but the inalienable fraternity of men — the eternal law in the heart impelling to succour misery and to save the perishing. To the very ends of the earth thrilled the horror of that great misfortune; and America poured in, from her fulness, her sustaining corn.

The eye of the whole civilised world gazed in wonder at the food-ruin of a whole nation; and every generous mind ruminated earnestly on a remedy. The people were dying, but undeceived. Many a true man now brought forth his remedy for the woes of Ireland — Sir Robert Peel proclaimed his great scheme of renovation; and, out of the united effort of the British Parliament, Ireland promised to present a new aspect. A new day dawned, great, real, and progressive.

The old heron had sat on the lofty trees of Sporeen; had fished by its lonely lake and moorland stream for many a year, when, one day, there came a car driving to that solitary place. Beside the Irish driver, sat a man who had evidently fed on the fat of John Bull's farms. He was of no great stature, but of robust build. He wore a blue coat with gilt buttons, a capacious yellow waistcoat, an ample white hat: his countenance was ruddy and sunburnt. He looked about with a quick and keen eye. There was evident wonder in it, and from his tongue came a frequent "God bless me!"

When he got to the house, he looked up to its roof on all sides, and stood in silent amazement on those very steps — still lordly in their desolation — upon which the former master had so suddenly met his fate. He hastened from spot to spot, shook gate-posts, and gazed up at the wondrous altitude of trees. He walked out to the moorlands, looked here and there, at the hills, upon the lake on the heath, to the woods enveloping the house, asked a thousand questions of the grey-brown coated Irish driver, and again said, “God bless me!” That done, he went off again, dug with a small spade as deep as he could into the ground, first in one place and then in another, and looked at the soil upon it as though he expected to see particles of gold. Then he bustled away to the rich meadows below the woods; tracked the margin of the river which bounded them; again thrust in his divining rod; then gazed upon the decaying old hall; dark, grand, and melancholy, without one living smoke in its score of chimneys. Once more the stranger exclaimed, “God bless me!”

He evidently had some design on the old, widowed, and desolate Sporeen. Had he fallen in love with her? It seemed very likely; for he came again — and, in a short time, again. He mounted a horse. He rode round the woods, along the moorlands, away to the distant hills. He sate for many hours on a great stone on a heathy slope, some quarter of a mile from

the hall, and wrote in his memorandum-book. Was he a poet? and had the spot inspired him? He did not look like one.

Some weeks afterwards there came a handsome brougham, driven by a servant in livery, with another person by his side, on the box. It made its way directly to the hall of Sporeen: and out of it got the same blue-coated, white-hatted, easy-fitting-yellow-waist-coated Englishman. What! does that farmer-like, hard-headed man own an equipage like that? and is he a poet, after all?

But stop! another follows him — a tall, middle-aged, slender man, with the unmistakeable impress of a gentleman. He looks round with an eye-glass. He, too, stands on those formerly fatal steps, and says, “But, Mr. Goodacre — how *very* desolate!”

“Ay,” returns Mr. Goodacre — “but what fertility! what wood! what meadows! what moorlands! Why, Sir Thomas, I engage that in less than a twelvemonth, you shall say it is one of the finest places in the three kingdoms. A thousand acres of enclosure (two hundred of it of fattest meadows) and three thousand acres of moorland! Why, it is a princely bargain. I engage, Sir Thomas, that the enclosed land shall yield an immediate rent of thirty shillings per acre, and that two thousand acres of the moorland shall be fenced in a couple of years, and yield from thirteen to fifteen shillings per acre; neither will the remaining thousand for planting

prove unprofitable. Say the word, and I will take the bargain off your hands, though I borrow two-thirds of the money."

Sir Thomas continues to look round through his glass, and makes remarks; though he is silent on Mr. Goodacre's proposal. "Why, Mr. Goodacre," he continues, "the house seems to me thoroughly rotten — it must come down, stick and stone."

"Excuse me, Sir Thomas," replies Mr. Goodacre, "but not a brick of it must be moved. The shell is as sound as an acorn. Strip the roof, examine its timbers, and make all safe there with wood and slate — scour and paint the outside — re-glaze and refit within — and you will see it come out as noble a house as a prince royal need have. That, Sir Thomas, is your chief expense. See what wood you have for making your enclosures! A few scores of Irish men at a shilling a day will do wonders."

"But they are a desperate race," said Sir Thomas; "they murdered the former proprietor, and what if they should murder us? They tell me that they have no sense of benefits, and that they shoot their best friends from behind hedges from sheer blood-thirstiness."

The yellow-waistcoated steward, looked not at Sir Thomas as he talked, but stretched his eyes over the landscape. "Sir Thomas," he replied, "don't imagine Irishmen such geese. I have seen a good deal of Ireland since

I was on the look-out for land, and I find them 'cute fellows. They understand a benefit as well as you or I; but for that reason no man on earth can persuade them to mistake a mischief for a good turn. They won't work, people say. No, certainly not, when they get nothing for it. But I will show you, Sir Thomas, what wonders a shilling a day will do. I have seen Irishmen working on scores of those estates which have been bought out of the Encumbered Estates Court, and I never saw men work better. When a man had his potato plot for ten pounds per acre, and was expected to work all the year round for it — when he never from year's end to year's end saw the shine of money for his labour — why, naturally, he became down-hearted and dogged. To work! — as the Scotch poet said when he was asked why he did not get up in a morning — "he had nae motive." in Ireland, Irishmen have no motive. But, Sir, they have long worked in England as reapers, as navvies, as bricklayer's clerks, as anything where they get money-wages. The Irishman works in America. He is, they say, a new creature there; for he exists under totally new circumstances; and more, he saves! The Irishman saves! He sends over hither every year large sums to his relatives, to help them in their misery, or to help them out of it. During the famine, Irishmen in America sent over not less than four hundred thousand pounds to assist

their friends in their sufferings, or to help them across the Atlantic."

"Is that true?" said Sir Thomas, taking down his eye-glass, and looking long at Mr. Goodacre.

"True as I stand here," said the steward; "and such a people must have prime good stuff in them. It is just as true, too, that there is a vast deal of what wants getting rid of — ignorance, and vindictiveness. These 'encumbered' men were a wretched race! They were the tools and victims of a false, inhuman, impolitic system; which was two-edged — it cut both them and their victims — it ruined them and their country. But we see the remedy now. Emigration is removing a huge pressure of population. Men of capital and of science are beginning to see what may be done here. There will soon be new means of communication; new manufactures — improvements. Above all, and as a foundation for all, English capitalists and English agricultural science will take the place of the old broken-down, proud, and incurable half-castes, who filled the country with ruin and misery. Wherever Englishmen have purchased, they are satisfied with their bargains — and they find the people delighted to work for them. Instead of all those bugbears which have been spread of their jealousy of Englishmen, the people say, 'We like you Englishmen, because we can rely on you — and we like your money.' True, they would naturally be

jealous of English labourers — but who wants them here? who would bring them? Labourers here are plentiful, cheap, and good. I would not have a single Englishman employed here, except as a farmer. Let us have some good, substantial, intelligent farmers, as models and examples; but let us employ — as builders, carpenters, artisans, labourers — none but Irish. That will spread universal satisfaction."

"But would you turn out the tenants? Would not that exasperate them to revenge?"

"Why, there are not half so many tenants yet as we shall want. We can accommodate all that are capable of taking a farm of not less than fifty acres; and none who wanted less would I have. A farm that does not require a couple of horses' labour is a bad concern."

"But all the small tenants, who are so wretched, what will you do with them?"

"Turn them into labourers at a shilling a day. We can employ them all. Every labourer shall, if you do not object, have his acre of land, to employ his family and himself on odd evenings and mornings; not at ten pounds per acre, but at the same rate as the farms are let at."

"Where will you locate them?" asked Sir Thomas, considering; "I see no village."

"Do you see yonder pretty lake out in the moorland, about a mile hence? That lake is a mile and a half long. You see how the lands, swelling and undulating and

scored by little glens, run down to the water. And what a pleasant light scattered wood of birch trees clothes this side of it! There, I propose to lay out a village. It shall be a village of English cottages; each with its acre-garden, little pigstye, and hen-house over it. The street shall run along the margin of the lake."

"Quite Arcadian," said Sir Thomas, smiling; "but will you not soon have a pretty swarm of squatters there?"

"Not one. A clause in every agreement or lease against underletting will stop that. In fact, the tenants will find it their best interest to please you; an upright, conscientious man they soon appreciate. Only a quarter of a mile below this lake, behind that range of hills, lies a large village, on the estate of Sir John Balthorne. Sir John and his neighbour are cutting a canal from the sea, only a mile distant; and very shortly, boats, capable of sailing to Liverpool, will enter, as into a harbour, and bring all sorts of necessaries, at the lowest market prices, into the very midst of the people; while they, in turn, carry off our produce. Let us cut our canal, and we can have a little fleet of fishing-boats lying here, and merchant-vessels besides. We must have also a fishing hamlet."

"Upon my word!" said Sir Thomas, laughing, "you build villages as rapidly and readily as other people build castles in the air."

"I am talking of things that are

actually now doing in various places on this western coast, Sir Thomas. It is no mere dream; no Utopia, that I am contemplating; I am only planning for the future on a basis of things already in active operation. In fact, Sir, you must take a trip up this side of the country. You will see what lovely lakes and rivers; what picturesque mountains; what admirable bays and harbours this country abounds with. In short, every human inducement is presented on this estate for active, intelligent Englishmen to settle; instead of going all the way to Western America, Canada, or to Australia."

"But where will you find estates for all?" asked Sir Thomas.

"Estates! why, besides the encumbered estates — and there are plenty of them yet — there are four millions of acres of wasteland in Ireland, an immense extent of which is excellent. The more the success and satisfaction of the English purchasers here are known, the more English will settle. There are many old English families of the nobility who have estates in Ireland, who have done a great deal already, and they will do more. The Irish families will soon catch the spirit; and imitate. Irish as well as English capitalists — men of active habits and enlightened views — will become estate owners, when they see that it is both safe and profitable. A new race, and new blood, will supersede the old half-caste, wrong-headed, and

‘encumbered’ generation. This is the true and substantial foundation of Ireland’s renovation, and at the work of advancing this renovation we must all labour earnestly. I know nothing that can be more delightful than the prosecution of such labours, which, while they build up new fortunes, extend the splendour and influence of old fortunes.”

“You are right,” said Sir Thomas, thoughtfully; “I begin to feel that I shall find years of a novel, and, I trust, patriotic, excitement here.”

“By-the-by,” continued the steward, “we must have a school. I have got a plan for it. There it is, with its belfry,” pulling the plan from his pocket. “Cannot you fancy you see it, Sir Thomas, already peeping over the birch trees there in the middle of the village that is to be? For my part, I could think I heard the bell ringing.”

“But, you forget — all the people are Catholics, and they will not let the children be taught by us heretics. The priests will spoil all that part of your Utopia.”

“No, they won’t,” said the steward; “we will do just as Mr. Ellis, the brother of the Member for Leicester, has done. Mr. Ellis, you know, some years ago bought an estate in Galway. He had satisfied himself long before the Encumbered Estates Act was dreamt of, that an English capitalist might come here and invest his money well, and at the same time to the essential advantage of

Ireland. He soon found that all the raw-head and bloody-bone stories of Irish country life had but one foundation — injustice and oppression: that a just man was as safe here as anywhere. He employed the Irish, and found them not only willing, but zealous labourers. He gave them a shilling a day.”

“‘A shilling a day’ is evidently your panacea for all the evils of Ireland,” remarked the baronet, drily.

“Well, Sir, Mr. Ellis had always more men on his list at a shilling a day, than he could employ, and those employed saved money and went to America. Their places, as vacated, were filled up by the next on his list. He built a school, got a good schoolmaster, and desired the people to send their children. They were all Catholics, but they came. The priests took the alarm, and commanded the people to keep their children from the school. Still the children came, and very soon came the Catholic archbishop; saw the school, and issued his prohibition against the children frequenting it. Mr. Ellis was now alarmed; but he explained to the parents that he did not want to proselytise the children; he only wished to educate them so as to qualify them for conducting their worldly affairs; and as many of the children came a long way, he said he would give them a bit of dinner. These two arguments triumphed. The dinner and the indifference to prosely-

tism left his school as full as ever. In a while the Catholic archbishop came again. He looked round the school, said 'Very good! very good!' and went away.

"Thus Mr. Ellis got all that he expected to get in the first instance. If he pressed for more, he would have lost all. He would only have defeated himself. But he has shown us, that we may get the lands of Ireland occupied by intelligent and substantial proprietors; the people employed and contented; and the children educated in the plain elements of secular knowledge. This is our foundation, — on which time and knowledge and mutual confidence will raise a superstructure which shall astonish our children."

Sir Thomas was silent for several minutes. He was revolving what the steward had said; but he was soon interrupted by a servant, who came to say that the builder with his men were come; and Sir Thomas and the steward hurried off to the house.

Soon after this conversation there might be seen approaching the mansion of Sporeen waggons, with ladders, ropes, tools, and lime, attended by a score of men. The doors of the hall were thrown open; and the master-builder was seen extremely busy on the roof, with his rule in his hand, directing his men to strip off the slates, and let them down to the ground in baskets. His object was to get the roof thus thoroughly repaired before winter, that the internal restoration might be going on se-

curely during that season. When spring came, scaffolding rose all round the house. Windows and doors were cleared away without remorse, and the walls stood as naked of glass or wood-work as on the day they were raised; while all below was one great wilderness of heaps of decayed timbers and rubbish.

Within twelve months, Sporeen stood once more in greater splendour even than in former days. Although the mansion presented the same general appearance as it did in its palmy days, a few touches of architectural beauty were modestly, rather than obtrusively, added. Roof, doors, windows, were fresh and bright, and complete. The noble flight of steps in front was scoured and whitened; their dazzling formality relieved by the green foliage of creepers, which were allowed to encroach over the sides and ends of the stones. The rubbish, and the lime, and tools, and wood of the workmen, were swept away from the courtyard of the house, and the walks and shrubberies were once more restored to all their beauty by new gravel, and the attentions of the gardener. Gates again swung in all the neatness of paint and smoothness of hinges, instead of stooping towards the earth in sullen decay; and through these drove eight vans laden with splendid new furniture. Never since Sporeen House was first raised, had it presented so brilliant an appearance both inside and outside.

At length, one fine day towards the end of October, a capacious family carriage, heavily laden with imperials, trunks, boxes, and baskets, drove up to the house of Sporeen. A cluster of eager curly heads were thrust out of each window. It contained Lady Wellbury and the children. Sir Thomas was already there to receive them; and as they all ascended that beautiful flight of steps where the old regime had died out in sudden terror, Sir Thomas and Lady Wellbury and their troop of happy children stood, and looked round in delight. It was the inauguration of the new regime. Lady Wellbury had no occasion to say, as Sir Thomas had done, "What a desolate place!" But her exclamation was, "How very charming!" and more than half-a-dozen juvenile voices reechoed the words — "Oh! what a very pretty place!"

The family had scarcely got settled in its new abode before other carriages and cars from the neighbouring towns came driving up to Sporeen; for Sir Thomas had sent word to his friends in England, that for shooting, fishing, salmon and trout in shoals; hares, pheasants, partridges, and grouse in thousands; there never was such a district. And soon Sporeen, its woods, and its moorlands, witnessed as gay and jolly a life as if no dark tragedy had ever stained its threshold.

Meanwhile, the steward was not idle. He was seen riding rapidly over the moorlands, now in this

direction, now in that. He had a couple of land-surveyors measuring and staking out enclosures. He had a number of men in the woods marking out the proper timber to fell a month or two later, for posts, rails, and all the necessary demands of enclosures. He had many other men laying out the new village on the border of the lake. It consisted only of a single row of detached cottages, with their gardens behind them on the slope. If more were wanted in time, a second street or row of them was to run parallel at the back of the first gardens; and the school-house and a general shop were placed in a little square in the centre; which would be completed by other buildings that might be required in time.

The steward was anxious to complete a score of houses before winter for as many labourers and their families, or otherwise the men would lose much of their time in going to and fro between their distant cabins and their work. Sir Thomas was soon witness to the actual struggle there was for employment at a shilling a day. The steward and himself were eagerly beset by applicants wherever they were seen. They came by crowds up to the house; they ran in all directions to overtake them on the moorlands, as they caught sight of them on horseback; and as all possible progress was desirable with the village, a great number were employed. Some were set to post and rail out the gardens, and plant

quicksets for hedges. Some gathered the loose stones from the moorland, which in places nearly covered them, for these were to build the cottages. Others cut the heather which was to thatch them, and carted it to the side of the village. Many waited on the builders with stones and mortar, and others were employed in breaking stones to Macadamise the village street. It was marvellous — with plenty of hands and under the eyes of Sir Thomas and the steward — in what a short time the cottages were completed, and had fires burning in them to dry them. With their grey-stone walls and heather roofs, they had a moorland look, but were far too neat for Irish cabins. Mr. Goodacre said to Sir Thomas that he knew very well that the neatness required by him would be very troublesome to the inhabitants for a good while. They would miss the nice holes in mud floors, where geese could paddle and pigs wallow, and they would miss still more the refuse pit at the front door, which he had prohibited; but he meant to accustom them to somewhat more civilised habits.

In a few months a regular hamlet appeared; its gardens scattered with the pleasant green of fruit trees, which gave the place a clothed look. Before winter set in — the cottages being considered dry enough — the men and their families were allowed to take possession. Sir Thomas was afraid that the villagers would soon

disturb and diminish his trout (with which the lake abounded), but the steward advised that this lake should be given up to commerce, as there was a still larger one on the property; and that the people should be allowed to angle at their pleasure. Sir Thomas at first shook his head at the proposal, but soon consented; for it was found that it would be absolutely necessary to build a second row of cottages in the spring; and the little canal, which was to connect the lake with that of Sir John Balthorne's, was positively decided upon.

Alas for the poor old heron! It could find no solitary spot on the margins of the lakes to watch for its prey. The tree upon which it had passed the greater part of its life had been felled. Bewildered and affrighted, it flew away. Some said it died; for no one had seen it since the arrival of the new Squire.

And here we must leave our friends at their labours; which are likely to continue for years. There are the farms to lay out; farm-houses to build. There are roads to lead out from the hall to the village, and from the village to the next high road. Peasants have been employed to collect sacks of hawthorn hips to sow at Sporeen for the many miles of hedges that will be wanted; and all sorts of seeds of trees for future plantations. A plantation of many acres, under the care of the gardeners, has been made, and carefully fenced with split oak-

paling from the incursions of hares and rabbits.

Sir Thomas has discovered a new pleasure in life — that of planting a new colony. He has grown quite enthusiastic in the work, and thoroughly enamoured of his plans and improvements. He thanks Mr. Goodacre heartily and often for the exquisite and unfailing source of a broad, animating, and active enjoyment that he has opened up to him. He has emigrated, and yet is at home. New mountains, a new ocean expanse, new woods, and heather, and lakes are around him — new people, new habits, and new interests — and yet he knows that in a very short time he can be in London or on his English property. He has all the freshness of adventure and enterprise of a far-off land, and yet he is in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Not an hour but has its object — not a year, for many a year to come, but has some great hope to realise. He has made a canal, roads, and new plantations. Above all, he has created a branch of industry, scarcely ever followed before his time: — he has established fisheries; which not only give employment to many who would be otherwise starving, but afford a wholesome change of food to his agricultural peasants.. His villages and schools lie warm and bright before him, all warmly nestling round his heart. There is no danger of his neglecting his Irish estate; if he do not, on the

contrary, neglect his English one.

Sir Thomas is one of a now rapidly increasing number, who are engaged in a new planting of Ireland — more fortunate than the planting of Munster — for it requires not a single soldier; and tends only to a union of races, to the employment of a people who have passed through subjugation, proscription, and famine, to the final peace, it is to be hoped, of progressive industry and enlightenment.

POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.

WE are familiar nowadays with plates and dishes furnished by the potter, and need not be very rich before we have it in our power to drink tea and coffee out of porcelain. Indeed, there is scarcely a dust-heap in the country that does not contain fragments of European pottery. But these fragments would have been kept in a velvet case some hundred years ago; for although the potter's art is very ancient, it is perhaps not very generally known that the extent to which a taste for something very much harder than crockery prevailed in the dear old middle ages, gave so little countenance to the potter, that his arts had to be rediscovered; and a complete history of the rise and progress of our jugs and mugs, as they are now daily in familiar use, need not begin at a date very much earlier than the

reign of good Queen Bess. A china mug, such as we now label "A Present for Elizabeth" the little daughter, was, in those days, a fit present for Elizabeth the great queen, and was a gift actually made to her by a wealthy subject. Yet Elizabeth was far from simple in her tastes; the gold and silver plate, which was in use among the high and mighty in those days that knew not china, was in her establishment displayed on a scale calculated to astonish all ambassadors. Her Mightiness had also a wardrobe of two thousand dresses; yet, even to her sophisticated taste, most grateful was the present of a china mug.

There being no crockery for table use among the English before the time of Elizabeth, is a large deduction to be made from the comfort of the good old times. We may name another deduction: — the want of looking-glasses by the ladies, who were said to have been content with peeping at themselves in buckets of water. It is enough, however, to say, that they had no crockery, and the very rich used gold and silver plate, while humbler people used a composition very much like our pewter, called electrum. "Change silver plate or vessel," Bacon says, "into the compound stuff, being a kind of silver electre, and turn the rest to coin." We change our silver plate now also into "a compound stuff — a kind of electre," or electro-plate. Alas for the poor rich! When porce-

lain was very dear, they rejoiced greatly, abandoned their metallic cups and dishes, and luxuriated in china-ware. Porcelain became cheap; expensive cups were closely imitated, and so, as far as comfort permitted, the rich went back to their gold and silver plate again. Now gold and silver plate is closely imitated. If a man has a set of silver dish-covers, he cannot be ostentatious if he will, for all men charitably suppose him to possess discretion, and believe that they are plated. Gold and silver will be dethroned from their places at the festive board, as china has been, whenever anybody will discover something else that is extremely dear, and for a while, at any rate, able to defy the imitator.

Crockery, we all know, has, in its day, been idolised by men of taste and fashion, in their generation. Augustus the Strong, who wore a helmet weighing twenty pounds, and could break a horse-shoe into fragments with his finger and thumb, was called the Porcelain King; he gave, on one occasion, a regiment of dragoons in exchange for twenty-two large vases. At the late Mr. Beckford's sale, in Bath, the accumulation of cups and saucers might have been fairly underlined as "most stupendous," by the auctioneer. It was said that Mr. Beckford had so many sets of china, that he could have breakfast served to him in a new set every day throughout the twelvemonth. Addison has left word to us concerning his

own time, that "China vessels are playthings for women of all ages. An old lady of fourscore shall be as busy in cleaning an Indian Mandarin, as her great-grand-daughter is in dressing her baby." Kings were the China merchants in those palmy days, and fostered the potter's art so as to encourage the production of luxurious services. Of one service made at Chelsea, Horace Walpole tells us that the price was one thousand two hundred pounds. In our own day large prices are given by collectors for rare specimens of early manufacture. A pair of "singularly fine cups," without any saucers, fetched, at the Strawberry Hill sale, twenty-five guineas; and, unfortunately, came to the hands of their purchaser broken in the packing. A small coffee-cup, at Stowe, weighing three ounces, was sold for six-and-forty guineas.

Since there are many amateurs in porcelain whom it is not hard to deceive, and since there are some ways of deceiving even the most accomplished, a trade in old china will sometimes bring good returns to any man with pliability of conscience. For example, before hard porcelain was understood at Sèvres, there was a soft kind made there, and beautifully painted; as it was made only between the years 1740 and 1769, it is extremely rare and costly. Suddenly several individuals exhibited a most promiscuous taste for soft ware porcelain, of all sorts, whether valuable or not. At length

their object was discovered; they could scrape off the glaze, and with it the painting, upon this material, which had absorbed the glaze so much that on a second baking a fresh portion of it was brought out. This second glaze could then be painted in imitation of the choicest Sèvres of the soft kind, and deceive the most acute. In this way a large fortune was accumulated by a dealer, who is now no more among the living.

We have been reading lately the very interesting book concerning Pottery and Porcelain written by Mr. Marryatt, and luxuriously illustrated by Mr. Murray's liberality with coloured plates of jugs and mugs, and all their kindred, as they are seen in the forms most prized by collectors. If we now amuse and interest our readers with the information we propose to furnish, let them pay their thanks to Mr. Marryatt for having built and filled the storehouse out of which we fetch our grain.

Pottery and porcelain differ not only in quality, but, to a certain extent, they differ also in their nature. The plain distinction between them is obvious enough. Pottery, like our pipkins and stone ware, is opaque; porcelain is translucent, being a sort of cross-breed between pottery and glass. In the way of etymology the matter is reversed, the derivation of the word Pottery is quite transparent; that of Porcelain, however, it is not possible to see through. The ordinary theory about the origin

of the word is as follows: — It comes out of the Portuguese, that nation being once upon a time monopolist of Eastern trade, fingered much Oriental money in the shape of shells, which, on account of a fanciful resemblance between their backs and the backs of little pigs, were commonly called *porcellana*. At this similitude we grunt a little; but the shells being called *porcellana*, that name presently was transferred by merchants to the thin, shell-like substance of the Oriental cups with which they made acquaintance, and so china-ware acquired the name of porcelain, and *porcellana* so became the Portuguese word for a cup. Unfortunately, however, for the first part of this theory, it is found that the word *pourcelaine* existed in the French language before China porcelain was brought to Europe, and it then signified a stone prized well enough to be set in company with gold and pearls. Perhaps it was chalcedony; milky, translucent, and therefore very likely to have suggested to the Portuguese their name for the shell-money and the cups. Taking this fact into account, we must suppose the before-mentioned theory to have been saddled by etymologists on the backs of little pigs, for their own private riding.

Pottery and porcelain, then, being two distinct things, we will treat of them distinctly. Of each there are said to be two kinds, hard or soft; a kind that can, and a kind that cannot, be scratched

with a knife. If pottery and porcelain are the two great kingdoms of crockery, these are their classes. And each class is subdivided into genera, each genus into species; we shall not, however, be minute upon such matters; it is not worth while. Into each kingdom we shall travel with eyes unscientific and profane, to make note of whatever things we may believe to be most worthy of attention.

Painted pottery first came into Europe through Italy; and to begin at the beginning, we must go back to the Crusades and the Mussulmen, and that atrocious king of Majorca, Nazaredeck, who confined twenty thousand Christians in his dungeons. In 1115, after twelve months of resistance from the Saracens, Majorca was taken, with many prisoners and much spoil, by Crusaders from Pisa. The spoil went to Pisa, and included the first load of painted Moorish pottery. Afterwards warriors who stopped at Majorca, on their way home from the Crusades, were in the habit of bringing home from thence, as trophy, portions of the Moorish painted ware, to stick into the walls of their own Christian churches. Painted pottery was an architectural decoration common to the Saracens, and at this day, among the mountains about Mesopotamia, humble shed-churches of the Nestorian Christians have crockery-ware fastened to their walls.

These pieces of pottery, upon the walls of churches in Pisa and

Pavia, were called, from the island whence they came, Majolica. For two hundred years they were objects of admiration as religious trophies, before any attempt was made to imitate them by Italian manufacturers.

Luca della Robbia led the way, however, not as an imitator of the Moors; but altogether in an independent manner. Since he is to be regarded as the first of European potters, we ought not to pass him over lightly, so we take Vasari from the shelf, and turn to the name Luca della Robbia. He was born at Florence in 1400, and was handsomely educated, so that he could not only read and write, but knew a little of arithmetic. He was apprenticed to a goldsmith of eminence, who instructed him in the arts of drawing and modelling in wax. Luca took confidence, and made attempts in bronze and marble. He abandoned the goldsmith's trade, and worked all day with his chisel, studying at night; "and this he did," Vasari says, "with so much zeal, that when his feet were often frozen with cold in the night time, he kept them in a basket of shavings to warm them, that he might not be compelled to discontinue his drawings." He did this as a boy, and consequently prospered as a man. In bronze and marble he executed some great works; "but when, at the conclusion of these works, the master made up the reckoning of what he had received, and compared this with the time he had expended in their production, he

perceived that he had made but small gains, and that the labour had been excessive; he determined, therefore, to abandon marble and bronze, resolving to try if he could not derive a more profitable return from some other source. Wherefore, reflecting that it cost but little trouble to work in clay, which is easily managed, and that only one thing was required, namely, to find some method by which the work produced in that material should be rendered durable, he considered and cogitated with so much good-will on this subject, that he finally discovered the means of defending such productions from the injuries of time." He discovered, in fact, a glaze or enamel, which gave beauty, and "an almost eternal durability," to his works in terra cotta — works of extreme beauty. Afterwards, he added the further invention of giving colour to his white enamel, and painted eventually flat pictures on glazed surfaces of terra cotta. "The fame of these works having spread, not only throughout Italy, but over all Europe, there were so many persons desirous of possessing them, that the Florentine merchants kept Luca della Robbia continually at his labour, to his great profit; they then despatched the products all over the world." So Luca triumphed through his perseverance, and his work was carried on by brothers and descendants. The Italian pottery, Majolica, was perfected afterwards under the patronage of the

Dukes of Urbino. Raffaele himself found some, and his scholars many, of the painted designs for plates and vessels. For this reason, the Majolica has sometimes been styled "Raffaele ware." Bankruptcy at last became an hereditary complaint in the ducal family; the potters' ware deteriorated, and the manufactory at last was broken up. Among the pretty toys made in Majolica, were little basins (*baccinetti*), gifts for a lady-love, on which her portrait was painted, with her style and loving title underneath, "Cecilia Bella," or, as we might say, "Pretty Poll!"

Majolica was introduced into France under the name of Fayence, by Catherine de Medicis. The manufactory was at Nevers. But directly we begin to mention French Pottery, we come to talk about Palissy. Bernard Palissy was a man great in mind and soul. Born of poor parents about the beginning of the sixteenth century, he acquired skill enough to earn his living as a land-surveyor. Land-surveying made it necessary for him to draw lines and diagrams; so he acquired, or rather developed, a taste for drawing generally, and betook himself to copying from the great masters. This new talent gained him employment in copying images, and painting upon glass. In his travels, he employed his mind in the study of the soils and minerals over which he passed; and to understand them better, he devoted his time to chemistry. At length, settled and married at Saintes.

Palissy lived thriftily as a painter. A beautiful foreign cup of enameled pottery being once shown to him, the thought sprung up in his fertile mind that, if he could but discover the secret of the enamel, it would enable him to place his wife and family in greater comfort. He consumed all his savings in experiments. Being employed, in 1543, to survey some salt marshes, he earned by that work a sum of money, which no persuasion of his wife could hinder him from spending on renewed experiments. All was consumed. The wife became shrewish, and the children hungered. The business that would have fed them was neglected; yet Palissy clung to his idea, and borrowed money for another furnace. When that had been all expended, friends remonstrated, and neighbours sneered. He could buy no more fuel for his fire. He broke his tables up, and used the planks out of his floors. He discharged his assistant; whom he could pay only by giving him a portion of his clothes. He dared not face his angry wife, and trembled when he saw his children's hungry features. But he knew that he was labouring for the possible; and that what is possible is certain to him who perseveres. He looked as cheerful as he could, and persevered. For sixteen years he wrought on; and then he discovered the enamel, which soon brought him fame and royal patronage.

When the Reformation got afoot, Palissy became a reformer;

but although court favour exempted him from edicts against Protestants, it could not protect him against public feeling. His workshops were destroyed, and the King called him to Paris as his special servant, to protect his life. In the Tuileries he escaped the massacre of St. Bartholomew; he lectured there to the learned men of the capital, on natural history and science; he was then more than eighty years of age, but his white hairs could not plead for him before his enemies, and he was presently shut up in the Bastille. The King, visiting him in prison, said, "My good fellow, if you do not renounce your views upon religious matters, I shall be constrained to leave you in the hands of my enemies." "Sire," answered Palissy, "those who constrain you, can never have power over me, because I know how to die." His prosecution was averted by the Duke de Montpensier; until, at the age of ninety, Palissy died in prison. Palissy was only a potter; but certainly not the less a hero.

Concerning the ware painted by Palissy, it is to be remarked that the great father of French pottery, being an able naturalist, painted no monsters. Only the plants, and shells, and reptiles natural to France, were used by him for purposes of decoration.

To the horror of all skilful collectors, we shall slip by a good many of the choicest commodities, Fayence of Henry the Second, and so on, as not interesting to

our profane minds; and stop next at England, where the first potteries seem to have been at Stratford-le-Bow and at Fulham. The first potter's ware in England, the Elizabethan, is particularly light; and, for the reason, that it seems to have been made as follows, in an exceedingly inartificial manner. The old workers in gold and silver found their trade on the decline, through the introduction of so much foreign painted ware. They therefore entered into competition; made a liquid paste, which they poured into their moulds instead of metal, therein burned it dry, and produced, after evaporation of the water, very light earthen jugs and pots of the same patterns formerly in use for vessels manufactured of the precious metals.

For the manufacture of fine ware, however, it was necessary that the use of calcined flint should be discovered; and the mode of its discovery was curious. While riding to London, in 1720, Astbury, the younger — the precursor of Wedgwood — "had occasion, at Dunstable, to seek a remedy for a disorder in his horse's eyes, when the ostler of the inn, by burning a flint, reduced it to a fine powder, which he blew into them. The potter observing the beautiful white colour of the flint after calcination, instantly conceived the use to which it might be employed in his art." When Astbury returned home, he introduced burnt flint into the manufacture. Now we come to Wedg-

wood, who in our country brought the fine ware to perfection. A few words about him complete all that we wish to say concerning pottery, and then we shall pass on to porcelain.

The outline of Wedgwood's life is already familiar to most of us. Son of an unsuccessful potter, he was born at Burslem, in Staffordshire, in 1730. England then imported large quantities of earthenware from France, Holland, and Germany. Wedgwood was educated scantily, and at the age of eleven was a thrower in his brother's pottery. Small-pox having lamed him in one leg (which afterwards was amputated), he was compelled to quit the wheel. He left Burslem, and was for a short time partner with one Harrison, at Stoke, where he first proved his talent as an ornamental potter. Then he was connected with a Mr. Wheildon in the manufacture of some fancy articles; but Mr. Wheildon having no great desire to cultivate that branch of trade, Wedgwood returned to Burslem in 1759. There he opened shop in a thatched manufactory upon his own account, made ornamental things, and prospered. So he took a second manufactory, and therein made white stone ware. That prospering, he took a third, and therein perfected the cream-coloured ware, of which he gave some pieces to Queen Charlotte. The Queen, delighted with it, ordered a whole service, and commanded that it should be called after her, "the Queen's ware." This

ware had a simple cane-coloured surface — the natural colour produced from the burning of the fine grey marl found between the coal strata. Presently Wedgwood put a coloured rim, under a tolerable glaze. After awhile he learnt to cover the whole surface with a pattern, without making a great increase in the cost. The effect of all this progress upon the trade in Wedgwood-ware is thus described by a foreigner writing at that period: — "Its excellent workmanship, its solidity, the advantage which it possesses of sustaining the action of fire, its fine glaze, impenetrable to acids, the beauty and convenience of its form, and the cheapness of its price, have given rise to a commerce so active and so universal, that in travelling from Paris to Petersburg, from Amsterdam to the furthest port of Sweden, and from Dunkirk to the extremity of the south of France, one is served at every inn with Wedgwood ware. Spain, Portugal, and Italy are supplied with it, and vessels are loaded with it for the East Indies, the West Indies, and the continent of America."

Wedgwood, however, did not confine himself to the manufacture of useful articles. His imitations of Egyptian, Greek, and Etruscan vases, copies of cameos, medallions, tablets, &c., would form quite a museum by themselves. When the Barberini Vase was sold by auction, Wedgwood having determined to make copies of it, continued obstinately to bid

against the Duchess of Portland. His motive, having at length been ascertained, it was promised that if he would leave off bidding, the vase should be lent to him for copies. So the Duchess bought that which is now known as the Portland Vase, for one thousand eight hundred guineas. Wedgwood made fifty copies, which he sold at fifty guineas each, and then was not repaid for the expenses of their manufacture.

Of course, by this time Wedgwood had his warehouses in London, when he was much aided by the skill and influence of Mr. Bentley, his partner. The best artists were engaged to design and model for him, Flaxman producing, among other things, a set of chess-men, the first ever made in pottery. Visitors from all parts of Europe were attracted by the works at Burslem, and afterwards at Wedgwood's own village of Etruria, where, in the year 1795, he died, aged sixty-five — an educated man, an F. R. S., and F. S. A., a man of large fortune, which nothing but his own intelligence and perseverance had bestowed upon him, and which he had put only to liberal and honourable use.

And now that we have come to speak of porcelain, we must begin, of course, with the Chinese, who have made porcelain from very ancient times, and built a tower of it near Nankin, in the year 1277. The Portuguese, as we have said, first introduced the fine wares of China into European use. The

Chinese told sad tales about the way in which their porcelain was made. The earth had to be kept in heaps, some hundred years; or, said another, no, it was no earth at all, but sea-shells and egg-shells were the articles out of which it was manufactured. The Chinese, like ourselves, admire old china; so the merchants fabricate old china very zealously, to meet the public taste. Father Solis, a Portuguese missionary, wrote a treatise on the frauds of the Chinese. It was never printed, probably because it would have made a bigger volume than the publishers of those days cared to speculate upon. There is a fat little figure common on Chinese porcelain, which is a picture of Pousa, the divinity of porcelain. Once upon a time, an emperor ordered a set of cups and saucers to be made within a given period, and of a given pattern. It was represented to him that the terms of his order were impossible, and so he was determined that they should be carried out. The workmen toiled under the bastinado, till at last one of them, Pousa, became desperate, and leapt out of the reach of the stick, into the furnace. He was gone immediately; the porcelain came out of the fire perfect — the emperor rejoiced, and decreed the honours of a god to Pousa. Yellow being the colour of the sun, and the sun's brother, is used only for the manufacture of imperial porcelain. The Chinese use grotesque figures, as we know. They have a taste that

way. One of their ideas is a porcelain cat, into whose head they put a lamp at night, to the intense terror of the mice. Another is a mug constructed as a "hydraulic surprise," which spills its contents over a person's clothes when he attempts to drink out of it.

The Japanese make porcelain not unlike that of China, but painted with better taste. The expulsion of the missionaries from Japan is a subject which we discussed when out upon our Phantom Voyage to that country. We may add now a story of the porcelain lovers, that this event was entirely caused by the innovation made upon the old system of cup painting; the missionaries having persuaded artists, to the honour of established authority and custom, to paint christian religious pictures on the cups and dishes.

We come now to talk of the first European porcelain, and that was made at Dresden. For two centuries chemists in Europe had laboured in vain to imitate the porcelain imported by the Portuguese. John Frederick Böttcher, an apothecary's lad, fled from Berlin to Saxony, having the misfortune to be believed capable of making gold. The elector of Saxony was then Augustus II. Augustus sent for the stripling, and asked about his golden secret, of which he desired possession. The elector then placed him under the eye of Tschirnhaus, who was busy in his laboratory with the labour of discovering an universal medicine. While at work

after the philosopher's stone, then, Böttcher made some crucibles, which unexpectedly turned out with a strong resemblance to the Oriental porcelain. It was not real porcelain, but something like it, red in colour.

Augustus saw the drift of this, and sent young Böttcher off to the castle of Albrechtsburg at Meissen, where he made him comfortable, but placed him under close watch. When Charles the Twelfth invaded Saxony, Böttcher, Tschirnhaus, and three workmen, were sent, under an escort of cavalry, to a safer laboratory, in the fortress of Königstein. Thence his fellow-prisoners planned an escape; but Böttcher prudently revealed the plan, and earned for himself more trust in future. In 1707 he came back from Dresden, where he and Tschirnhaus had a house and laboratory built for them. They laboured indefatigably, sometimes sitting at the furnace day and night for half a week together. Tschirnhaus died next year; but Böttcher persevered alone. At length he had so far succeeded, that Augustus established the great manufactory at Meissen, of which, in 1710, he appointed Böttcher the director. In 1715 he succeeded in the manufacture of a real fine porcelain, and survived the discovery but four years, dying at thirty-seven, a victim to intemperance.

The manufacture of good porcelain required the discovery of a fit sort of porcelain clay; and this

had been made by chance, in an odd manner. John Schnorr, a wealthy iron-master, riding near Clue, found that his horse's feet were sticking in a soft white earth; and his attention being thus directed to this white earth, it occurred to him that it would make a first-rate substitute for flour, as hair-powder. To that use he turned it, therefore, with much profit to himself, under the name of "Schnorr's white earth." Böttcher was among those who used it; and, observing its earthy nature, tested it, and found, to his great joy, that this was just the thing he wanted to perfect his porcelain. The Elector then caused the earth to be taken to the factory in sealed barrels, under conditions of the utmost secrecy. The manufactory at Meissen now became a fortress; the portcullis was down day and night. Every workman was sworn to secrecy; the superior officers were sworn every month. "Dumb till Death" was inscribed, in large letters, within all the workshops, and imprisonment for life the penalty denounced against all tale-bearing. The king himself took oath of secrecy concerning all that he might see whenever he visited the factory. For there was in trade the age of Mysteries before the age of Patents.

Even before Böttcher's death, however, one of the foremen escaped to Vienna, and from Vienna the secret spread over Germany; so that rival establishments soon came to be set on foot. The fac-

tory at Meissen was worked with great profit, on the king's account, and other factories afterwards established, during the last century, were worked very much in the same way, under royal auspices. In 1790 the Dresden factory was worked at a loss; but Wedgood, who then visited it, was so assured of its capabilities that he offered to rent it at three thousand a year. His offer was declined, and the loss continued, till the King got tired, and turned over the establishment to the finance department. It now yields a small profit by the production of inferior goods. Before the Seven Years' War it produced master-pieces, got up then as articles of luxury "regardless of expense."

The history of the spread of porcelain factories, after the establishment of that at Meissen, becomes a history of workmen kidnapped by princes, or running from one place to another to betray their secrets. This is a history not worth recounting. We should say, however, that in the district of the little German states, Hesse Cassel, Saxe Cobourg, Saxe Weimar, &c., the discovery of porcelain was not borrowed, but original. It began near Jena, with the son of a chemist, who made experiments on sand, which an old woman brought to his father's house. He satisfied his Prince, and established a manufactory with four workmen, which was afterwards much enlarged.

French porcelain was first made

at St. Cloud, but perfected at Sèvres. Here, too, the discovery of the necessary earth was the improvement of an accident. The wife of a poor surgeon, with an economic eye, observed in a ravine near her town a white, unctuous earth, which she thought would make a substitute for soap in washing. She asked her husband what he thought. The poor surgeon showed it to his druggist. The druggist knew there was a great search for porcelain earth, and suspected enough to forward a specimen of this to the chemist Macquer. The result was the establishment of that hard porcelain manufacture at Sèvres, which has placed France in the highest rank among nations in this department of the arts. Nobody thought of the woman from whose poverty this wealth had sprung, and whose dread of the expense of soap dug out the quarries of St. Yrieix. Poor Madame Darnet was alive in 1825, and very destitute, when she applied to Brongniart, then Director of the Sèvres factory, for aid enough to carry her, on foot, to her old town of Yrieix. Brongniart represented, then, her situation to the King, and she obtained a pension.

Porcelain used to be called in England "Gomroon-ware;" for the first trade of the English East India Company, not being with India and China direct, was from an establishment formed at the Port of Gombron, opposite to Ormus, in the Persian Gulf. The first Gomroon-ware made at Chel-

sea is said to have been much inferior to the contemporary porcelain (that itself very imperfect) of St. Cloud; — "though," says Dr. Martin Lester, "our men were better masters of the art of painting than the Chineses." George the Second, following the fashion of the German Princes, threw new life into the establishment at Chelsea, introducing foreign workmen. Chelsea produced for a short time great results; but, on the death of its patron, it could not survive the jealousies harboured against foreign workmen, &c., and the establishment finally coalesced into the porcelain works at Derby. No traces of the Chelsea factory remain. Dr. Johnson at one time was allowed to work there, for he had a notion that he could improve the manufacture. "He was accordingly accustomed to go down with his housekeeper twice a week, and stayed the whole day, she carrying a basket of provisions with her." The doctor's pots all tumbled to pieces in the baking. Coeval with the Chelsea china, was the porcelain made at Stratford-le-Bow.

We must end our talk with one more anecdote, and that is one relating to the first establishment of a porcelain manufactory in Italy. Charles the Third, of Naples, established it at Capo di Monte, in 1736. He often worked in it with his own hands; and, at the annual fair held in Naples, he had a porcelain stall in the great square opposite his palace. Daily note was sent to him of the

sales made, and the names of the purchasers; and it was said that he often paid with royal favour those whom he considered his good customers.

THE GENTLENESS OF DEATH.

WHO that can feel the gentleness of
Death,
Sees not the loveliness of Life? and
who,
Breathing content his natural joyous
breath,
Could fail to feel that Death is Nature,
too?
And not the alien foe his fears dictated,
A viewless terror, heard but to be hated.

One died that was beloved of all around;
And, dying, grasped a flower of early
spring,
To hold beside her in the quiet ground,
While every season shook its varied
wing.
The pale flower died with her; but soon
rose others,
Not planted by her sisters or her brothers.

Her sisters and her brothers came each
day,
And wondered to behold the young fresh
flowers,
Like that she held before she pass'd
away —
Warm'd by the sun and cherished by
the showers:
And they would not believe the sweet
birds' sowing
Had brought the flowers about her grave-
stone growing.

They said — These flowers are offspring
of the same
That lies beside our sister underneath;
And unto us as messengers they came
From her, and we will bind them in a
wreath,
To hang amid the dews that glisten
purely,
And every Spring will say: "she liveth
surely."

So thus Death grew to them most holy
sweet;

A bringer and a taker of all love;
The link to that which lay beneath their
feet,

The bond of all they looked for from
above.

His gentleness was on them, and His
duty

Gave all their future life redoubled
beauty.

BRINGING OUT THE TRUTH.

THE First of November will be an epoch in the administration of justice in this country. On that day will come into operation the Act which was passed in the last session of Parliament for admitting the evidence, in civil trials, of the parties to them: — A change, the magnitude and importance of which can only be estimated by those whose duties as lawyers, or whose misfortunes as suitors, have made them familiar with the course of trial which has hitherto been observed in all our higher courts; and which, until of late years, (when it has been, by the authority of the Legislature, abandoned in the County Courts,) was the general rule of our law.

Thus, those who are in general best acquainted with the facts which it is the object of the trial to establish, have been hitherto prevented from speaking in their own behalf, and from being questioned on behalf of their opponents. This rule of practice has been persevered in, from the as-

sumption that the testimony of plaintiff or defendant was so sure to be false, that it would be a waste of time and a misleading of the judge and jury to hear it. Cross-examination — on which so much stress is laid, when it is desired to glorify our method of trial — was here rejected, as furnishing, it was thought, no safeguard. Moral and religious obligations to speak the truth were treated as of no power over the mind of the interested witness; and the law of England aspersed all men as being utterly untrustworthy: while, at the same time, it would have punished each for a libel if he had applied to individuals the stigma thus fixed upon the body at large.

Eight years only have elapsed since the slightest amount (even to one farthing) of interest in a cause disqualified any witness from being heard upon it; the law carrying the presumption of which we have spoken to its full extent. So far it operated logically and consistently, though not with wisdom; because, when a course is erroneous, inconsistency becomes an excellence; for it is better to be nearly right than wholly wrong.

In a score or two of years the existence of such a state of things will be incredible to those who are not familiar with legal history. Probably (although the change is far more recent) many of our readers do not know that formerly a prisoner on trial for his life could not employ counsel to ad-

dress the jury in his defence, unless the charge against him was high treason. Going further back, we come to a period when, even in cases of treason, he laboured under the same disability; although struggling for his life against the enormous power of the crown; neither were his witnesses permitted to be sworn — a distinction which the judge seldom failed to point out to the jury, as depriving their testimony of all weight when opposed to that of the witnesses for the crown.

Yet, when all these absurdities — cruel and revolting as they are — were in daily practice, the Law of England was the theme of unbounded panegyric; and, although these monstrosities have departed, they have left other evils and inconsistencies behind, quite gross enough to ensure the astonishment of posterity at our powers of endurance in regard to the wrongs of — *others*.

Let one wrong suffice for a sample: — When Dr. Webster — who was executed last year at Boston, in the state of Massachusetts, for the murder of his brother professor, Dr. Parkman — was on his trial, the counsel against him, in observing on the absence of certain evidence, (which, if it existed, would have been adduced on the part of the prisoner,) boasted, and with great justice, that the Treasury of the State was thrown open to prisoners to pay for bringing up from any distance all the witnesses requi-

red for their defence. The same law is in operation in Belgium, and perhaps elsewhere: but in England we shut up an accused person until his trial; often oppose obstacles to his free communication with those who come to his aid; give him not one sixpence towards his expenses; try him at a distance from the scene of his imputed crime; and then, although he is known to be without a farthing, we gravely ask him if he have any witnesses to call? Then, and after his conviction, for the want perhaps of evidence that might have been adduced, he goes back to his cell writhing under the bitter agony of injustice; while we go to dinner, and thence to the Assize Ball.

Lord Brougham's lasting, though we trust not last, great public service, the Evidence Act, operates, on popular principles, to the advancement of justice. The demagogue, if he were not a vain, selfish, and ignorant blockhead, instead of a real teacher of the people, (as the name by its derivation imports), would have called public attention to the hardship, on the man in humble life, of our former Law of Evidence. In transacting business with his richer neighbour, the poor man acts for himself; the rich man by his clerks or servants. Their evidence was admissible; his was excluded. Observe the cruel inequality of such a law. The clerk or servant might give evidence of a conversation between the poor man and himself, which had taken

place when they were alone together; knowing that whatever he might choose to say, could not be contradicted when repeated in court. Now, the great rule of hearing both sides, applies to no testimony with so much force as to evidence respecting words spoken. How difficult does the intelligent and disinterested narrator find the task of framing an accurate report of a conversation from his unaided memory! But witnesses are rarely, in a moral sense, disinterested. They make themselves partisans; their memories are unconsciously acted upon by their desires; and they succeed all the better in misleading others by having first misled themselves; so that their perversions are given out with the air of truth. This disposition is so general, that the practice of our courts has always been to treat a witness as the partisan of the side by which he is called, in order to guard the administration of justice against the error arising from such a state of things. The best safeguard, however, has been hitherto rejected; namely, the hearing of an opposite partisan; and judging between the two, or correcting the testimony of each by that of the other, which is oftentimes a very easy task. Yet the circumstances of the case may be such — and frequently are such — as to furnish no other partisan on the opposing side, but the principal himself.

But although the instances to

which we have referred are striking; yet a little reflection will show that the most oppressive cases do not occur in court; for the special defect of the law under consideration, actually prevents the cause being brought there. Suppose a plaintiff has, from time to time, supplied a defendant in person with goods at his shop; no one but the two parties being present. The defendant refuses to pay. What is, or rather what was, to be done? The plaintiff, devoid of witnesses, could not be heard to testify in his own case; nor could he put the defendant into the witness-box to admit the facts. If the amount were very large, he could go into a Court of Equity; and, by an expensive proceeding, called a Bill of Discovery (the cost of which always fell on himself), compel the defendant to answer certain questions on his oath; but all this was done in private and in writing. The defendant had the aid of lawyers to prepare his answer; and experience has, for ages, established the fact, that very few defendants ever injured their defence, however much they may have damaged their conscience, by what was done upon a Bill of Discovery. What a strange perversity! On one side of Westminster Hall the doctrine was, that such is the inherent influence of interest over truth, that the most unlimited power of cross-examination before a public audience — where questions followed in such rapid succession that falsehood could have but little

time for the task of fabrication, and where, consequently, the danger of contradiction was imminent — was insufficient to make the evidence of a party concerned worthy of trust. Yet, you tell the plaintiff that he may go to the other side of the Hall, and there try the hopeful experiment of extracting the truth without any of the aids of open trial; but, on the contrary, under the most favourable circumstances, in aid of colouring or falsification; — namely, deliberation and the aid of a clever special pleader.

Such, however, is the inertness of society, that, although this absurdity was exposed to contempt nearly two centuries ago by the sarcasms of Butler, it has lingered up to the present day. It even yet remains to be seen whether or not it has received its death-blow. "Does not," asks Hudibras, —

"Does not, in Chancery, every man swear

What best makes for him in his answer?"

In this couplet — as throughout the whole of the scathing attack on lawyers and the administrators of the law of which it forms a part — we may be sure that the poet struck at none but well-known abuses, felt and appreciated by every reader. None other would have suited his purpose.

It is remarkable, with how little debate in Parliament this great change was accomplished. Perhaps, if the attention of Members of the House of Commons had been called to all the consequences of the bill, it might not

have passed so easily as it did. Its operation on Election Petitions will, probably, startle some who refrained from opposing it. Suppose, in a case in which bribery is charged, the sitting Member be himself called. It is quite true that if a question — the answer to which might tend to criminate himself — is put to him, he may decline to answer it; but he must decline on that express ground, and it must appear also to the committee that the question has a tendency to criminate him, before they can admit the excuse. But what will be the practical effect on his case if he takes this course? It will prove that he has something to conceal; and although such evidence would not suffice of itself to establish a charge of bribery; yet, in giving point and weight to other testimony, it will often make all the difference between victory and defeat.

“— This may help to thicken other proofs That do demonstrate thinly.”

A complete history of the practice of courts of justice at home and abroad, in rejecting witnesses on the ground of pecuniary interest, or on that of connexion by blood, marriage, or service with a party to the suit, (for each of these relations has furnished ground of disqualification), would throw great light on the state of veracity in different ages and countries. Mr. Phillimore's “History of the Law of Evidence” is a valuable work, replete with sound learning, the fruit of wide research; but it

is ill-digested, and often sins against the first principle of good writing, which requires above all things that what a book professes to teach, it should not presuppose its readers to be acquainted with already. The student, however, who will pursue his object, though the path be sometimes rough and thorny, may gather much instruction from Mr. Phillimore, and will often be rewarded, amidst much which is obscure, and more which is unwisely contemptuous, by acute and right-hearted remarks, that will spirit him forwards like a draught of water from a chance-found spring.

Mr. Phillimore's general conclusion is, we think, that the doctrine of the exclusion of testimony, had its rise in the general want of veracity which belongs equally to ages of barbarism and of corrupt civilisation; and that its gradual disappearance from our law, marks a gradual improvement of our nation in that highest of all social qualities, a reverence for the truth. Whether, under any circumstances, resort to exclusion was a wise and well-chosen method of meeting the perplexities arising out of the general absence of veracity, may well be doubted. That it was a natural course enough when first taken, and implied no perversity of mind in lawgivers, may, perhaps, be admitted, when we reflect on the universality of its adoption. It ministers to no corrupt desire either in the makers or the administrators of the laws.

A GLIMPSE OF THE CAIRNGORM MOUNTAINS.

IN the centre of the broadest part of Scotland, between the great valleys of the Spey and the Dee, six clustered mountains rise to heights exceeding in average, by nearly one thousand feet, the range of those Western Grampians amidst which lie the glens and lakes usually sought by tourists. These hills are so remote from the poorest hostelries, and so devoid of cottage shelter, that they have rarely been explored; although the inn at Braemar, the nearest house of entertainment to them, is often inconveniently crowded during the summer months with guests, and the autumnal sojourn of the Queen at Balmoral, a few miles further from them, has lately drawn some distinguished persons, and the loyal and affectionate thoughts of many of her subjects, near to their precincts. To reach any commanding point among these hills, the traveller must take a journey of at least twenty miles from Braemar; and although half this distance may be performed on horseback, the residue involves so much rugged walking, that the entire forty miles require a long day to conquer them. There is a path, indeed, over a low ridge leading from Dee-side to Aviemore on the Spey, which those happiest of all travellers, vigorous young men, without encumbrance, except knapsacks, may traverse in a long summer's day; but even *they* must

be content to keep the direct track, which would scarcely hint of the recesses of the mountains. To accomplish these, they must brace themselves for a night's bivouac under a rock; for they will find no human habitation to cover them.

These mountains, forming the loftiest cluster of the British isles, have a character worth studying. They are not like the western hills, jagged and broken, rising in walls of granite, and capped by peaks or turret-like rocks, but rise from the table-land on which they are based in huge cones, unfringed by herbage, but not unlovely in colour — being formed of reddish stone, vast fragments of which are scattered all over their swelling sides. The Great Cairngorm, which gives its name to the range, is the most perfect specimen of this order of vast conical hill, standing nobly apart from its neighbours, though close to them, and attended by another mountain — akin to it, but smaller — called the Little Cairngorm, which, notwithstanding its nominal littleness, equals the height of Ben Lomond. The central mountain of the group, Ben Muich Dhui, is less clearly defined, being propped on each side by the neighbouring hills; and though, from a distance, it seems to terminate in a peak, is really crowned by a vast dome, covered with huge rocks of stone. Deeply embosomed among these heights is the source of the Dee — a large clear well, walled in by the roots of Ben Muich Dhui and Breirach, whence, in huge seams,

torrents perpetually pour to augment its waters. Although the summits are within the line of perpetual frost, the most elevated slopes sustain large patches of snow, which lie scarcely soiled through the hottest summers.

Finding myself at Edinburgh on the 25th of August last, with a few days free for Highland enjoyment, I determined to devote them to the effort of obtaining a glimpse of this region, which I had heard described by Scotchmen — competent, but not always credible witnesses on such an issue — as excelling in grandeur the Highlands with which all the world is familiar. I was the more inclined to the attempt by a desire to form an acquaintance with the too successful rival of Ben Nevis, which had long borne the palm of mountain eminence in Britain, and at the summit of which I had three times believed myself to stand on the loftiest British pinnacle. I had heard, not without repugnance, that the “Sappers and Miners” employed to survey our eminences, had divested the old sovereign of the pre-eminence which, “if ancestry should be in aught believed,” he was entitled to wear, and had transferred it to Ben Muich Dhui, a remote mountain in Aberdeenshire, which nobody knew or cared for, by giving him ten feet more in height. With all due conservative apprehension of the dangers of that science, which would thus unsettle the claims of mountain sovereignty, which had seemed stable as the

solid earth, and all my affection for the “old discrowned head” of the deposed monarch, I longed to visit the usurper, and ascertain how far he was worthy of his newly achieved inheritance.* I found the railway, taken at half-past twelve, would bring me before sunset to Aberdeen, whence I might ascend the Dee from its mouth to its source — a glorious career of eighty miles — and I determined thus to wind my way to the mountain bulwarks of its spring, instead of taking the course through Perthshire, by Blair Athol, which is nearer even to those who, not choosing to try a passage of valour with the Ducal Lord of Glen Tilt, avoid that perilous avenue of the central Highlands.

The railway time allowed some hours for lingering in Edinburgh — the most beautiful city in *my* known world. He who first expatiates in its near aspect from the Calton Hill, whence the Castle rock, the bright wilderness of houses, monuments, and palace-like buildings are seen in true proportions, with the blue water stretching out to sea beyond its guardian rock, and Arthur’s Seat towering in mountain guise above all; and who afterwards ascends that height, and looks on the city as part only of a vaster scene, in which the Pentland Hills expand on one side, and the dim shapes

* Since the above was written, I have been informed that the last verdict is in favour of Ben Nevis; and if so, I trust that it will not be disturbed.

of the outer Grampians gleam in the northern distance, will drink in as much of varied beauty as the world can offer in the space of two hours, which will amply suffice to enjoy it. There is some magic in the structure of Arthur's Seat, which I cannot explain — it is, according to measurement, only eight hundred and fourteen feet above the sea-level, and so close to the town that an hour's gentle walking will enable an idle stroller to ascend it from Holyrood House, and return to the park entrance, stopping to drink at St. Anthony's Well — and yet it towers in the air above the massive circlet of Salisbury Craigs, like a mountain summit of three thousand feet, ten miles away; something in the form and colour, giving the impression at once of height and distance, which could not be singly conveyed. Ascend either of its upland valleys, and the interior will be found to prolong the impression, while it proves its fallacy. In ten minutes you will find yourself in a noble hollow of short grass, pierced with frequent granite, which fills the imagination almost as well as a cove of Helvellyn; and passing over the ridge below the summit, you will tread a mountain gully, allowing glimpses of two tarn-like pools, lying below at Duddingston; and thus you will be transported in half-an-hour from the literary luxury of Prince's Street to Highland solitude, peopled with the silent creations of genius — for on the hill's foot rises the spectral ruins of St. An-

thony's Chapel; before you is the spot where Muschet's Cairn once marked the interview of Jeannie Deans with her sister's desperate lover; and beside you are Salisbury Craigs, where Reuben Butler watched the sunrise of the day after the murder of Porteus. "Why," said I to myself, in this grand and storied scene, "should I go farther? Is not the spirit of the remotest Highlands here? Are there not forms as bold, and colours as solemn, and distances as refined, as can be embraced by the eye on the summits above Glencoe? And if there is nothing to suggest the awful grandeur of that tragic pass, is not that, when seen once, seen for ever? Why not remain, then, for my little holiday, among the comforts and glories of Edinburgh, and supply my Highland tour by daily excursions to these genial wilds? I paused on the question; but soon felt a sad and conclusive answer; a change has come over Edinburgh in the few years which have elapsed since I saw it last, which will not allow me, thus first again beholder, to enjoy it as of old; a change not in its external aspects surely, for these the sternest of its utilitarian philosophers would spare. No! — the range of its old nine-storied houses, which has "withstood a thousand storms, a thousand thunders," looks as if it had been a little contracted by the New Free Church College which towers beyond the mound; but enough remains for remembrance — and the substitute nobly

completes the lofty line which the Castle rock crowns; the Monument of Sir Walter, which, when I last saw it, seemed to me a gorgeous mistake, now puts to shame my misgivings by the image of its immortal tenant, which has changed a richly figured alcove to a temple, where, beneath an open canopy, the genius which rendered the cities of Scotland classical, and her glens romantic, seems embodied in majestic repose, to receive her homage with every breathing of her common air; — and the verdure embraces the black declivities of the Castle rock with luxuriance as fresh as ever. — No; Edinburgh is as fair to the eye as of old; but the spirit which gave its finest impulse to the enjoyments of its society has been quenched for this life since I last beheld it; Francis Jeffrey is gone; and these forms of beauty associated with the graces of his mind, strike me with the chillness of the grave. When I was here last, the intellect which had cast its varied lights on British Literature for many years, glanced with graceful vividness on its ample range, illuminating all things by its genial wisdom, and the affections, sometime curbed by the habits of despotic criticism, expanding with time, delightedly recognised every young effort, indulgently rebuked every cavil, grew proud in the successes of strangers, and happy in those of friends: now, all that power of enjoying and diffusing the most refined pleasure is suspended, and the place which “knew him once”

living, knows him too well dead. To me, standing here, the loss seems as of yesterday. I know that Edinburgh is still the home of great thoughts and noble impulses; I know that, while Wilson flourishes, there is not wanting a power which, still “redolent with joy and youth,” may “breathe a second spring;” and I hope another year to enjoy as well as to admire; but *now* I will welcome the railway which shall bear me hence to yet unvisited Highlands.

The line of railway from Edinburgh to Aberdeen, though it passes by Stirling and Perth, supplies scarcely a hint of the beautiful regions near it, except one lovely glimpse of a rich brown stream foaming over ledges of rock, and crowned by a vast skeleton of a cathedral near the Bridge of Allan, until it skirts the sea, when it passes over a deeply indented coast, and thence by a noble bridge across the Dee to the northern capital. The hurried glance of one mountain-bound little qualifies him to speak of that ancient and stately city — combining the charms of sea-neighbourhood with the bustle of commerce and the associations of learned leisure and aspiring study, — but it is impossible to pass the Marischal College without recollecting that it produced, among its illustrious students, one — Captain Dugald Dalgetty — destined to exist as long as its walls. Next to its universities, and before its quay and its warehouses, I rejoiced

in its large plots of grass open to the sea, on which lads of all ages were playing at cricket, in half a dozen parties, with an energy which spoke as well for their moral as their intellectual training. My only business — that of ascertaining that I could obtain a line of conveyances to Braemar on the morrow — was soon accomplished, and I had nothing but the weather to fear. That opened in the morning in heaviest wet; but I have long learned that the wisest course to pursue with bad weather is to defy it, and take your chance of its amending — (which when things are at the worst they must do) — and, therefore, in spite of the remonstrant looks of a very civil host, I set out at nine on my way. In this instance, my usual confidence in the amendment of bad weather was strengthened by the knowledge that the Queen was on that day to start from Osborne for the region I was about to visit, and must bring sunshine with her; and so it happened; for the rain ceased, and the sun came out; and though, on my return, upon the day of her journey from Edinburgh to Balmoral, the morning was again wet at Aberdeen, and at Stonehaven (whither multitudes of the Aberdeensian citizens resorted in the hope to catch a glimpse of her features on her quitting the train for her carriage) the laurels and garlands were wofully drenched, before we met the royal train all was bright; and so we found it had been throughout her Majesty's progress; and so it continued to Balmoral. So be it ever!

The journey from Aberdeen to the Highlands is only bright with lowland prettiness, as far as Ballater; but it is made very cheerful by the frequent presence of the Dee, to whose upward course the traveller is faithful. Having traversed its sides for nearly eighty miles, I may bear witness to its deserving the character of cheerfulness eminently among rivers. The mountain-born streams are generally more capricious; if they sometimes expand in wide brilliancy, they are more often shadowed by lofty banks interrupted by rocks, or narrowed into gloomy depths; but the Dee, with the signal exception of the remarkable passage, called "The Linn of Dee," runs broad in sunlight, rapid as any leaping brook, and flashes on without the urgency of obstacles, as if animated by a single inspiration. Its banks lie nearly level with its surface, or slope gently to it; when they are covered with verdure, the grass is fringed with bright yellow flowers; when they are edged with pebbles, the light brown stones glisten like a riband; and, if trees border its windings, they are usually delicate birches, that droop with their pendent tracery on the shore, and intrude no bough to darken its water.

Ballater partakes of the cheerful character of its stream. Placed at the threshold — scarcely at the threshold — of the mountain region, it affords a pleasant holiday

retreat for the serious burgesses of Aberdeen — a watering-place in miniature — with a small but pretty inn, which has a very small and very pretty garden; a small church; a few small lodging-houses, and, it is said, balls and concerts in the season to match; which might supply a romantic chapter to Little Pedlington, if, as I wish, Mr. Poole had health to add it. As we hence ascend the Dee, a nobler region opens; heath-clad banks expand on each side above groves of birch; and the great mountain of Loch-na-gar, at the distance of ten miles, is seen in the dark glory of precipice wreathed up to a pinnacle, and falling in gentle curves to be upraised again in two lower turrets. This mountain, of the height of three thousand eight hundred feet, is not usually regarded as belonging to the Cairngorm cluster, but is claimed as a far-advanced Grampian; and, in form and structure, resembles the western mountains, being peaked and abrupt, and composed of dark granite.* And now the Dee

sweeps boldly round a level tract of meadowland, dotted with trees, and crowned by a wooded bank, beneath which is a white miniature castle, expanded obviously with a view to comfort without regard to show; and you recognise, with an affection by which the principle of loyalty has seldom been so richly imbued, the Castle of Balmoral. It has been obviously chosen by true lovers of the country, who are willing to make robust exertions to enjoy it; for, lying at the entrance of a region of mountain grandeur, it affords scarcely a glimpse of its majesties, not even of Loch-na-gar, which, to the traveller pacing the road, seems like a dark curtain spread out on high among the western clouds. Beyond the royal pleasure-house, the valley contracts, and the groves of birch thicken till they embower the castle of Abergeldie, whence Burns, with the mingled daring of the poet and the veteran, stole the air which has been devoted to the celebration of its "*Birks*," to glorify those of Aberfeldy, which are far inferior in the prodigality of sylvan grace. When the valley expands again, it is enlivened by the smoke of a large, old-fashioned village; you are at Braemar, where the Roman Catholic faith, not incited by proselyting zeal, but stiffened with old Jacobite remembrances, holds its station between handsome chapels of the Scottish Kirk and the Free Church; and find a good old-fashioned inn, such as railways have seldom shared — the Inver-

* The guide-books differ with each other — perhaps with themselves — as to the extent of application the term *Grampian* should have to the Scottish hills; but in the most limited sense, confined to the mountains of which Ben Lomond is the centre, it must include some hundred square miles — an extent which would seem to indicate that the Highland region was little known in Edinburgh when the tragedy of "*Douglas*" was written, unless young Norval intended to give an illusory account of his paternal residence, when he described his father as "*keeping his flocks*" upon the "*Grampian hills*."

cauld Arms — prepared with every hospitable device to receive you, or, when completely crammed, to billet you in the small clean chamber of one of the neighbouring cottages. Here I ascertained the possibility of reaching the summit of the Cairngorm cluster in a long day, by the aid of a guide and a stout horse; but the information was attended with a strongly-expressed proviso as to the weather, and an intimation that there was but slender chance of the morrow's favour. That chance, however, I had resolved to take; and my hostess's son kindly undertook provisionally to make due arrangements, and to call me at sunrise, if the day should promise better things than the damp and cloudy evening suggested.

I did not wait for his summons; for a bright sunbeam found its way into my small cabin, and induced me to appear in what Macbeth calls "manly readiness" before the appointed hour; the guide was summoned, and just as I finished a hasty breakfast, which had started up as if by magic on a suddenly swept table, welcomed me to horse. He would willingly have taken his share of the day's journey on foot; but this would have been more painful to my apprehension than to his sensation; and, therefore, he condescended to ride with me; so, about six o'clock, we set forth on two as clumsy, willing, honest steeds as ever did pony-duty among the hills, beneath a sky of doubtful promise — too blue for despon-

dency, too pink for assurance, — but in the meanwhile of exquisite beauty.

Our road lay by the side of the Dee, an excellent road, the more charming from the sense that it leads nowhere except to the wilds — and winding usually without fences through the woods, which spread upwards to walls of rock, blackened by lofty pines, and downwards to the river, clad with weeping birches, and on both sides often edged with thickets of raspberry bushes, speckled with the red berries, which it was pleasant to think urchin hands would gather before night-fall. About four miles from Braemar, a stream, descending from the rocks on the left, passes under the arched road, and falling into a deep and richly wooded chasm in a pleasure-ground on the right, forms one of those cascades which only want water to be magnificent falls. My guide invited me to inspect this linn, pointing at a low open wicket, by which I might enter on the descent, and telling me that if I would keep the path, it would lead me out again into the road a few hundred yards onward, at a spot to which he would lead the horses. I did so — and record the little deviation, not for the sake of attempting to describe the long embowered staircase which led to the deep bottom of the dell; nor the lofty walls of birch which, rising thence, just gave space for the water to fall like a fine veil of lace over the fronting strip of rock; nor the path which winds

thence along the open magic of the Dee, after it has received the fallen rivulet, until, through a grove of birch, it issues on the road; but to express the gratification which such a use of property inspires. The fall is called — The Linn of Caramelyie; what name its owner bears I know not; but the only exclusive benefit he derives from its possession is the pleasure of keeping it accessible to the steps and beautiful to the eyes of all who may choose to enjoy it.

About six miles from Braemar, the carriage road terminates at the entrance of the open forest, and the Linn of Dee, which is not, as its name would suggest, a fall of the river, but a narrow rapid, where its broad waters have wrought out a channel through the rock, of scarcely four feet wide, through which the great volume of water rushes with the roar of a cataract, having hollowed the rock both above and below its narrowest bed, into semi-circular basins of exact symmetry, and embossed them with fantastic devices. Here a stream of existence — as strong, as feverish, and as tortured — was nearly stopped in its “first sprightly running,” — that of the infant Byron, who had fallen over the upper ledge, and was rescued from the gulf by the intrepid grasp of a Highland servant, who flung himself forward to catch him.

Here we crossed the Dee by a bridge which overlooks the deep basin at the rapid's foot, and

struck into a trackless open ground, covered with heather, until we came in sight of another stream, the Lui, smaller, but as gay as the Dee, which it is hastening to join, and passed into a glen which bears its name. From the ridge which bounds it, we saw the clustered mountains we sought, high in air — Breirach and Cairntoul in front, with round summits, supporting the cone of Ben Muich between them, and concealing the other summits: they looked, indeed, hence, to be a single huge mountain, loftier than Loch-nagar, but not of outline so graceful. The glimpse was only for a moment; for clouds rolled round the tops; and we were soon embosomed in the nearer hills. Passing gently onward, over a rugged but flowery ground, where vegetation held perpetual contest with the torrents that scarred it, we entered an immense grove of pines, which, thickly furnished with dark boughs at the top, upheld a huge mass of gloomy foliage, but below even and bare as pillars, and, played upon by the slanting sunbeams, produced a mixture of the gay and solemn, rarely permitted in the architecture of nature. Beyond this, which might well be taken for an enchanted grove, another stream, strong and pure, from the Little Cairngorm, called the Derry, crossed our path, and the glen was divided by a huge, bare barrier of upland, into two great divisions, Glen-Derry and Glen-Lui-Beg, through the latter of which lay our course. We

were now in a valley of a different character from any I had trodden before; about half a mile broad; walled by the bare and steep foundations of the mountains; with a floor to the eye level as a carpet, and covered with luxuriant grass, frequently gay with white and yellow flowers, or purpled with wide beds of deep-blue harebells and wild hyacinths, which, swept about by a strong wind, rose to defy it. But the strangest feature of the region is, the frequent apparition of huge dead pines, — skeletons of trees which must have been dead for centuries, — bleached like human bones in the sun, — sometimes lifting up a single bare stem, — sometimes stretching out two vast ghostly arms, — sometimes upholding a delicate tracery of boughs, like the florid masonry of a cathedral's open spire, — sometimes twisted into shapes which the eye, seeking in vain for some living thing, interprets into forms of horse, or sheep, or resting pilgrim. But no living creature is there; nor roof for shelter; no sound of cow, or sheep, or watch-dog breaks the silence; for we are amidst the ruins of the great Caledonian Forest, in a region which being devoted to a deer-park, uncropped and unmown, is wholly desolate, except when a herd of its lordly tenants flashes across it. No animals of chase, or warren, are encouraged to nestle there; it is dedicated only to one sovereign sport; and when, as on this day, unvisited by deer-stalkers, is left

in its luxuriant magnificence, like a small prairie, alone. For a time the scene was diversified — perhaps saddened — by an occasional living pine among the blasted trees, as if waving its dark boughs in honour of the dead, like funeral plumes; but onward these melancholy vestiges of life disappeared, and there was nothing but the rich grass, the bare mountains, the bright stream, and now and then an uprooted trunk that bridged it. Before we had advanced thus far into the desert, the paths, though generally clad with grass and flowers, became too frequently indented with the furrows of the winter's torrents, which gaped in dry beds of stone, for the convenient use of the horses; and, therefore, we left them tethered to stones with good circles of herbage to amuse them, and proceeded on foot to the left corner of the valley; which now, opening as we proceeded, between the Little Cairngorm and Ben-Anan, showed us the foot of Ben Muich Dhui, shelving steeply before us.

We now began the real work of climbing directly towards the sharp ridge, with a strong brook on our right. The torrents pour down the ribs of those mountains too precipitously to admit of their nourishing those lines and patches of vegetation which often adorn the mountain rivulets of the west; not that the declivity is steeper, but that it is more unbroken; hence we saw no shrub, though grass mingled with the stones,

and the tract — being that leading to Speyside — showed signs of human tread. Thus far the weather had been fair; but the wind now became so boisterous that it was difficult to stand against it, and (which was worse) rolled vast masses of cloud round the summit of my hopes; so that the guide expressed his fear that we should not be repaid for further labour. But the chances of openings of the mist on the heights, more glorious than the vastest panorama, impelled me to persevere; and we turned from the hills to the left to ascend a stony wilderness, which disclosed two black tarns imbedded in the basin at the top of the ridge, and its steep sides upholding large tracts of snow. In this desolation, little heaps of stones, piled by the Sappers and Miners when they surveyed the district, were welcome vestiges of human work, and alone assuaged the toil of proceeding, after the tarns and their valley disappeared, as we slowly paced on through dense cloud to the conical wilderness of blocks of stone which form the summit. This I found indicated by a lofty cairn, which the Earl of Fife, the lord of the mountain, built upon it in celebration of its supposed triumph over Ben Nevis, or perhaps to make unfair assurance of its overtopping its rival; else I should scarcely have known the summit, on the approach; though, when attained, the gentle sweep of stones on all sides downward made it obvious. *That was all I*

saw; and a pitiless pelting of a hail shower, urged by tremendous wind, did not allow me to wait longer than to celebrate my elevation by a small quantity of whiskey, in which my guide and I drank to each other with that true brotherhood which mountain solitude makes palpable.

On the descent, however, as I hoped, I had glimpses which amply repaid the labour of climbing and the pelting of the hail. The clouds first opening showed me, far below, the Dee, just escaped from the barriers which surround its source, gliding on through flowery meadows in the brightest sunshine — a minute only — as much apart from my region of stones as if it were a vision of another world. Anon, the clouds which filled the great avenue leading to Aviemore uplifted their lower curtain, so as to show a long sunlit valley below a canopy of cloud, at the end of which a piece of Inverness-shire sparkled in emerald green, and the lone hostelry of Aviemore flashed a dazzling speck of white. As I descended, the Great Cairngorm stood revealed from its root, close to that of Ben Muich Dhui, to its summit — a huge sugar-loaf, as if gently heaved up from earth towards the sky; and between it and Ben Anan opened the dark bed of Loch Aven — its water invisible, but its position, deep set in the bosom of the hills, grandly indicated, so that it might well be conceived black, tree-less, awful as the Corruisk of Skye. At the

first descent of the ridge-crowned path, we hailed a niche of shelter; and, though wet and tired, found in the cold mutton and chicken which the guide produced, that substantial comfort which has a large and important portion in human affairs, and never vindicates it more clearly than in mountain researches. Hence we retraced our steps; and, having found the horses as we left them, were slowly carried to Braemar in the waning light of a gusty evening,

This imperfect glimpse of the Aberdeenshire Highlands assures me that, although they want the splendid variety which the mountains of Argyleshire and Perthshire embrace, having no fair expanse of lakes, nor coasts deeply indented by sea, nor prodigal richness of garniture lavished along rocky streams — they have a grandeur of their own, which would well reward the labour of young and happy pedestrians. To them, especially if associated in groups, the solitude would not be oppressive, though it is deeper than I have ever elsewhere felt, or than I believe could be felt in our island. The poet, who has more than any other discerned the affinities of the world without and within us, allows that

..... "The shepherd and his cot
Are privileged inmates of deep solitude;"

but here the privilege is unused. From the time we crossed the Linn of Dee to our return to the same spot (about nine hours), we

saw no man, woman, or child — nay, not an animal domesticated by man, nor any vestige of human abode or labour, except two men and a lad, who were pretending to dig turves just at the entrance of Glen Lui when we entered it, and who, when we returned, were exactly in the same position, as if they had stood to sentinel the untrodden wilds. Wordsworth represents the Cove of Helvellyn, where the faithful dog watched his dead master for three months, as visited only by elemental precursors — the rainbow, the mist, and the cloud; but the recesses of Helvellyn are populous, compared to the Cairngorm solitudes. On the top of Snowdon, or Cader Idris, you may calculate on finding people whom you do — or do not — wish to meet. The ascent of Ben Lomond is a pastoral walk; and on the loftiest summits above Glencoe you will meet some eager sportsman arousing the ptarmigan from the white and dove-coloured stones, where it seeks refuge among kindred colours. If you wish to feel what solitude really is — not Zimmermann's, but Nature's — you should seek its British home in the Aberdeenshire hills.

CHIPS.

A BIRD-HUNTING SPIDER.

WHEN the veracity of any person has been impugned, it is a duty which we owe to society, if it

lies in our power, to endeavour to establish it; and when that person is a lady, gallantry redoubles the obligation. Our chivalry is, on the present occasion, excited in favour of Madame Merian, who, towards the latter end of the seventeenth century, and, during a two years' residence in Surinam, employed her leisure in studying the many interesting forms of winged and vegetable life indigenous to that prolific country. After her return to Holland, her native land, she published the results of her researches. Her writings, although abounding in many inaccuracies and seeming fables, contained much curious and new information; all the more valuable from the objects of her study having been, at that period, either entirely unknown to the naturalists of Europe, or vaguely reported by stray seafaring visitors; who, with the usual license of travellers, were more anxious to strike their hearers with astonishment than to extend their knowledge.

These works were rendered still more attractive by numerous plates — the result of Madame Merian's artistic skill — with which they were profusely embellished. It is one of these which, with the description accompanying it, has caused her truth to be called into question by subsequent writers; who, we must conclude, had either not the good fortune or the good eyesight to verify her statements by their own experience. The illustration to which I allude re-

presents a large spider carrying off in its jaws a humming-bird, whose nest appears close at hand, and who had apparently been seized whilst sitting on its eggs.

Linnaeus, however, did not doubt the lady, and called the spider (which belongs to the genus *Mygale*), "avicularia" (bird-eating). Whether this ferocious-looking hunter does occasionally capture small birds; or whether he subsists entirely on the wasps, bees, ants, and beetles which everywhere abound, what I chanced myself to see in the forest will help to determine.

Shortly after daybreak one morning in 1848, whilst staying at a woodcutting establishment on the Essequibo, a short distance above the confluence of that river and the Magaruni, we — a tall Yorkshireman and myself — started in our "wood-skin" to examine some spring hooks which we had set during the previous evening, in the embouchure of a neighbouring creek. Our breakfast that morning depended on our success. Our chagrin may be imagined on finding all the baits untouched save one; and, from that, some lurking cayman had snapped the body of the captured fish, leaving nothing but the useless head dangling in the air. After mentally despatching our spoiler — who had not tricked us for the first time — to a place very far distant, we paddled further up the creek in search of a maam, or maroudi; or, indeed, of anything eatable — bird, beast,

or reptile. We had not proceeded far, when my companion, Blottle, who was sitting, gun in hand, prepared to deal destruction on the first living creature we might chance to encounter — suddenly fired at some object moving rapidly along the topmost branch of a tree which overhung the sluggish stream a short way in advance. For a moment or two the success of his aim seemed doubtful; then something came tumbling through the intervening foliage, and I guided the canoe beneath, lest the prey should be lost in the water. Our surprise was not unmingled, I must confess, with vexation at first, on finding that the strange character of our game removed our morning's repast as far off as ever. A huge spider and a half-fledged bird lay in the bottom of our canoe — the one with disjointed limbs and mutilated carcase; the other uninjured by the shot, but nearly dead, though still faintly palpitating. The remains of the spider showed him larger than any I had previously seen — smaller, however, than one from Brazil, before me while I write — and may have measured some two-and-a-half inches in the body, with limbs about twice that length. He was rough and shaggy, with a thick covering of hair or bristles; which, besides giving him an additional appearance of strength, considerably increased the fierceness of his aspect. The hairs were in some parts fully an inch long, of a dark brown colour, inclining to black. His powerful jaws and sturdy arms seemed never adapted for the death-struggle of prey less noble than this small member of the feathered race, for whom our succour had unhappily arrived too late. The victim had been snatched from the nest, whilst the mother was probably assisting to collect a morning's meal for her offspring. It had been clutched by the neck immediately above the shoulders: the marks of the murderer's talons still remained; and, although no blood had escaped from the wounds, they were much inflamed and swollen.

The few greenish-brown feathers sparingly scattered among the down in the wings, were insufficient to furnish me with a clue towards a knowledge of its species. That it was a humming-bird, however, or one of an allied genus, seemed apparent from the length of its bill. The king of the humming-birds, as the Creoles call the topaz-throat (*Trochilus pella* of naturalists), is the almost exclusive frequenter of Marabella Creek, where the over-spreading foliage — here and there admitting stray gleams of sunshine — forms a cool and shady, though sombre, retreat, peculiarly adapted to his disposition; and I strongly suspect that it was the nest of this species which the spider had favoured with a visit. After making a minute inspection of the two bodies, we consigned them to a watery grave; both of us convinced that, whatever the detractors of Madame Merian may

urge, that lady was correct in assigning to the bush-spider an ambition which often soars above the insect — and occasionally tempts him to make a meal of some stray feathered denizen of the forest. This conclusion, I may add, was fully confirmed some few weeks after, by my witnessing a still more interesting rencontre between members of the several races. “Eat the eater,” is one of Nature’s laws; and, after preventing its accomplishment by depriving the spider of his food, strict justice would probably have balked us of ours. Fortunately not — one of the heartiest breakfasts I ever made, and one of the tenderest and most succulent of meat, was that very morning. Well I remember exclaiming at that time, “*Hæc olim meminisse juvabit!*” — it was my first dish of stewed monkey and yams.

THE TUB SCHOOL.

SPEAKING without passion, we are bound to state, in broad terms, that the founder of the Diogenic philosophy was emphatically a humbug. Some people might call him by a harsher name; we content ourselves with the popular vernacular. Formidable as he was — this unwashed dog-baptised — with a kind of savage grandeur, too, about his independence and his fearlessness — still was he a humbug; setting forth fancies for facts, and judging all men by the measure of one. Ma-

nifestly afflicted with a liver complaint, his physical disorders wore the mask of mental power, and a state of body that required a course of calomel or a dose of purifying powders, passed current in the world for intellectual superiority; — not a rare case in times when madness was accounted potent inspiration, and when the exhibition of mesmeric phenomena formed the title of the Pythoness to her mystic tripod.

Diogenes is not the only man whose disturbed digestion has led multitudes, like an *ignis fatuus*, into the bogs [and marshes of falsehood. Abundance of sects are about, which their respective followers class under one generic head of inspiration, but which have sprung from the same hepatic inaction, or epigastric inflammation, as that which made the Cynic believe in the divinity of dirt, and see in a tub the fittest temple to virtue. All that narrows the sympathies — all that makes a man think better of himself than of his “neighbours” — all that compresses the illimitable mercy of God into a small talisman which you and your followers alone possess — all that creates condemnation — is of the Diogenic Tub School; corrupt in the core, and rotten in the root — fruit, leaves, and flowers, the heritage of death.

A superstitious reverence for a bilious condition of body, and an abhorrence of soap and water, as savouring of idolatry or of luxury — according to the dress and na-

tion of the Cynic — made up the fundamental ideas of his school; and to this day they are the cabala of one division of the sect. We confess not to be able to see much beauty in either of these conditions, and are rather proud than otherwise of our state of disbelief; holding health and cleanliness in high honour, and hoping much of moral improvement from their better preservation. But to the Tub School, good digestive powers, and their consequence, good temper, were evidences of lax principles, and cleanliness was ungodliness or effeminacy; as the unpurified denouncer prayed to St. Giles, or sacrificed to Venus Cloacina. Take the old monks as an example. Not that we are about to condemn the whole Catholic Church under a cowled mask. She has valuable men among her sons; but, in such a large body, there must of necessity be some members weaker than the rest; and the mendicant friars, and do-nothing monks, were about the weakest and the worst that ever appeared by the Catholic altar. They were essentially of the Tub School, as false to the best purposes of mankind as the famous old savage of Alexander's time. Dirt and vanity, bile and condemnation, were the paternosters of their litany; and what else lay in the tub which the king over-shadowed from the sun? All the accounts, of which we read, of pious horror of baths and washhouses — all the frantic renunciation of laundress-

es, and the belief in hair-shirts, to the prejudice of honest linen — all the religious zeal against small-tooth combs, and the sin which lay in razors and nail-brushes — all the holy preference given to coarse cobbling of skins of beasts, over civilised tailoring of seemly garments — all the superiority of bare feet, which never knew the meaning of a pediluvium, over those which shoes and hose kept warm, and foot-baths rendered clean — all the hatred of madness against the refinements of life, and the cultivation of the beautiful: — these were the evidences of the Diogenic philosophy; and of Monachism too; and of other forms of faith, which we could name in the same breath. And how much good was in them? What natural divinity lies in fur, which the cotton plant does not possess? Wherein consists the holiness of mud, and the ungodliness of alkali? wherein the purity of a matted beard, and the impiety of Metcalfe's brushes, and Mechi's magic strop? It may be so; and we all the while may be mentally blind; and yet, if we lived in a charnel-house, whose horrors the stony core of a cataract concealed, we could not wish to be couched, that seeing, we might understand the frightful conditions, of which blindness kept us ignorant.

But bating the baths and wash-houses, hempen girdles and hairy garments, we quarrel still with the *animus* of Diogenes and his train. Its social savageness was

bad enough — its spiritual insolence was worse. The separatism — the “stand off, for I am holier than thou” — the condemnation of a whole world, if walking apart from *his* way — the substitution of solitary exaltation for the activity of charity — the proud judgment of God’s world, and the presumptuous division into good and evil of the Eternal; — all this was and is of the Cynic’s philosophy; and all this is what we abjure with heart and soul, as the main link of the chain which binds men to cruelty, to ignorance, and to sin; for the unloosing of which we must wait before we see them fairly in the way of progress.

How false the religion of condemnation! — how hardening to the heart! — how narrowing to the sympathies! We take a section for the whole, and swear that the illimitable All must be according to the form of the unit I; we make ourselves God’s, and judge of the infinite universe by the teaching of our finite senses. They who do this most are they whom men call “zealous for God’s glory,” “stern sticklers for the truth,” and “haters of latitudinarianism.” And if all the social charities are swept down in their course, they are mourned over gently; but only so much as if they were sparrows lying dead beneath the blast that slew the enemy. ’T is a pity, say they, “that men must be firm to the truth, yet cruel to their fellows; but if it must be so, why, let them fall fast as snowflakes. What is human life, compared to

the preservation of the truth?” Ah! friends and brothers — is not the necessity of cruelty the war-rantry of falsehood? The truth of life is LOVE, and all which negatives love is false; and every drop of blood that ever flowed in the preservation of any dogma, bore in its necessity the condemnation of that dogma.

Turn where we will, and as far backward as we will, we ever find the spirit of the Diogenic philosophy; and clothed, too, in much the same garb of unseemly disorder as that in vogue among the dog-baptised. Ancient East gives us many parallels; and to this day, dirty, lazy, fakirs of Hindostan assault the olfactories, and call for curses on the effeminacy of the cleanly and the sane. Sometimes, though, the Diogenites assume the scrupulosity of the Pharisee, and then they retain only the crimes of the Inquisition, not the habits and apparel of the Bosjesmen. Take the sincere Pharisee, for instance; regard his holy horror of the Samaritan (the Independent of his day) for failing in the strict letter of the law; hear his stern denunciations against all sinners, be they moral or be they doctrinal; mark the un pitying “Crucify him! crucify him!” against Him who taught novel doctrines of equality and brotherhood, and the nullity of form; see the purity of his own Pharisaic life, and grant him his proud curse on all that are not like unto him. He is a Cynic in his heart, one who judges of universal humanity by

the individualism of one. Then, the hoary, hairy, dog-baptised, who scoffed at all the decencies of life, not to speak of its amenities, and had no gentle Plato's pride of refinement, with all the brutal pride of coarseness — did Diogenes worthily represent the best functions of manhood? Again, the monks and friars of the dark ages, and the hermits of old, they who left the world of man "made in the image of God," because they were holier than their brethren, and might have nought in common with the likeness of the Elohim; they who gave up the deeds of charity for the endless repetition of masses and vespers, and who thought to do God better service by mumbling masses in a cowl, than by living among their fellows, loving, aiding, and improving — were not all these followers in the train of Diogenes? — if not in the dirt, then in the bile; if not in the garb, then in the heart. Denouncers, condemners; narrowing, not enlarging; hating, not loving; they were traitors to the virtue of life, while dreaming that they alone held it sacred.

And now, have we no snarling Cynics, no Pharisee, no Inquisitor? Have we taken to good heart the divine record of love, of faith, which an æsthetic age has sublimated into credos, and left actions as a *caput mortuum*? Have we looked into the meaning of the practical lesson which the Master taught when he forgave the adulteress, and sat at meat with the

sinner? or have we not rather cherished the spiritual pride which shapes out bitter words of censure for our fellows, and lays such stress on likeness that it overlooks unity? The question is worthy of an answer.

The world is wide. Beasts and fishes, birds and reptiles, weeds and flowers — which *here* are weeds, and *there* are flowers, according to local fancy — the dwarfed shrub of the Alpine steeps, and the monster palm of the tropical plains; the world is wide enough to contain them all, and man is wise enough to love them all, each in its sphere, and its degree. But what we do for Nature, we refuse to Humanity. To her we allow diversity; to him we prescribe sameness; in her we see the loveliness of unlikeness, the symmetry of variation; in him we must have multitudes shaped by one universal rule; and what we do not look for in the senseless tree, we attempt on the immortal soul. Religion, philosophy, and social politics, must be of the same form with all men, else woe to the wight who thinks out of the straight line! Diagonal minds are never popular, and the hand which draws one radius smites him who lines another equal to it in all its parts, and from the same centre point. The Catholic denies the Protestant; the Episcopalian contemns the Presbyterian; the Free Kirk is shed like a branching horn; the Independent denounces the Swedenborgian; the Mormonite is persecuted by

the Unitarian. It is one unvarying round; the same thing called by different names. Now all this is the very soul of Diogenism. Cowl, mitre, or band — distinctive signs to each party — all are lost in the shadow of the tub, and jumbled up into a strange form, which hath the name of Him of Sinope engraved on its forehead. Separatism and denunciation against him who is not with thee in all matters of faith, make thee, my friend, a Cynic in thy heart; and, though thou mayst wear Nicoll's paletots and Medwin's boots, and mayst prank thyself in all imaginable coxcombries, thou art still but a Diogenite, a Cynic, and a Pharisee; washing the outside of the platter, but leaving the inside encrusted still, believing falsely, that thou hast nought to do with a cause, because thou hast not worn its cockade.

Yet, are we going past the Tub School, though it lingers still in high places. We see it in party squabbles, not so much of politics to-day, as of the most esoteric doctrines of faith. We hear great men discussing the question of "prevenient grace," as they would discuss the composition of milk punch, and we hear them mutually anathematize each other on this plain and demonstrable proposition. We call this Diogenism, and of a virulent sort, too. We know that certain men are tabooed by certain other men; that a churchman refuses communion with him who is of no church, or of a different church; and that one

Arian thinks dreadful things of another Arian. We call these men Pharisees, who deny kindred with the Samaritans — but we remember who it was that befriended the Samaritans. We know that monks still exist, whose duty to man consists in endless prayers to God, (in using vain repetitions as the Heathens do); who open their mouths wide, and expect that Heaven will fill them; who hold the active duties of life in no esteem; and separate themselves from their fellows in all the grandeur of religious superiority. We cannot see much difference between these men, the Hindoo Fakirs, and the unsavoury gentleman of the Grecian tub. They are all of the same genus; but, Heaven be praised! they are dying out from the world of man, as leprosy, and the black plague, and other evils, are dying out. True enlightenment will extirpate them, as well as other malaria. If Sanitary Commissions sweep out the cholera, acknowledged Love will sweep out all this idleness and solitary hatred, and make men at last confess that Love and Recognition are grander things than contempt and intolerance; in a word, that real Christianity is better than any form whatsoever, of the Diogenic philosophy of hatred.

OUR SCHOOL.

WE went to look at it, only this last Midsummer, and found that the Railway had cut it up root and branch. A great trunk-line had swallowed the play-ground, sliced away the schoolroom, and pared off the corner of the house: which, thus curtailed of its proportions, presented itself, in a green stage of stucco, profilewise towards the road, like a forlorn flat-iron without a handle, standing on end.

It seems as if our schools were doomed to be the sport of change. We have faint recollections of a Preparatory Day-School, which we have sought in vain, and which must have been pulled down to make a new street, ages ago. We have dim impressions, scarcely amounting to a belief, that it was over a dyer's shop. We know that you went up steps to it; that you frequently grazed your knees in doing so; that you generally got your leg over the scraper, in trying to scrape the mud off a very unsteady little shoe. The mistress of the Establishment holds no place in our memory; but, rampant on one eternal door-mat, in an eternal entry long and narrow, is a puffy pug-dog, with a personal animosity towards us, who triumphs over Time. The bark of that baleful Pug, a certain radiating way he had of snapping at our undefended legs, the ghastly grinning of his moist black muzzle and white teeth, and the insolence of his crisp tail curled like a pastoral crook, all live and

flourish. From an otherwise unaccountable association of him with a fiddle, we conclude that he was of French extraction, and his name *Fidèle*. He belonged to some female, chiefly inhabiting a back-parlour, whose life appears to us to have been consumed in sniffing, and in wearing a brown beaver bonnet. For her, he would sit up and balance cake upon his nose, and not eat it until twenty had been counted. To the best of our belief, we were once called in to witness this performance; when, unable, even in his milder moments, to endure our presence, he instantly made at us, cake and all.

Why a something in mourning, called "Miss Frost," should still connect itself with our preparatory school, we are unable to say. We retain no impression of the beauty of Miss Frost—if she were beautiful; or of the mental fascinations of Miss Frost—if she were accomplished; yet her name and her black dress hold an enduring place in our remembrance. An equally impersonal boy, whose name has long since shaped itself unalterably into "Master Mawls," is not to be dislodged from our brain. Retaining no vindictive feeling towards Mawls—no feeling whatever, indeed—we infer that neither he nor we can have loved Miss Frost. Our first impression of Death and Burial is associated with this formless pair. We all three nestled awfully in a corner one wintry day, when the wind was blowing shrill, with Miss Frost's pinafore over our heads;

and Miss Frost told us in a whisper about somebody being "screwed down." It is the only distinct recollection we preserve of these impalpable creatures, except a suspicion that the manners of Master Mawls were susceptible of much improvement. Generally speaking, we may observe that whenever we see a child intently occupied with its nose, to the exclusion of all other subjects of interest, our mind reverts in a flash to Master Mawls.

But, the School that was our School before the Railroad came and overthrew it, was quite another sort of place. We were old enough to be put into Virgil when we went there, and to get Prizes for a variety of polishing on which the rust has long accumulated. It was a School of some celebrity in its neighbourhood — nobody could have said why — and we had the honour to attain and hold the eminent position of first boy. The master was supposed among us to know nothing, and one of the ushers was supposed to know everything. We are still inclined to think the first-named supposition perfectly correct.

We have a general idea that its subject had been in the leather trade, and had bought us — meaning our School — of another proprietor, who was immensely learned. Whether this belief had any real foundation, we are not likely ever to know now. The only branches of education with which he showed the least acquaintance, were, ruling, and corporally

punishing. He was always ruling ciphering-books with a bloated mahogany ruler, or smiting the palms of offenders with the same diabolical instrument, or viciously drawing a pair of pantaloons tight with one of his large hands, and caning the wearer with the other. We have no doubt whatever that this occupation was the principal solace of his existence.

A profound respect for money pervaded Our School, which was, of course, derived from its Chief. We remember an idiotic goggle-eyed boy, with a big head and half-crowns without end, who suddenly appeared as a parlour-boarder, and was rumoured to have come by sea from some mysterious part of the earth where his parents rolled in gold. He was usually called "Mr." by the Chief, and was said to feed in the parlour on steaks and gravy; likewise to drink currant wine. And he openly stated that if rolls and coffee were ever denied him at breakfast, he would write home to that unknown part of the globe from which he had come, and cause himself to be recalled to the regions of gold. He was put into no form or class, but learnt alone, as little as he liked — and he liked very little — and there was a belief among us that this was because he was too wealthy to be "taken down." His special treatment, and our vague association of him with the sea, and with storms, and sharks and Coral Reefs, occasioned the wildest legends to be circulated as his history. A tragedy in blank

verse was written on the subject — if our memory does not deceive us, by the hand that now chronicles these recollections — in which his father figured as a Pirate, and was shot for a voluminous catalogue of atrocities: first imparting to his wife the secret of the cave in which his wealth was stored, and from which his only son's half-crowns now issued. Dumbledon (the boy's name) was represented as "yet unborn" when his brave father met his fate; and the despair and grief of Mrs. Dumbledon at that calamity was movingly shadowed forth as having weakened the parlour-boarder's mind. This production was received with great favour, and was twice performed with closed doors in the dining-room. But, it got wind, and was seized as libellous, and brought the unlucky poet into severe affliction. Some two years afterwards, all of a sudden one day, Dumbledon vanished. It was whispered that the Chief himself had taken him down to the Docks, and re-shipped him for the Spanish Main; but nothing certain was ever known about his disappearance. At this hour, we cannot thoroughly disconnect him from California.

Our School was rather famous for mysterious pupils. There was another — a heavy young man, with a large double-cased silver watch, and a fat knife the handle of which was a perfect tool-box — who unaccountably appeared one day at a special desk of his own, erected close to that of the Chief,

with whom he held familiar converse. He lived in the parlour, and went out for walks, and never took the least notice of us — even of us, the first boy — unless to give us a depreciatory kick, or grimly to take our hat off and throw it away, when he encountered us out of doors: which unpleasant ceremony he always performed as he passed — not even condescending to stop for the purpose. Some of us believed that the classical attainments of this phenomenon were terrific, but that his penmanship and arithmetic were defective, and he had come there to mend them; others, that he was going to set up a school, and had paid the Chief "twenty-five pounds down," for leave to see our school at work. The gloomier spirits even said that he was going to buy us; against which contingency, conspiracies were set on foot for a general defection and running away. However, he never did that. After staying for a quarter, during which period, though closely observed, he was never seen to do anything but make pens out of quills, write small-hand in a secret portfolio, and punch the point of the sharpest blade in his knife into his desk, all over it, he too disappeared, and his place knew him no more.

There was another boy, a fair, meek boy, with a delicate complexion and rich curling hair, who, we found out, or thought we found out (we have no idea now, and probably had none then, on what grounds, but it was confi-

dentially revealed from mouth to mouth), was the son of a Viscount who had deserted his lovely mother. It was understood that if he had his rights, he would be worth twenty thousand a year. And that if his mother ever met his father, she would shoot him with a silver pistol which she carried, always loaded to the muzzle, for that purpose. He was a very suggestive topic. So was a young Mulatto, who was always believed (though very amiable) to have a dagger about him somewhere. But, we think they were both outshone, upon the whole, by another boy who claimed to have been born on the twenty-ninth of February, and to have only one birthday in five years. We suspect this to have been a fiction — but he lived upon it all the time he was at Our School.

The principal currency of Our School was slate-pencil. It had some inexplicable value, that was never ascertained, never reduced to a standard. To have a great hoard of it, was somehow to be rich. We used to bestow it in charity, and confer it as a precious boon upon our chosen friends. When the holidays were coming, contributions were solicited for certain boys whose relatives were in India, and who were appealed for under the generic name of "Holiday-stoppers," — appropriate marks of remembrance that should enliven and cheer them in their homeless state. Personally, we always contributed these tokens of sympathy in the form of

slate-pencil, and always felt that it would be a comfort and a treasure to them.

Our School was remarkable for white mice. Red-polls, linnets, and even canaries, were kept in desks, drawers, hat-boxes, and other strange refuges for birds; but white mice were the favourite stock. The boys trained the mice, much better than the masters trained the boys. We recall one white mouse, who lived in the cover of a Latin dictionary, who ran up ladders, drew Roman chariots, shouldered muskets, turned wheels, and even made a very creditable appearance on the stage as the Dog of Montargis. He might have achieved greater things, but for having the misfortune to mistake his way in a triumphal procession to the Capitol, when he fell into a deep ink-stand, and was dyed black and drowned. The mice were the occasion of some most ingenious engineering, in the construction of their houses and instruments of performance. The famous one belonged to a Company of proprietors, some of whom have since made Railroads, Engines, and Telegraphs; the chairman has erected mills and bridges in New Zealand.

The usher at our school, who was considered to know everything as opposed to the Chief who was considered to know nothing, was a bony, gentle-faced, clerical-looking youngman in rusty black. It was whispered that he was sweet upon one of Maxby's sisters

(Maxby lived close by, and was a day pupil), and further that he "favoured Maxby." As we remember, he taught Italian to Maxby's sisters on half-holidays. He once went to the play with them, and wore a white waistcoat and a rose: which was considered among us equivalent to a declaration. We were of opinion on that occasion that to the last moment he expected Maxby's father to ask him to dinner at five o'clock, and therefore neglected his own dinner at half-past one, and finally got none. We exaggerated in our imaginations the extent to which he punished Maxby's father's cold meat at supper; and we agreed to believe that he was elevated with wine and water when he came home. But, we all liked him; for he had a good knowledge of boys, and would have made it a much better school if he had had more power. He was writing-master, mathematical master, English master, made out the bills, mended the pens, and did all sorts of things. He divided the little boys with the Latin master (they were smuggled through their rudimentary books, at odd times when there was nothing else to do), and he always called at parents' houses to inquire after sick boys, because he had gentlemanly manners. He was rather musical, and on some remote quarter-day had bought an old trombone; but a bit of it was lost, and it made the most extraordinary sounds when he sometimes tried to play it of an evening. His

holidays newer began (on account of the bills) until long after ours; but, in the summer-vacations he used to take pedestrian excursions with a knapsack; and at Christmas-time, he went to see his father at Chipping Norton, who we all said (on no authority) was a dairy-fed-pork-butcher. Poor fellow! He was very low all day on Maxby's sister's wedding-day, and afterwards was thought to favour Maxby more than ever, though he had been expected to spite him. He has been dead these twenty years. Poor fellow!

Our remembrance of Our School, presents the Latin master as a colourless doubled-up near-sighted man with a crutch, who was always cold, and always putting onions into his ears for deafness, and always disclosing ends of flannel under all his garments, and almost always applying a ball of pocket-handkerchief to some part of his face with a screwing action round and round. He was a very good scholar, and took great pains where he saw intelligence and a desire to learn: otherwise, perhaps not. Our memory presents him (unless teased into a passion) with as little energy as colour — as having been worried and tormented into monotonous feebleness — as having had the best part of his life ground out of him in a Mill of boys. We remember with terror how he fell asleep one sultry afternoon with the little smuggled class before him, and awoke not when the footstep of the Chief fell heavy on

the floor; how the Chief aroused him, in the midst of a dread silence, and said, "Mr. Blinkins, are you ill, Sir?" how he blushingly replied, "Sir, rather so"; how the Chief retorted with severity, "Mr. Blinkins, this is no place to be ill in" (which was very, very true), and walked back, solemn as the ghost in Hamlet, until, catching a wandering eye, he caned that boy for inattention, and happily expressed his feelings towards the Latin master through the medium of a substitute.

There was a fat little dancing-master who used to come in a gig, and taught the more advanced among us hornpipes (as an accomplishment in great social demand in after-life); and there was a brisk little French master who used to come in the sunniest weather, with a handleless umbrella, and to whom the Chief was always polite, because (as we believed), if the Chief offended him, he would instantly address the Chief in French, and for ever confound him before the boys with his inability to understand or reply.

There was, besides, a serving man, whose name was Phil. Our retrospective glance presents Phil as a shipwrecked carpenter, cast away upon the desert island of a school, and carrying into practice an ingenious inkling of many trades. He mended whatever was broken, and made whatever was wanted. He was general glazier, among other things, and mended all the broken windows — at the

prime cost (as was darkly rumoured among us) of ninepence, for every square charged three-and-six to parents. We had a high opinion of his mechanical genius, and generally held that the Chief "knew something bad of him," and on pain of divulgence enforced Phil to be his bondsman. We particularly remember that Phil had a sovereign contempt for learning: which engenders in us a respect for his sagacity, as it implies his accurate observation of the relative positions of the Chief and the ushers. He was an impenetrable man, who waited at table between whiles, and, throughout "the half" kept the boxes in severe custody. He was morose, even to the Chief, and never smiled, except at breaking-up, when, in acknowledgment of the toast, "Success to Phil! Hooray!" he would slowly carve a grin out of his wooden face, where it would remain until we were all gone. Nevertheless, one time when we had the scarlet fever in the school, Phil nursed all the sick boys of his own accord, and was like a mother to them.

There was another school not far off, and of course our school could have nothing to say to that school. It is mostly the way with schools, whether of boys or men. Well! the railway has swallowed up ours, and the locomotives now run smoothly over its ashes.

So fades and languishes, grows dim and dies,
All that this world is proud of,
— and is not proud of, too. It

had little reason to be proud of Our School, and has done much better since in that way, and will do far better yet.

THE SPENDTHRIFT'S DAUGHTER.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

“FRUGALITY is a virtue which will contribute continually and most essentially to your comfort. Without it, it is impossible that you should do well; and we know not how much, or how soon, it may be needed.”

So writes Southey to his son, Cuthbert, just then starting at Oxford.

The proposition might have been expanded from the particular to the universal. Southey might have said, that in no condition of life, from that of her who sitteth upon the throne, to that of the handmaiden who grindeth behind the mill, can frugality — in other words, system and self-denial as regards the expenditure of money — be dispensed with. Self-denial and diligent attention in the management of this great talent, are necessary in all.

No one of the gifts of Providence appears to the casual observer to be bestowed with less regard to individual merit than wealth. It would almost seem, as an old divine has written, as if God would mark his contempt of mere material riches by the hands into which he suffers them to fall.

Although, fall where they will, and on whom they will, one thing is certain; — that they will prove but a delusive snare to those who know not how to order them; — when to husband, and when to spare; when to spend, or when to bestow.

These reflections arose from a story with which, not long ago, I became acquainted. A common tale enough — one among a thousand illustrations of what Butler affirms to be the indispensable condition upon which it has pleased our Creator that we should hold our being: — that of controlling our own actions; either by prudence to pass our days in ease and quiet; or, by rashness, ungoverned passion, wilfulness, or negligence, to make ourselves miserable.

He is sitting on the bottom stone of a magnificent flight of steps, which lead up to a handsome door, situated in the centre of a large many-windowed house, which, fronted with handsome iron rails round the area, is built of fine brick, and ornamented with abundance of stone-work, in cornices and architraves. This house stands in one of the best streets in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor Square.

He is clothed in garments that once were fashionable; but now are discoloured with much wear and long exposure to wind and weather; so much so, that, in several places, they are falling into tatters. His face — the features

of which are very finely cut, and still bear the traces of a once very remarkable beauty — is wan, attenuated, and begrimed with dust, dirt, and neglect. His eyes are haggard; his hair dusty and dishevelled — his beard ragged and untrimmed.

He is the picture of physical decay, and of the lowest depths of moral degradation. He sits there upon the stone, sometimes watching the street-sweeper — a little tattered boy, cheerily whistling over his work — now and then casting up his eyes at the closed windows of the handsome house, upon which the beams of the rising sun are beginning to shine; but to shine in vain at present; for it is only about six o'clock in the morning, and life has not yet begun to stir within the mansion.

His cheek rests upon his thin, withered, and unwashed hand, as he casts his eyes first upwards, then downwards, then slowly, and with a sort of gloomy indifference, around.

He looks upward. Is it towards the sky; where the great lord of earthly light — type of that more Glorious Sun which should arise "with healing on its wings" — is diffusing the cheering effulgence of the dawn, calling forth the fresh and wholesome airs of morning, and literally chasing away the noisome spirits of the night? Is he looking there?

No; he is no seeker of the light; he feels not its blessed influence; he heeds not the sweet fresh rising of the morning as it breathes over

the polluted city, and pours, for a few short moments, its fresh, crisp, cheering airs into the closest and most noisome of her quarters. He cares not for that delicious brightness which gives to the vast town a pure and peculiar clearness for a few half hours, whilst all the world are asleep, and the streets are yet guiltless of sin and sea-coal.

What has light; the pure breath of the morning; the white rays of the early sun; and the soft, quiet, and refreshing stillness of the hour, to do with him? He only lifts up his eyes to examine a house: he only casts them around to observe what goes on in the streets; he is of the earth, earthy, — the sacred odour exists not for him.

Yet, in the deep melancholy, the expression of harrowing regret with which he *did* look up at that house—even in the very depths of his moral degradation and suffering — the seeds of better things might be germinating. Who shall say? He has sounded the very base-string of misery; he touches ground at last — that may be something.

The sparrows chirped in the rays of the sun, and the little sweeper whistled away. Different figures began sparingly to appear, and one by one crept out; objects of strange aspect who seem to come, one knows not whence; — the old clothes-man, with his low and sullen croak; country carts; milk-men, rattling their cans against area rails; butcher-boys

swinging their trays. Presently, where the man was sitting, the sounds of awakening life; — unlocking of doors, opening of windows, the pert voices of the women servants, and the surly responses of the men; shutters above began to be unfolded, and the eyes of the large house gradually to open. The man watched them — his head resting still upon his hand, and his face turned upwards — until, at length, the hall-door opened, displaying a handsome vestibule, and a staircase gay with painting and gilding. A housemaid issued forth to shake the door-mat.

Then he arose and slowly moved away; every now and then casting a wistful glance backwards at the house, until he turned the corner, and it was lost to his sight.

Thus he left a place which once had been his own.

With his head bent downwards, he walked slowly on; not properly pursuing his way — for he had no way nor object to pursue — but continuing his way, as if he had, like a ball once set in motion, no motive to stand still. He looked neither to the right nor to the left; yet seemed mechanically to direct his footsteps towards the north. At length, he slowly entered one of the larger streets in the neighbourhood of Portland Place. His attention was excited by a bustle at the door of one of the houses, and he looked up. There was a funeral at a house which stood in this street a little detached from

the others. The plumes were white. It was the funeral of an unmarried person. Why did his heart quiver? Why did he make a sudden pause? Had he never seen a funeral with white plumes before in his life?

Was it by some mysterious sympathy of nature that this reckless, careless, fallen man — who had looked at the effigies of death, and at death itself, hundreds, and hundreds of times, with negligent unconcern — shuddered and turned pale, as if smitten to the heart by some unanticipated horror?

I cannot tell. All I know is, that, struck with a sudden invincible terror, impelled by a strange but dreadful curiosity, he staggered, rather than walked forward; supporting himself as he went against the iron rails, and thus reached the steps of the house just as the coffin was being carried down.

Among the many many gifts once possessed, and all misused, was one of the longest, clearest, and quickest sights that I ever remember to have heard of. His forlorn eye glanced upon the coffin; he read:

“ELLA WINSTANLEY,
Died June 29, 18 . . .
Aged Twenty-three.”

And he staggered. The rails could no longer support him. He sank down upon the flag-stones.

The men engaged about the funeral lifted the poor ragged creature up. A mere common beggar, they thought; and they were about to call a policeman,

and bid him take charge of him; when a lady, who was standing at the dining-room window of the house, opened it, and asked what was the matter?

"I don't know, Ma'am," said the undertaker's man; "but this here gent has fallen down, as I take it, in a fit, or something of the sort. Policeman, hadn't you best get a stretcher, and carry him to the workhus or to the hospital?"

"No," said the lady, "better bring him in here. Mr. Pearson is in the house, and can bleed him, or do what is necessary."

Upon which the insensible man was carefully lifted and carried by two or three of the men up the steps. At the door of the hall they were met by the lady who had appeared at the window. She was evidently a gentlewoman by her dress and manners. She was arrayed very simply. Her grey hair was folded smoothly under her bonnet-cap; her black silk cloak still hung upon her shoulders; her bonnet rested upon a pole screen in the dining-room. It seemed by this that she was not a regular inhabitant of the house in which she exercised authority. Nothing could be more gentle and kind than the expression of her calm, but firm countenance; but upon it the lines of sorrow, or of years, were deeply traced. She was, evidently, one who had not passed through the world without her own portion of suffering; but she seemed to have suffered herself, only the more

intimately to commiserate the suffering of others.

They laid the stranger upon the sofa in the dining-room; and, at the lady's desire, sent for Mr. Pearson, who was the house apothecary. Whilst waiting for him, she stood with her eyes fixed upon the face of the stranger; and, as she did so, curiosity, wonder, doubt, conviction, and astonishment were painted in succession upon her face.

Very soon Mr. Pearson appeared, and advised the usual remedy of bleeding. The lady walked to the window, and stood there, watching the proceedings of those without, until the arrangements of a very simple funeral were terminated, and the little procession, which attended the young Ella Winstanley to her untimely grave, gradually moved on, and disappeared at the turning of the street.

The countenance of the lady, as she returned to the sofa, showed that she had been very much moved by the sight.

Having been bled, the stranger opened his eyes; which now, as he lay there, extended upon the sofa, displayed a gloomy but remarkable beauty—a beauty, however, arising rather from their form and colour, than from their expression, which was more painful than interesting. Again the lady fixed her eyes upon his face, and again she shuddered, and half turned away. Pity, disgust, and regret, were mingled in her gesture.

The stranger's eyes followed her, with a dreamy and unsettled look. He seemed to be amazed with wonder as she was.

She turned again, as if to satisfy her doubts. His eyes met hers; and, as they did so, recollection seemed to be restored.

"Where am I, and what is it?" he muttered.

"You are where you will be taken good care of, until you are able to be removed," said the lady. "Is there any one you would wish to have sent for?"

The man did not speak.

"Any one you would wish to be sent for?" she repeated.

"No," he answered.

"Anything more you would wish to have done?"

"Nothing."

He lay silent for some time, with his eyes still fixed upon her.

At last he said, "Tell me where I am?"

"Where you are welcome to be, until you can gather strength enough to proceed to the place to which you were going when this attack seized you. And that was —?"

"Nowhere. But what house is this?"

"A house only destined for the reception of ladies," she answered.

"Ladies! what ladies?"

"The sick, who have no other home."

"A house of charity, then?"

"Partly."

"And that one — that one — that young creature, whose funeral

— Do you know her? anything about her —?"

"Yes," answered the lady, with gravity, approaching to severity, "I do know *much* about her."

"Why — why did she come here?"

"Because she was friendless and deserted; poor, sick, and miserable. She had given up what little money she had to supply the wants — perhaps — who knows? — the vices of another. Happily there were found those who would befriend her."

"And she accepted the charity; she received the alms?"

"She had learned to submit herself to the will of God."

He shut his teeth together, with a something between bitterness and contempt at these last words, and turned his head away.

"You are her father?" said the lady.

"I am —"

"Then you are a very wretched man," she added.

"Yes," he replied, "I am most miserable."

"You are one who have reaped from seeds, which might have produced a rich harvest of happiness, nothing but black and blighted misery."

She spoke with unusual severity, for her soul recoiled at his aspect: she saw nothing in it to soften her feelings of indignation.

"I have lived," he answered.

"How?"

"How! as others of my temper have lived. It is not my fault that

I was born with an invincible passion for enjoyment. I did not make myself. If pleasure be but the forerunner of satiety — if life be but a cheat — if delight be but the precursor of misery — a delusion of flattering lies, — *I* did not arrange the system. Why was virtue made so hard, and self-indulgence so enticing? I did not contrive the scheme."

"Such excuses" the lady replied, "the honest consciousness within us rejects; such as your own inner conscience at the very moment you utter them disclaims. She who is gone — a broken-hearted victim of another's errors — hoped better things, when she exhausted almost her last breath in prayers for you."

"Prayers!" in a tone that spoke volumes.

"Yes, prayers."

"What is become of my other daughter? — I want to go to *her*."

"She died, I believe, about twelve months ago."

"Then I am alone in the world?"

"You have no children, now."

"Are you going to turn me out into the street?" he suddenly asked, after a short silence.

"The rules of this house — which is dedicated to the assistance of sick and helpless women — will not admit of your remaining."

"I am going. You will hear of me next as one past recovery; picked up out of some kennel by the police. You would have done

better not to have restored me. I should have died quietly."

"But without repentance."

"Repentance!" he said, fiercely. "Repent, while my whole soul is writhing with agony? Ella! Ella! if I could only have kept my Ella, she would have tended me — she would have soothed me — she would have worked for me."

"Yes," said the lady, "she would have done this, and much more — but God has taken her; has rescued her from your heartless selfishness." To herself she added — for her heart was glowing with indignation — "Even in this supreme moment, he thinks of nothing but of himself."

"She would have been more gentle with me than you are," he said, with a half-reproachful sigh.

"Yes, yes — she would have felt only for you — *I* happen to feel for her."

"Which I never did."

"Never —"

"You say true," said he musing.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"Julian Winstanley —"

"He who won the steeple-chase yesterday? Who, in the name of goodness, is Julian Winstanley? A name of some pretension; yet nobody seems to know where he came from."

"Oh, dear, that is quite a mistake. I beg your pardon — *everybody* knows where he came from. This bird of gay plumage was hatched in a dusky hole and corner of the city; where his grand-

father made a fabulous fortune by gambling in the funds."

"He is as handsome a young fellow as ever was hatched from a muckworm."

"He is a careless, dashing prodigal, whatever else; and I never look at him without thinking of Hogarth's picture of the 'Miser's Heir.' What say you to him, Blake, with your considering face? Come, out with your wisdom! You can make a sermon out of a stone, you know."

"May be so. A stone might furnish matter for discourse, as well as other things; but I am not in the humour for preaching to-day. I can't help being sorry for the scapegrace."

"So like you, Contradiction! Sorry for him! And, pray, what for? — *because* he is the handsomest, most aristocratical-looking person one almost ever met with — *because* he is really clever, and can do whatever he pleases in no time (might have taken a double-first at Oxford easily, Penrose says, if he would) — or *because* he has got countless heaps of gold at his banker's; and, nobody to ask him a why or a wherefore; may do, in all things, just what he likes — or *because* he can drink like a fish, dance like Vestris, ride like Chiffney; be up all night and about all day, and never tire, be never out of spirits, never dull? Harry Blake! Who'll come and hear Harry Blake? He is going to give his reasons, why a man who has every good

thing of the world is most especially to be pitied."

"I am going to do no such thing. The reasons are too obvious. I deal not in truisms."

"Well, all I know is, that he won the steeple-chase yesterday, and to-day he beat Pincent, the champion, at billiards. To-morrow he goes to the ball at Bicester; and see if he does not beat us all at dancing there, and bear away the belle, whoever the belle may be — though the blood of a stockbroker do run in his veins."

"His blood may be as good as another's, for aught I know," said the philosopher; "but I doubt whether the rearing be."

"It is the blood, depend upon it. Blake, you are quite right," said a pale, affected young man, who stood by, and was grandson to an earl; "the blood — these upstarts are vulgar, irremediably, do what they will."

"That not quite," said Harry Blake. "I have seen as great cubs as ever walked behind a plough-tail who would call cousins with the Conqueror, Warndale. But a something there is of difference after all; and, in my opinion, it lies in the tradition. Wealth and distinction are like old wine, the better for keeping. Time adds a value, mellows, gives a certain body — an inappreciable something. Newly-acquired wealth and distinction is like new wine — trashy. I rather pity the man who possesses them, *therefore*."

"And I do not" — "And I do

not," — and "A fig for your philosophy!" resounded from all sides of the table.

The philosopher looked on with his quiet smile, and added:

"I do not mean to say that I should pity any of those here present in such a case, for we all know, by experience, that new wine, in any quantity, has no effect upon them; never renders their heads unsteady — was never known to do so. But you must allow me to pity Julian Winstanley; for I think his wits are somewhat straying, and I fear that he has already mounted upon that high horse which gallops down the road to ruin."

And so away they all went to the ball at Bicester that night. Most of them were somewhat more elaborately dressed than the occasion required. Julian Winstanley was, undoubtedly. It had been his mother's injunction, never to spare expense in anything that regarded his toilette; and dutifully he obeyed it.

I am not going to give you a description of his dress. Fancy everything most expensive; fancy, as far as a natural good taste would allow, every habiliment chosen with reference to its costliness; and behold him waltzing with a very pretty girl, who is, upon her side, exquisitely dressed also. She wears the fairest of white tulles, and the richest of white satins, and has a bouquet of the flowers from the choicest of French artists in her bosom, and another negligently thrown

across her robe. Hair of remarkable beauty, arranged in a way to display its profusion, and the very expensive ornaments with which it is adorned.

Although the young lady—who is the daughter of a very fashionable and extravagant man, celebrated in the hunting and racing world—is well known to be portionless; yet she is the object of general attraction;—a thing to be noted as not what usually happens to young ladies without sixpences, in these expensive times. But it is the caprice of fashion, and fashion is all-powerful. So Julian, who is only starting in the career of extravagance, and in its golden age of restless profusion, and far removed, as yet, from that iron age which usually succeeds it—namely, that of selfish covetousness—is quite prepared to cast himself at her feet—which, with a little good management of her and her mother's, he soon actually did. Having, as yet, more money in his pocket than he knew how to get through, he was exceedingly pleased with what he had done, and not a little proud in due time to incarcerate this fair creature in solitary grandeur within his carriage, whilst he and his boon companions rejoiced outside.

The connexions formed by his marriage occasioned additional incentives to expense. Introduced into a more elevated circle than he had as yet moved in, and impelled by the evil ambition of outshining every one with whom he

associated, Winstanley soon found innumerable new opportunities for spending money. He became a prey to imaginary necessities. His carriages, his horses, his villas and their furniture, his dinners, his wines, his yachts; — her *fêtes* in the morning and her balls in the evening, her gardens (which were for ever changing) her delicate health, which required the constant excitement of Continental travel, and yachting excursions; — the dress of both; the wild extravagance of everything, — I leave you to picture to yourselves.

THE GOOD SIDE OF COMBINATION.

No man wilfully propounds a doctrine which he believes to be false in every particular. The honest man upholds that which he believes to be most true; the trader in opinion upholds that which he believes to be most attractive. We have much faith in human nature, and believe that nothing can be very attractive as a matter of opinion which does not contain some element of truth or goodness. This, therefore, the worst man who desires to be a leader of the people, is compelled to bear in mind.

We propose to discuss, simply and briefly, two or three points connected with the subject of combination, which have of late years been often agitated by, or on behalf of, working men. It is

our earnest wish to assist every forward movement, and we are not disposed to be so nice as to refuse to take up a cause, if it be good, because dishonourable men have handled it. The cause of which we propose now to investigate one or two leading principles has, we know, suffered greatly from dishonourable advocates. But we know also that it has supporters among men who possess real humanity and cultivated intellect. Let it be understood, therefore, that we approach it with respect and in a candid spirit.

It is said that we are all too much disjoined from one another; that each pursues, in a comparatively independent manner, the path of his own interest; that thus there arise a multitude of interests perpetually clashing, bidding and underbidding against each other; that we are all straining in a race of competition; and that this competition grinds the poorer portion of us down into the dust. It is proposed that men shall go to work in a more social manner; that numbers shall coalesce to join their labour for a common interest; that limits shall be set to competition, by forbidding any one to give out or to take in work for wages that shall fall below a reasonable hire. In this way, it is granted that we may not as a whole produce so much; but it is said that we shall be individually more at ease, and socially and morally take higher rank as human beings than we do at present.

We shall say nothing of the extreme view, which would have the whole community united in a social bond, using all things in common. We do not often meet a man who can suppose that the wife who abides with him in love, the children who call him father, and draw out from him daily much of what he feels to be the purest portion of his inner spirit, are but hinderments to progress, and that if he lived like a dog he would be happier. Nor do we often meet a man, with any honesty of mind, however poor, who would not wish to be indebted to himself for his subsistence; to have the hope of material advancement before him, lending interest to all his labours; and, almost daily, sweetening some bitter cup that is, with contemplation of the better cup that is to be.

Here we know we are met by the assertion, that a man who works for wages in this country, has held out to him but little hope of change in his position. Great genius, of course, may, in exceptional cases, work a way for some men of the humblest origin to fame and honour; but that is beside our question altogether. It is said that men, working for wages, may, indeed, by skill and industry, acquire high pay, and may put money into savings banks; but if they do not like that method of investment, if they wish to purchase with their little hoard an altered, and, as they believe, improved position in the world, they cannot do so very easily. This

statement is quite true. We called attention last year to the report of the Committee on Savings, when it was published. The recommendations made in that report have to be kept before the public. They are just and sound. We will recall them briefly.

It was recommended as most just and fit that working men should have full liberty to make whatever honest use they pleased of their own earnings; that, therefore, if it were thought desirable by any of them to combine their savings for investment in a trade, they ought not to be hindered from associating for such a purpose, in tens, twenties, or whatever other numbers their funds or their designs might render most convenient to themselves. It was proved, however, that the laws of partnership, as now existing in this country, press with no slight weight, upon men possessing full resources; and tend to crush the enterprise of men with little means. It was recommended, therefore, to revise the Partnership Laws as soon as possible, and for the present to give facility to working men for the formation of trade associations, by exempting such associations from the laws affecting joint stock companies; those laws being expensive and utterly unsuited to men working with a trifling capital. It was proved also, that in all classes there exists among us a great desire to own a house or land; that the complexity of the laws concerning land, the ex-

penses connected with its transfer, and such matters, have placed land almost out of the reach of tradesmen and men following professions, — still more, therefore, out of the grasp of a day-labourer. It was recommended that means should be found for enabling land to be purchased cheaply and safely, wholesale or retail, like any other article of commerce.

To all these suggestions — pure and simple, as the French say — we append our most unqualified assent. The Socialist advocates these justly; but when he tells us for what reason he advocates them, and what more he wants, we find ourselves unable to agree with him. We do not despair of being able to show, even in a very few words, why he advocates them as a check to competition. He wants competition stopped. "It is the wheel," he says, "which hurries us down hill." Now let us pause and think.

Is it intended by those who advocate No-competition, as a principle, to eradicate what they consider the disease out of society, upon the plan of homœopathy, that is to say, opposing like to like? Do they suppose they can extinguish competition by extending it? The suggestions to which we have just now assented are simply suggestions for an increased competition. The daily labourer says to the shop-keeper, "You pay me for my services, and sell what I produce at an increased price to the consumer. My means

are little, and I can't afford to keep a shop; but, if I and my fellow-workmen might be suffered to combine our little savings and to trade together safely, we *would* keep a shop, and sell our own work, taking all the profit to ourselves. We think you overpaid for being our salesman." Very good, we say, by way of comment; if you think you can better yourselves by so doing, we are most desirous that you should be able to fulfil your wishes; that is, to compete with the master tradesmen. We, for our own parts, thoroughly agree with your desire, not because we think competition evil, but because we would have all men suffered to compete. On this principle, we give support to the establishment of what are called "co-operative shops." Do you ask our opinion of their probable success? We cannot answer that. Such shops exist here and there, but they are at present merely pets and patterns. Some exceedingly defective; but we do not charge their defects upon the system. When you say the master tradesman takes too large a profit for a salesman's wages, you must bear in mind that he is more than salesman — that he is risk-bearer as well. Co-operative shops, left to run fairly alone, will take their chance like other shops; often succeed, and sometimes fail. There will be many men who will prefer the skill which can command wages and an income free from risk, to the chance of an adventure on their own account.

There will be many other men, too, who would not be disappointed if they found an error in their calculation of the profit to be got from independent action; and if they earned less than they could earn as wages, would still much prefer — though they were poorer for it — to be masters only of themselves. We cannot venture to foretell the whole result which would ensue from a general establishment of shops maintained by the associated capital of workmen; we believe it would be good. But, good or bad, the experiment is fair and honest: therefore, if a trial of it be desired, it is but fit that all impediments of law should be removed out of its way.

Then, in the case of land, you say it is shut up among great landlords and others; burdened with entails and fees — anything but simple, — and surrounded by a set of laws entirely arbitrary, guided by no simple rule of right, nor anything else that is simple; not even a simple rule of wrong. You say, let those who wish to sell land which is their own sell it, when they wish, and as they can; let those who wish to buy it, buy it as they wish, and can. There is no law against buying a halfpenny candle; let there be no more impediment to buying an acre of land. If it be told you that land in small quantities would do you more harm than good, you say — trust us for that — because if it hurts us, we shan't like it, and we are not more apt than other folks to buy what we don't like. That

is all sound enough; but wherein lies its soundness? In its recognition of the principle of competition. The land is much protected, and you want free trade in it. Let all men, you say, compete on equal terms for its possession. In land, as in other things, it is not competition; but it is protection which destroys the proper balance and creates a cause of grievance in our social system. Whatever is just, is fit. Whatever just thing a man wishes to do, no power from without should hinder him from doing. Law should repress nothing but wrong: every restriction of an arbitrary nature, based on theory however accurate, will be a blunder in our legislation; and the blunders of this kind in our law books, made years ago, and based on theories long numbered with the dead, press sometimes on one class, sometimes on another. We must all be free agents, and never feel that the law has a bit in our mouths, except when we offend the principle of justice. To require a forcible check upon competition, is to be protectionist in the most sweeping sense of the word, to get the law to drive us not only with a bit, but with a curb, and hold us as constantly reined up with a tight hand.

But, to continue concerning land. Once there was in this country a class of yeomen; men who owned their little farms; and of that class we had always reason to be proud. The desire of forming large, compact estates, begot in great proprietors the habit of

purchasing contiguous small farms, and joining them into a single property. So our yeomanry died out. Recently there have arisen societies in England — Freehold Land or Building Associations — which reverse that operation, buy estates, and cut them into little properties. This is fair retaliation. It began, as is well known, in a political suggestion, for the increase of county voters; but that first design has been almost utterly lost sight of — no matter whether it was good or bad — a greater object was perceived and is now being grasped by those whom it concerns. When it was found that men could pay, out of their wages, a small instalment weekly; and, by combination of their single pounds, purchase land advantageously, and earn possession of a house or bit of ground, a powerful motive for industry and for saving was presented. There was held out to them the most desirable of all investments; and the legislature, recognising the good that was resulting, and would yet result from the healthy extension of a movement of this kind, slipped a few obstacles out of its path, and gave it some facilities. Unprincipled men did, indeed, trade upon this honest impulse of the working classes; and, one of those leaders, of whom there are too many active to mislead, threw great discredit on the cause he had pretended to support. Nevertheless, the principle is sound, and will extend itself; but upon the whole

subject of land societies, however, we have facts to relate, and cautions to suggest, which must be reserved until another opportunity.

We assent, then, to co-operative shops, and to land societies (with the proviso, of course, that they be of an honest kind), and we assent to them, because they are fair assertions of the right of competition. To the moral argument on their behalf, that they are social — that men who combine are friendly to each other — that a sort of brotherhood is implied in the act of combination — we make no objection. If ten or a hundred men think that they can love each other better by being partners in business, or fellow members of a land society, and if they find that they do so love each other better, we are glad of it. Only don't let them impose their theory on people who believe that they can live at peace with their neighbours without such artificial aid. Let those who feel themselves morally edified by running into groups, run into groups, and be content. Shall married men force wives on bachelors, or bachelors divorce all husbands from their wives? The moral argument for Socialism is not worth a syllable beyond the conscience of the person using it; unless, in the spirit of a true protectionist as he is, he would tie consciences, as well as trades.

We have now illustrated, by an example or two, our deliberate opinion, that there is nothing sound in the creed of Socialism

which is not based upon the principle of competition. Let us next turn to the doctrine of protected wages, looking the difficulties caused by competition in the first place, fairly in the face. The competition for labour tends to reduce wages, and the workmen then endeavour to protect themselves by strikes. Well, as we before said, let every man be master of himself; but then, again, let him dictate to nobody. The workman who prefers to work can never honestly, by words or blows, be forced into a strike by his companions. But if men "strike" without using coercion on their neighbours, neighbours rush in and occupy the places they leave vacant. If that be their position, they assuredly are unwise if they strike at all. As for their independence, they had no right to claim such a thing for themselves who are unable to concede it to their fellows. But the case is, we admit, very frequently hard, and once in a dozen times we can imagine a strike justified by circumstances. Workmen undoubtedly abound, who, having but a low standard of comfort, will work for any wages. Those who have least to hope are reckless; they marry early, and rear children, in their destitution, who have never learnt to cherish any sense of comfort. These grow up, and are content to work for what will keep them miserably as they have been kept; while men who are trained to fix their comfort somewhat higher in the scale, must pull their standard

down too often in the race of competition. It cannot be helped. Men who are content simply to keep themselves alive, will grasp for work at any wages. Trades unions in vain attempt to fence them off. It must not be supposed that we would enforce any external check upon the growth of surplus population. Among men who have anything to hope, there is always, more or less, the internal check of prudence in restraining hasty marriages. Perhaps if we were better educated and more independent, than some of us care to be, we should aspire to better homes, and postpone marriage for a few years, just at first. Men in the middle classes among us usually wait until they can marry without sinking in the world; and in foreign countries, as in Germany, Belgium, or Switzerland, where the working class is well informed, and can live comfortably, the average age of marriage for all people is about thirty-one or thirty-two.* The English generally rich and poor (partly because they are a home-loving nation, partly for other reasons) marry very early. They may be wise for doing so, or they may not. We must accept the fact, and be aware, also, that emigration is the safety valve for that excess of population which makes competition pinching.

* In Prussia, however, and in some other countries on the Continent, no man can obtain a license to marry until he produces satisfactory evidence to prove, and security to insure, his ability to keep a wife.

Competition then does pinch? We have admitted so much. Therefore why not remove the pressure; set a limit to the fall of wages, and give bread to all? Why not "defy competition," as the advertisers say? The idea seems very simple when we stand still and look at it, and look no farther. If you run away from an enemy, it seems to be no great call upon your strength to say that you must jump over a three-foot wall that lies across your track. But what if there should be a precipice upon the other side? would it not then be better to turn round and face the enemy?

Perhaps you see no precipice. Come, then, and look. You would have a point to be fixed, below which wages should be held unreasonable — below which, therefore, wages should not go. In that way, you say, you would soon put an end to the "distressed needlewomen," and all their like. Assuredly you would. Starvation would soon clear them off for you, unless we mightily enlarged the workhouses. Consider first what wages are. They are allowances of money paid for skill or labour in producing something; which allowances the employer gets repaid to him with profit by the sale or use of the thing that has been produced. If he obtained no profit, it is certain that he would not employ men to work for him. Though, to be sure, some men employ others to their loss, and become bankrupt. Very well, then labourers must suffer

their employer to take at least so much profit from the produce of their labour as will suffice for his support. Let us suppose that he engages to pay in material and wages the utmost sum that will leave him able to get bread and cheese. There is an utmost sum; suppose he pays it. Say he can afford to pay in wages two thousand a year for work that returns to him only two thousand and fifty. Well, as the matter now stands, under competition, he has that money to pay in wages, and he offers, we will say, a pound a week on the average. He employs, then, forty men, and feeds them each with an average of somewhere about fifty pounds a year.

But hunger abounds; the standard of comfort is low in the working class; fifty pounds a year is a superfluous mine of wealth; men press their services on this employer for an average remuneration of, let us say, fifteen shillings apiece weekly. That is competition. The employer then accepts their terms, his rate of wages falls to fifteen shillings, and his two thousand pounds will now find work for more hands, food for more mouths, although not so much or such good food for each.

But the employer will, in this new position, not only have more workmen to pay (because each is content with a smaller portion of the fund at his disposal), but, having more labour for the same capital, he makes a larger profit and extends his resources; so that he has not two thousand,

but two thousand five hundred pounds, to be distributed. He takes, accordingly, new workmen — feeds new mouths — in a proportion greater than is made by the direct interference of the competition. Competition had decided that the given capital should be divided into smaller portions in order that more hands might be recipients of it; but now, in addition to that, its decision has led to the creation of fresh capital, fresh wages; and has placed in his care five hundred pounds more to the credit of the whole body of the working population.

Now reverse this picture. Carry out the theory of controlled wages. Fix this employer to an average of a pound a week for forty people; since he would have to pay high salary to some, the average of about fifty pounds a year to each is reasonable. Stop at the reasonable. All the hungry fellows outside, who would work for fifteen shillings, have to keep aloof. This business will maintain forty men at the fixed rate of payment; but the master goes into the gazette if he should take forty-two. The hungry man without must starve, or live upon the nation's charity. Competition having been suppressed, the extension of cheap labour does not produce, as it did, rapid increase of capital and fresh extension of employment. The employer's business does indeed grow, but not so fast. Do you see now the use of competition? how it tends to overthrow monopolies, give all men

access to the food? And although it is impossible at present to prevent the mouths from being here and there too many for the meat; yet the resources yielded up by property do get in this way to be fairly divided among all; and the advantage derived by property from competition is of a kind which multiplies the loaves and fishes in the lap of those who are competing.

Let us now look at the No-competition system from another point of view. There are many in this country, you may say, who live in luxury; their waste would feed the poor. Since there must be hosts of unemployed men when we put an end to competition, we will make these men eaters in idleness of bread taken as tax from those who have too much. We will suppose no wrong done to the luxurious by such a tax. Will there be no wrong done by it to the working class, if we convert more than half of them into reckless paupers, sure of their bread? Where, then, will be our independence? We may talk about court sinecures, and titled paupers, and all that sort of thing, with much abated indignation, when we ourselves choose to be pauperised. But never mind that; grant that it is fair, and that our pride does not rebel against the proposition. Let all superfluities be mulcted with a tax to feed the men kept out of work by the forced price of labour. These men, who, under the system of competition, would, most of them, have been at work

and adding to the country's capital, will make a swarm of pensioned drones, playing at work, perhaps, set by the state; as little girls have stitch-work set to them to keep them out of mischief. At the same time a limited supply of labourers, employed by the capital of the country, would be producing far less wealth from which to provide future wages. Capital yielding year by year a heavy tax, beside the limit on its operation, would diminish steadily; that is to say, the fund out of which wages come would be continually on the decline: at the same time, a race of men, careless and sure of food, would cause the population to increase still faster than it does at present; till at last there would come an end to this — a day when we could no more live upon our fat. Competition, then, being natural and wholesome, when it has full play, will keep the social system healthy; although it may now and then involve hard exercise, and make us rather lean.

We have left a difficulty still, from which we do not wish to turn aside; present excess of population. The difficulty is not one beyond our power to remove. Well-organised emigration will reduce the competition in this country; but we hope that even the little space we have devoted to the topic has been quite enough to show that there is danger in the doctrine of a forced protection for the poor, no less than for the rich.

THE LAW OF MERCY.

'T IS written with the pen of heavenly
Love
On every heart which skill divine has
moulded;

A transcript from the statute-book above,
Where angels read their Sovereign's
will unfolded.

It bids us seek the holes where famine
lurks,
Clutching the hoarded crust with
trembling fingers;
Where Toil in damp unwholesome caverns
works,
Or with strain'd eyeballs o'er the needle
lingers.

It bids us stand beside the dying bed
Of those about to quit the world for
ever;
Smooth the toss'd pillow, prop the sink-
ing head,
Cheer the heart-broken, whom death
hastes to sever.

It bids us tell the tempted that the joy
Of guilt indulged, will change ere long
to sorrow;
The draught of sickly sweetness soon
will cloy,
And pall upon the sated taste to-
morrow.

And those who copy thus Christ's life on
earth,
Feeding the poor, and comforting the
weeper,
Will all receive a meed of priceless worth,
When ripely gather'd by the heavenly
Reaper.

THE FOREIGN INVASION.

WHEN Great Britain, through the Royal Commission, presided over by Prince Albert, issued cards of invitation for a *conversazione* of all the world in Hyde Park, those ingenious persons — literary, political, and otherwise — whose chief mission in this life appears

to be prophecy — prophecy in all shapes, and anent all matters, from the “tip” and “pick” of Derby, or St. Leger winners, to the foretelling of wars and famines — immediately set themselves to work to predict a series of horrors and misfortunes of every description, and all of which were infallibly to result from the Great Exhibition. The large family of birds of ill omen arose as one raven. The finders of mysterious mares’ nests; the concoctors of dark legends, having the prophetic “cock” and the visionary “bull” for heroes; the purveyors of traditional pigeons’ milk, and the incubators of preternaturally addled eggs, gathered themselves together; and, amid the fogs of November, 1850, wagged their heads, and sibilated evil predictions awfully.

But the foreign question! The foreigners! *That* was the *cheval de bataille* of the prophetic brigade. The nasty, dirty, greasy, wicked, plundering, devastating, murdering, frog-eating, atheistical foreigners! Here was a subject for a Delphic “pick” — for a Sibylline “tip.” National Guards marching on London! The Madonna of Rimini winking in Lamb’s Conduit Street; General Haynau delivering lectures on military discipline to the young ladies’ seminaries at Blackheath. The foreigners in London! The *grand Lor Maire de Londres* blacking the Czar Nicholas’s jackboots, while a corps of Austrian Uhlans amused themselves with ball practice in

Guildhall, with Gog and Magog for targets, and Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey for setter up. The foreigners in London! war, ruin, and desolation! Middlesex the *département de la Tamise*, and three regiments of Cossacks bivouacking at Price’s Patent Candle Manufactory. Pestilence, of course; the plague, the yellow fever, the *vomito nero*, and the cholera morbus. The wicked Exhibition Building made useful as a lazaretto; and all the omnibuses turned into plague-carts. The foreigners in London! England unchristianised; the Archbishop of Canterbury guillotined in Lambeth Walk; and Dr. Cumming sewed up in a sack with Cardinal Wiseman, the head Rabbi of the Portuguese Synagogue, and the Chief Elder of the Mormonites, or Latter-Day Saints, and cast into the Victoria Sewer. Atheism, pantheism, polytheism, deism, Mahomedanism, Buddhism, everywhere. England, of course, nowhere. The foreigners in London! Fire, famine, and slaughter; Popery, brass money, and wooden shoes!

How far these delightful anticipations have been realised, the readers of this sheet know as well as I do. The threatened invasion has taken place: the Gaul, the Teuton, the Muscovite, and the Moslem have arrived — and to the extent of some thousands, too — yet, I am proud to say that the flag of England, named “Meteor” by Thomas Campbell, does “yet terrific burn” above the gates of

Buckingham Palace, and Mr. Cutmore's European Dining Rooms. The stearine in Price's Candle Manufactory yet remains, I am informed, unconsumed by Cossacks; and all men, rash enough to wage war with John Doe and Richard Roe, will find, to their cost, that "Middlesex to wit" has not yet been superseded by any "*Département*," "*Arrondissement*," or "*Division Militaire*," whatsoever. Still, the foreigners are in London.

Where are they? How has room been found for them, as well as for the huge body of provincials also sojourning in the metropolis? I myself (and the confession is humiliating, after my invective on the soothsayers) must admit having previously indulged, to some extent, in the prophetic line about these same foreigners. I predicted Regent Street blocked up, and Pall Mall rendered impassable. My friends and acquaintances, joining me, saw, *in futuro*, a crop of fezzes in the streets, rivalling the poppies in a wheat field. I and they babbled of the confusion of tongues — the polyglot dynasty of dialects — septentrional, meridional, oriental, and occidental, which were to reign in places of public resort. We heard a myriad of voices at Her Majesty's Theatre calling on Mr. Balfe for the "*Marseillaise*," the "*Hymn of Pio Nono*," "*Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland*," "*Viva la Constitution*," the Romaic war song, "*Tambourgi, Tambourgi*," and "God save the Emperor

Francis." "Yes," we said, "we shall see them." The mercurial Gaul, with beard unkempt, and *chapeau à la Robespierre*. The German, meerschaumed, *kraut* perfumed, and thumb-ringed. The Yankee, in his rocking chair at the window of Morley's hotel, walloping "his own nigger" in the face of the Anti-Slavery Society, and bowie-kniving the last British traveller who has published his impressions of America. The Mexican careering through Barbican, lassoing the cattle coming from "Smiffel." A council-fire of the Duckfoot Indians held in Covent Garden market, and "*La al-lah, il allah: resail allah!*" resounding through the no-longer deserted halls of the Arcade of Lowther. In our mind's eye, Horatio, we saw these things. Also, churches for all nations and all creeds, from fire-worshippers to Obeahmen. Also eating-houses, providing a curriculum of comestibles from stewed dog to potato salad. Also, taverns, where the Tartar might take his modicum of quass and mare's milk, and the water-carrier of Bagdad his fill of Raki.

The Exhibition is now nearly over; but the actual state of affairs has not, I must further confess, quite come up to what I consider the mark. Thus, my friends and acquaintances have been apt, lately, to fall, what is nautically termed, "foul" of me; reproaching *me* (and, doubtless, in private themselves) as regards the discrepancies existing between what

I fancied would be, and what really is. "Where are the fezzes?" they impetuously demand. "We have seen but three to-day. One, to our knowledge, belongs to an Egyptian youth, walking King's College Hospital, and who, if his father wasn't a negro, might certainly apply for a criminal information against his lips and shins for libel; while the other appertains to a commercial traveller in the dry-goods line, who has just returned from a three weeks' holiday in Paris."

"Where is the Bedouin in his bernouse? — the Iberian in his sombrero? where the fierce Suliote in his 'snowy camisa and shaggy capote?' Is not all this that you (and we) have predicted — 'bosh' — and have you not laughed at our beards? I say, Sir, that there are, and have been, comparatively, *no* foreigners in London." To which I answer, that they have been, and are, here. "Then, where are they?"

With some idea of solving this question to my own satisfaction, if not to that of my co-inquirers, I have been on a little voyage of discovery, lately, after our ultramontane visitors. I have chiefly consulted my own nose as a guide in my researches, following it, indeed, with remarkable pertinacity. I am also under considerable obligation to my eyes, for the aid they have afforded me; and I should be doing an act of injustice to my ears, were I to omit to make honourable mention of the

aid they have been to me in the matter.

I was unable, at first, to trace the foreigners in any considerable numbers beyond Leicester Square on the one hand, and the interior and exterior of the public conveyances on the other. These latter I found continually passing me, crammed, inside and out, with aliens. There were no bernouses, and few fezzes; but there were legions of marvellous beards and moustachioses, and hats of every degree of eccentric construction and soft material. I grew gradually awake to an alarming number of foreign inquiries as to what "back fare" meant, and of disputes with cabmen as to the amount of the fare itself; — the ideas of the foreigners being generally regulated by the contents of their guide-books, which being compiled, as a general rule, from other guide-books knocking about on second-hand book-stalls any time these ten years, gave very contradictory and often apocryphal statements on this *vexata quæstio*; while the notions of the cabmen were as generally guided by the recognised laws of vehicular extortion, and the received statutes made and provided in the case of making hay while the sun shines. Having a slight acquaintance with the principal languages of Europe, I deemed it my duty, in this the outset of my career, to be of such service as I could in the way of interpreting to these perplexed persons; but I found that, in most cases, the aliens were

more inclined to pin their faith on their guide-books (probably on the venerable principle of "what is in print must be true") than on my representations. One corpulent Frenchman I witnessed, vainly endeavouring to discover the legal fare from St. Katherine's Docks to Portman Square, by a reference to the time-bill of the East Lincolnshire Railway, in Bradshaw; and another, I found helplessly turning over a volume which he had purchased at Dover, as a complete tabular compendium of cab and omnibus fares, and which I discovered to be "Paterson's Roads," published in the year 1812. Gradually, too, I grew alive to the tactics of those aliens unacquainted with the English vernacular, who endeavoured to seduce a cabman to conveying them to their domiciles, by holding up two fourpenny pieces, and saying, "Leycesterr Squarr, you go?" an offer invariably repulsed with contemptuous indignation.

Leicester Square itself I found foreign, of course, but to my astonishment, not much more foreign than usual. Had I not *known* that they were here, and must be here, I should have been disheartened. The same delightful aroma of the virginian weed prevailed as of yore; and the same delightfully mysterious gushes of French cookery were wafted upwards from the kitchens of the Sablonière. Yet I did not perceive any very great augmentation of the usual "outlandish" denizens of the square. I had seen the

same flying corps of French touters any time since the Revolution of July. I had seen the same fat alien, with no waistcoat on, smoking, in the first-floor of the *Hôtel de l'Europe*, every day since I was a little child. The knot of moustachioed men in white hats gathered round the "*Prince de Galles*" were no strangers to me; neither was the colossal alien at the door of the foreign cigar-shop, from whose lips the short black pipe, filled with *caporal*, seems as seldom removed as he himself from the threshold of that emporium of tobacco. He has been there since the days of June '48, to *my* knowledge. They whisper that he was a Cabinet minister in the early days of the Republic, and that he travels in the wine trade, now. As for the old French oaths, — the *refrains* of the old German *Lieds* — the fag-ends of the old Italian *bravuras* — they were familiar to me as "household words;" and the greatest stranger I could descry was Mr. Wyld's Great Globe, opposite to which I found a meek native of Frankfort, who had the infallible guide-book open at an engraving of the Colosseum, before which panoramic famed building he conceived himself to be standing.

Away, then, somewhat dispirited, into the adjacent Haymarket and Piccadilly, where long strings of omnibuses showed me their roofs surmounted by strings as long of foreigners, displaying the soles of their international boots to the passers-by. They were

borne away from me speedily, and I followed them to the Exhibition; where, by this time, it had occurred to me that I might find a considerable number of aliens.

Considerable, certainly, but not by any means the number I expected. The fezzes still in a woful minority. No signs of the ber-nouse, the snowy camisa, or the shaggy capote yet. Sunburnt Lancashire faces, Manchester wide-awakes, Agricultural red cotton pocket-handkerchiefs, decidedly in the ascendant. Here and there the eccentric chapeau, or the enticing bonnet, with the inevitable beard or moustache, show me the male and female alien passing; but I am *not* jostled, *not* mobbed by them. The "Coom alongs," and "Looke eares," are a thousand to one of the "*Dites doncs*," or the "*Corpo di Baccos*."

In the French department, I found a fair muster of the volubility, the gesticulation of the Grande Nation; but nothing to speak of—a mere drop of water in the sea. Round the "Greek Slave," a compact mass of hard, dry men, with turn-down collars, straight hair, black satin waist-coats, and tall hats on the backs of their heads, who were triumphantly dividing their glances between Mr. Power's statue and Mr. Catlin's "Wild Indian," and artfully spitting between the crevices of the flooring meanwhile. These were Americans, I knew; and my teeming fancy immediately shaped forth glorious visions of thousands of Transatlantic visi-

tors, gathered together in the rather scantily-furnished American department. Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts, were perchance to be found rallying round the daguer-reotypes: Louisiana, Iowa, and Texas, might be wandering in the regions of India-rubber: and New York and Rhode Island not found wanting at the stand of old Dr. Jacob Townshend's Sarsaparilla. So impressed was I with this idea, that I contemplated an extended survey of this portion of the World's Fair; but I was deterred, and indeed several subsequent attempts to investigate the United States section cut short by two insurmountable obstacles. The first was the hideous aspect of the India-rubber Diver, which (having my nerves as well as other people) I never could prevail on myself to pass; the second, a dreadful individual, in this same India-rubber department, who was always cracking a ferocious and gigantic India-rubber whip, which suggested to me such horrifying thoughts of negro slavery (the villain used to crack it with a vindictive relish, and exercise it on a huge black caoutchouc cushion, dreadfully like negro flesh)—such freezing pictures of cotton fields, and "cash for negroes," and "run away from the subscriber"—such awful tableaux of barracoons, and slave-shackles, and King Tom or Peter selling God's image and his own for rum and muskets to the Christian captain of that tight Brazilian craft,

the "*Nostra Senhora de Caridad*," — such frightful ideas, in a word, of lashings and gashings, paddling, pickling, bowie-kniving, and revolvering, that I never had courage to pursue my American researches farther, and could never regain my equanimity without at least half-an-hour's inspection of Mr. Hope's jewels, or the comical creatures from Wurtemberg.

On the whole, therefore, my impressions regarding the numbers of foreigners in the Crystal Palace were not of a gigantic description.

In my search after the foreign ladies and gentlemen, I visited the elegant establishment of Mr. Veery, in Regent Street, where I found the same foreign ladies and gentlemen, eating ices, whom I have always seen; and the same gorgeously-bearded Italian nobleman, in the wonderful extent of shirt-front, picking his teeth after his dinner, whom I know to be attached, in a vocal capacity, to the Royal Italian Opera. I loitered in the Quadrant; but there were as many cigars and beards there in the year 1840 as when I loitered. I strolled into Golden Square; but the private hotel had no more than the usual complement of Spaniards and Italians. I looked in Sherrard Street, and dined at that wonderful Italian table d'hôte, where there are also warm baths. I had macaroni and *ravioli*; and wondered which was the dining-room, and which the warm bath. I found few foreigners at Bertolini's, and not

many above the average array of *premières danseuses* at Dubourg's, I studiously investigated every foreign haunt — every place where, from old foreign connections and habits, I knew the children of the sunny south were wont to "hang out." I found many, but not the thousands — the teeming hordes — I had pledged my word for.

And yet they are all here, I will pledge you my word still. The fez is here. I know where to find the sombrero and the bernouse; and I can put my hand on the snowy camisa and the shaggy capote. There are immense numbers of foreigners in London; but shall I tell you the truth about them, dear reader? — LONDON HAS SWALLOWED THEM ALL UP! This Moloch of a city — this great Dragon of Wantley — holds them all in her capacious maw, and would hold twice as many. I never had such an idea of the immensity of London as now, knowing, as I do, how many foreigners there are in it; for when I had left off seeking them in the places I most expected to find them in, they started up by thousands in localities where I never had the least idea of seeing them. They beset me at public dinners. I came across them in hospitals and prisons. They beleaguered me in markets and shops. In the next pew of the chapel served by the minister I sit under, there were no less than eight Norwegians, who behaved themselves as decently throughout the service and ser-

mon as though they had been Christians.

I dined at Greenwich. Young France sat beside me, gorged with white-bait, and steeped in brown bread and butter. A fez — two fezzes — three fezzes, were deep in some iced drink. I hope it wasn't cider cup. As I came out of the door I found Columbia smoking on the threshold: and at the railway station there was a collision between two Hidalgos, with blue blood at least in their veins, and a porter. Young France sang songs in the carriage to us, all the way to town; and I lost my heart irrevocably to young (female) Germany. I shook hands with old Belgium (grey-headed and silver snuff-boxed) on parting. I confess that he spoke much better English than I did French; and that he knew a great deal more about the Navigation Laws and the Cotton Manufacture than I shall ever do.

I went to the Derby; and the Grand Stand had quite an irruption of fezzes in it. Carriages-and-four passed me on the road full of foreigners; and, to say the truth, I myself lunched on what a French acquaintance called a "*cosh foreinan*," — which was indeed an ancient mail-coach, with the letters painted over, laden with no less than four-and-twenty male and female French people. On coming back, the Cock, at Sutton, offered a very good model, on a small scale, of the Tower of Babel; and I think I must have heard tea called for in at least twenty-two lan-

guages. They ought to have secured George Borrow, Elihu Burrit, or the Ghost of Pic de la Mirandole, as waiters.

A friend of mine, the Middlesex Cock-sparrow, indeed, had a "benefit" lately at the house of that well-known boniface, and erst champion of the ring, Stunning Smithers. The Cock-sparrow, it appears, had lately had a difference with a police magistrate relative to the value of the hat, coat, and left eye of a police constable, all three of which he had damaged (the latter beyond redemption) in a nocturnal affray. The magistrate had assessed these damages at a somewhat high figure; so high, indeed, that my friend was obliged to be continually walking up-stairs at a banking-house at Brixton, for two mortal months, before he could get a receipt in full. When he came out, however, his friends, to use the language of the placard he caused to be printed, "rallied round him;" and a choice exhibition of sparring took place between Porky Grimes, the Clerkenwell Bruiser, Nigger Hopkins, Charley Fidd, with the Cock-sparrow and Stunning Smithers for the wind-up. A whole host of foreigners "assisted," as the foreign phrase was, at the benefit. How they came there, and who was kind enough to be their *cicerone*, I am unable to state; but there they were, great in hats and beards of every imaginable shape. They called the exhibition "*boaks Anglais*," and were in ecstasies with the wind-up — shaking

hands with the Cock-sparrow all round, and tumultuously promising to be present at a "little mill" which was shortly to take place between the Clerkenwell Bruiser and Nigger Hopkins, for twenty pounds a side.

At the theatres, also, I discovered that the foreigners mustered in immense force. Not, curiously enough, at the great foreign establishments, but at the smaller national temples of the drama. They seemed well pleased, though, I must say, wondrously perplexed at the "screaming farces" they witnessed. I wonder whether it ever struck them that there was a curious family likeness between the "screamers" in question and their own pleasant chatty vaudevilles; — whether in the antics of that eminent comedian Dobbs — of that established favourite of the public, Nobbs, — they recognised, here and there, something appertaining to their own Achards and Bouffés. Greatly delighted with everything, they, nathless, seemed to be. After the theatres were over, they inundated the neighbouring oyster-shops; and, on several occasions, I have even had the honour of acting as guide, philosopher, and friend to a party of foreigners, who insisted on visiting the Cider Cellars, the Coal-Hole, or the Shades. Wherever they had become acquainted with the renown of those extraordinary and somewhat questionable places of entertainment, I have no means of judging; but go they would, and go they did,

affably entering into the spirit of the constitutional maxim of giving orders while the waiter was in the room, discussing the fragrant weed, and the steaming whisky and water, and listening to the melancholy singers with extraordinary patience and complacency.

I declare as a man willing to be pleased, and yet requiring something out of the common order of things to please him, that it does me good to see how the foreigners drink our beer and shake hands with us. The first they are continually swigging, the last they are as continually doing. They seem to consider the "*poignée de main*" as an equivalent for that ceremonious hat-lifting, so prevalent abroad, and so rare here. As to the beer, they drink it by bucketsful. They seem not to regret their own beautiful Bordeaux and Burgundies, white and red — their sparkling Hochheimers and Rüdesheimers — their delightful wines of Spain and the Levant. Beer — "porter beer," swipes — is their ultimatum. In vain have I talked to them of the Quassia and Coccus Indicus, two grains of paradise, known from analysis to form component parts of that beverage. In vain have I hinted at the possibility of Barclay's Entire being "doctored" or "fined," or whatever the adulterating gentry call it. Beer they would have; and beer they would drink, out of, and by, the pot.

But I must make an end of it, as regards the foreigners, and as

regards this paper too. My readers may not have been so curious as I have on the subject. They may have taken the large number of foreigners for granted, and thought no more about the matter. Others again, from a constitutional dislike to "furriners" on principle, may have disdained to inquire, and would rather not know any thing about them. Yet even these, I think, must acknowledge that our foreign visitors have neither burnt our houses about our ears, nor endeavoured to overturn our government, nor run away with our daughters. They have behaved themselves peaceably and good-naturedly, and have borne with our little peculiarities amiably. Moreover, they have paid for what they have had, like honest men. May I be permitted to surmise, that from this mutual sight-seeing and metropolis-visiting, this international-fête-giving, and hand-shaking, some little, some trifling good may arise? Is it too wild a thought to hope that our children will not *quite* believe that the French necessarily eat frogs, and are all dancing-masters — that every Italian gentleman carries a stiletto in his bosom, and a bowl of poison in his left-hand pocket — that German babies are weaned on sauer-kraut — that revenge is the one inevitable passion with which all Spaniards are possessed — and that the unvarying fate of all Turkish ladies is to be sewn up in sacks, and cast into the Bosphorus? Is it really impossible that

our grandchildren may discard those legends altogether? On the other hand, it strikes me that our continental neighbours will not henceforward be quite so decided as heretofore in their notions and impressions respecting us. I don't think we shall be called "perfidious Albion" quite so frequently. I am of opinion that the editors of foreign newspapers will no longer declare that we live on raw beefsteaks, and occasionally eat the winners of our Derbies; that every nobleman takes his "bouledogue" to court with him; that we are in the daily habit of selling our wives in Smithfield market; and that during the month of November three-fourths of the population of London commit suicide. Altogether, I think that a little peace, and a little good-will, and a little brotherhood among nations will result from the foreign invasion; and that it will in future be no longer a matter of course, that because fifty thousand Frenchmen in blue coats and red trousers meet fifty thousand Englishmen in blue trousers and red coats, they must all fall to, and cut or blow each other to atoms.

CHIPS.

EYES MADE TO ORDER.

CONTRADICTORY opinions prevail as to the limits that should be assigned to the privilege of calling Art to the aid of Nature. To some persons a wig is the type of

a false and hollow age; an emblem of deceit; a device of ingenious vanity, covering the wearer with gross and unpardonable deceit. In like manner, a crusade has been waged against the skill of the dentist — against certain artificial “extents in aid” of symmetry effected by the milliner.

The other side argues, in favour of the wig, that, in the social intercourse of men, it is a laudable object for any individual to propose to himself, by making an agreeable appearance, to please, rather than repel, his associates. On the simple ground that he would rather please than offend, an individual, not having the proper complement of hair and countenance, places a cunningly-fashioned wig upon his head, artificial teeth in his mouth, and an artificial nose upon his face. A certain money-lender, it is urged, acknowledged the elevating power of beauty when he drew a veil before the portrait of his favourite picture, that he might not see the semblance of a noble countenance, while he extorted his crushing interest from desperate customers. It is late in the age, say the pro-wig party, to be called upon to urge the refining power that dwells in the beautiful; and, on the other hand, the depression and the coarseness which often attend the constant contemplation of things unsightly. The consciousness of giving unpleasant sensations to spectators, haunts all people who are visibly disfigured. The bald man of five-

and-twenty is an unpleasant object; because premature baldness is unnatural and ugly. Argue the question according to the strictest rules of formal logic, and you will arrive at nothing more than that the thing is undoubtedly unpleasant to behold, and that therefore some reason exists that should urge men to remove it, or hide it. Undoubtedly, a wig is a counterfeit of natural hair; but is it not a counterfeit worn in deference to the sense of the world, and with the view of presenting an agreeable, instead of a disagreeable, object? Certainly. A pinch of philosophy is therefore sprinkled about a wig, and the wearer is not necessarily a coxcomb. As regards artificial teeth; stronger pleas — even than those which support wigs — may be entered. Digestion demands that food should be masticated. Shall, then, a toothless person be forced to live upon spoon-meat, because artificial ivories are denounced as sinful? These questions are fast coming to issue, for Science has so far come to the aid of human nature, that according to an enthusiastic professor, it will be difficult, in the course of another century, to tell how or where any man or woman is deficient. A millennium for Deformity is, it seems, not far distant. M. Boissonneau of Paris, constructs eyes with such extraordinary precision, that the artificial eye, we are told, is not distinguishable from the natural eye. The report of his pretensions will, it is to be feared,

spread consternation among those who hold in abhorrence, and consider artificial teeth incompatible with Christianity; yet the fact must be honestly declared, that it is no longer safe for poets to write sonnets about the eyes of their mistresses, since those eyes may be M. Boissonneau's.

The old rude artificial eyes are simply oval shells, all made from one pattern, and differing only in size and in colour. No pretension to artistic or scientific skill has been claimed by the artificial-eye manufacturer; — he has made a certain number of deep blues, light blues, hazels, and others, according to the state of the eye-market. These rude shells were constructed mainly with the view of giving the wearer an almond-shaped eye, and with little regard to its matching the eye in sound and active service. Artificial eyes were not made to order; but the patient was left to pick out the eye he would prefer to wear, as he would pick out a glove. The manufacture was kept a profound mystery, and few medical men had access to its secrets. The manufacturers sold eyes by the gross, to retail-dealers, at a low price; and these supplied patients. Under this system, artificial eyes were only applicable in the very rare cases of atrophy of the globe; and the effect produced was even more repulsive than that of the diseased eye. The disease was hidden by an unnatural and repulsive expression, which it is difficult to describe. While one

eye was gazing intently in your face, the other was fixed in another direction — immovable, the more hideous because at first you mistook it for a natural eye. A smile may overspread the face, animate the lip, and lighten up the natural eye; but there was the glass eye — fixed, lustreless, and dead. It had other disadvantages: it interfered with the lachrymal functions, and sometimes caused a tear to drop in the happiest moments.

The new artificial eye is 'nothing more than a plastic skullcap, set accurately upon the bulb of the diseased eye, so that it moves with the bulb as freely as the sound eye. The lids play freely over it; the lachrymal functions continue their healthy action; and the bulb is effectually protected from currents of cold air and particles of dust. But these effects can be gained only by modelling each artificial eye upon the particular bulb it is destined to cover; thus removing the manufacture of artificial eyes from the hands of clumsy mechanics, to the superintendence of the scientific artist. Every individual case, according to the condition of the bulb, requires an artificial eye of a different model from all previously made. In no two cases are the bulbs found in precisely the same condition; and, therefore, only the scientific workman, proceeding on well-grounded principles, can pretend to practise ocular prosthesis with success. The newly-invented shell is of

metallic enamel, which may be fitted like an outer cuticle to the bulb — the cornea of which is destroyed — and restores to the patient his natural appearance. The invention, however, will, we fear, increase our scepticism. We shall begin to look in people's eyes, as we have been accustomed to examine a luxuriant head of hair, when it suddenly shoots upon a surface hitherto remarkable only for a very straggling crop. Yet, it would be well to abate the spirit of sarcasm with which wigs and artificial teeth have been treated. Undoubtedly, it is more pleasant to owe one's hair to nature than to Truefit; to be indebted to natural causes for pearly teeth; and to have sparkling eyes with light in them. Every man and woman would rather have an aquiline nose than the most playful pug; no one would exchange eyes agreeing to turn in one direction, for the pertest squint; or legs observing something approaching to a straight line, for undecided legs, with contradictory bends. Hence dumbbells, shoulder-boards, gymnastic exercises, the consumption of sugar steeped in Eau-de-Cologne (a French recipe for imparting brightness to the eyes), ingenious padding, kalydors, odontos, Columbian balms, bandolines, and a thousand other ingenious devices. Devices with an object, surely; — that object, the production of a pleasing *personnel*. It is a wise policy to remove from sight the calamities which horrify

or sadden; and, as far as possible, to cultivate all that pleases from its beauty or its grace. Therefore, let us shake our friend with the cork-leg by the hand, and, acknowledging that the imitation is worn in deference to our senses, receive it as a veritable flesh-and-blood limb; let us accept the wig of our unfortunate young companion, as the hair which he has lost; let us shut our eyes to the gold work that fastens the brilliantly white teeth of a young lady, whose natural dentition has been replaced; and, above all, let us never show, by sign or word, that the appearance of our friend (who has suffered tortures, and lost the sight of one eye) is changed after the treatment invented by M. Boissonneau.

ADVENTURES OF A DIAMOND.

IN "Pictures from St. Petersburg," recently published by Mr. Jerrmann, the German tragedian, we find the history of one of the splendid jewels of the regalia of Russia. The particulars are narrated on the authority of the Pope or Papa in the Greek Church, with whom Jerrmann fell in during a journey. The conversation respecting the great diamond commenced as follows: —

"Have you been to the Hermitage?" inquired my fellow-traveller. — I replied in the affirmative. — "Then you saw the Imperial jewels?" — "I saw the crown, the sceptre, and globe;

and, I confess, I was amazed at their magnificence. One of the diamonds in the sceptre especially riveted my attention. For size and brilliancy it appeared to me incomparable." — "That diamond," rejoined the priest, "is called 'Moon of the Mountain.' In size it perhaps is surpassed; but I doubt whether it is eclipsed in brilliancy by any other diamond now in Europe. Its history, too, may, in the estimation of the curious, tend somewhat to enhance its value." Who was the first possessor of that rare jewel is not known; but an ancient Indian manuscript records that it once served for an eye to the statue of the Grand Lama. That, however, is a tradition which may possibly admit of metaphorical interpretation; for it may be taken merely as indicative of the exquisite radiance and pure water of the diamond. The facts of its more recent history are, however, well authenticated, and I will briefly relate them: —

The celebrated Thomas-Kuli-Khan, who, from the lowly condition of a shepherd's son, ascended the throne of Persia (taking the title of Nadyr Shah), enriched his treasury by a collection of diamonds of marvellous beauty and value. Two of these jewels were believed to be the rarest in the known world; one was called "Sun of the Sea," and the other, "Moon of the Mountain."

Towards the close of a reign glorified by many deeds of heroism, this tyranny of Nadyr Shah

excited his subjects to rebellion. To subdue the outbreak, he raised a numerous force, and placed it under the command of his nephew, Ali-Kuli-Khan. But his nephew turned against him, raised the standard of independence, and challenged his uncle to open battle. Nadyr then marched in person to encounter the rebels; but, before departing from his capital, he collected his vast treasures, and sent them, together with the young princes his sons, under the escort of Nasralla Mirza, to the strong fortress of Kelat — a place deemed impregnable. This was in the year 1747 (1160 of the Hegira).

Nadyr's impending doom was sealed. He had pitched his camp at Khabushan; and during the night, whilst he was sleeping, his nephew and three assassins stole into his tent and murdered him. The head, at whose nod all Asia so lately trembled, was now severed from the body, and exhibited in triumph to the insurgent soldiery.

The rebels were victorious, and most of the strongholds which had belonged to the late Shah, either surrendered or were taken by storm. Kelat, the amazing strength of whose fortifications caused it to be regarded as one of the world's wonders, long held out against the attacks of its assailants: but, finally, accident effected what force might never have accomplished. A soldier, sent to procure water, descended from one of the towers by a ladder, which

he afterwards neglected to remove. This did not escape the observation of some scouts who were on the watch. Information of the circumstance was communicated to the besiegers, who, having gained access to the tower, soon made themselves masters of the fortress, within whose walls a frightful massacre ensued. The young princes fled, were pursued and taken. All were put to death save the youngest, a boy of fourteen, who, under the title of Ali Shah, subsequently ascended to the throne of Khorassan.

The jewels and money which Nadyr had placed in security at Kelat, now belonged, by right of inheritance, to Ali Shah, who ordered them to be removed to his capital. On examination, it was discovered that many of the valuables had been abstracted by pillage, and among the missing jewels was "Moon of the Mountain." Indefatigable search was made, and large rewards offered for its recovery; but in vain! It was given up for lost.

At that time there dwelt in Bassora a rich merchant, named Shafrat, such, at least, was his real name, but, on account of his vast wealth, he was usually distinguished by an appellation synonymous with the term "Millionaire." One day this merchant was visited by an Affghan chief, who offered to sell him some costly jewels. Among them was the lost "Moon of the Mountain." The price demanded for it, though great, was far below its value.

Nevertheless the cautious Shafrat was unwilling to disburse so large a sum without due consideration. He requested to be allowed time to think the matter over. At this proposition the Affghan appeared uneasy and suspicious; but after some hesitation he acceded to the delay. The merchant having maturely weighed the expediency of the purchase, came to the determination of possessing himself of the diamond, and he went in quest of the stranger. Great was his astonishment on learning that the Affghan chief had left Bassora, and that no one knew, with any certainty, whither he had gone. Mortified at his disappointment, Shafrat made diligent search for the holder of the diamond, and, after very great difficulty, he traced him to Bagdad. The bargain was now struck, without further delay, and the diamond became the property of the wealthy merchant of Bassora.

There arose a new difficulty. How was Shafrat to dispose of this jewel? He prudently resolved to conceal it for a time, or to keep his transaction with the Affghan chief a profound secret. He continued to live quietly in Bassora; being afraid to stir out of the city, for ever so short a time, lest his absence should create suspicion.

At length, after the lapse of twelve years, Shafrat ventured on a journey into Europe. He visited Amsterdam, and there offered his jewel for sale. An agent from the Court of England had nearly

concluded an arrangement for the purchase, when an offer made by Count Gregory Orloff, on the part of the Crown of Russia, was too tempting to be resisted. Four hundred thousand rubles, together with letters of nobility, were the price paid for the jewel. The merchant, well satisfied with his augmented wealth, removed from Bassora, and settled in Bagdad, where his descendants yet live; and "Moon of the Mountain," after its many adventurous journeys, was conveyed to St. Petersburg, and found a resting-place in the sceptre of the Empress Elizabeth.

MALVERN WATER.

To spend two days out of the smoke, after having lived for five years in it, is a memorable event. It does not follow that there was no holiday in all those five years. There might have been visits to London, and visits to Manchester, and to Newcastle; but such trips were merely from one density of smoke to another. What a sensation it is now — on a brilliant September day — to look back on the even, brownish cloud which occupies, below a straight line, the sky, on the side where Birmingham lies! What a sensation it is to perceive, from the noisy railroad, the lanes stealing away under the trees, hiding here, and peeping out there, behind the villages, and among the corn-fields! And to see the gleaners in the

upland wheat-grounds; and the geese waddling in the stubbles; and the partridges, in their aristocratic "family compact," perking up their heads here and there, or skirring together over the yellow field! There is still one band of reapers at work — a numerous band on the highest arable ground — whence they look down upon our train, all stopping at once, and all turning at once to their work, as we are swallowed up by the tunnel. And then comes quiet Worcester, with the lights and shadows of its cathedral architecture, cut sharp by the strong sunlight. Even the central streets are quiet, in comparison with Birmingham; — much more so the clean, old-fashioned, red-brick houses within the precincts, where the very pavement seems to be never soiled by the tread of less dainty feet than those of clergy and ladies. In the cloisters, how the shady side contrasts with that which is sun-flecked; and how brilliant is the square carpet of green in the middle! And when Worcester is left behind, and we are wondering at the sensation of coach-travelling, after years of railroads, how beautiful is the first hop-ground, with its tossing clusters, and waving streamers of the freshest green; and little avenues opening between the poles, to quench the thirst of the eye and mind, long parched in the town-desert! Then, there are pear trees, where the pears cluster, and head the topmost boughs of trees fifty feet high. Those are

the pears of which the famous Barlam perry is made. As for the apples, the imagination aches with the question — What is to become of so many? Behind these, however, there is something much better than them — the clear outline of the Malvern Hills. First, the blue mass, growing browner and greener with every mile; then, the black surface of rich woods, rising from the skirts; then, the long, straight row of dwellings, with their white walls shining in the sun. By this time the brown smoke-cloud is almost out of sight; and here is the play-ground of our three-days' holiday.

And what a holiday air there is about the place! We meet invalids among the pleasure-seekers; but even they look merrier than most people elsewhere. The paralytic gentleman, pursuing his infirm walk between his wife's arm and his stick, looks anything but sad; — so does the ashy-pale lady coming briskly down from St. Ann's Well; — so does the emaciated girl who is resting, with her cheerful mother, under the tree in the churchyard. In fact, it is notorious that the patients at Malvern are generally given to intoxication — sure to be tipsy with water, after a few days' trial of the sparkling luxury. Whatever may be the woes of the world in general, Malvern is always merry — that is, the water patients are; and when we speak of Malvern now, we mean water patients.

The conditions of life in England — and, we may add, in

America — are much changed within this century; much changed since the beloved Andrew Combe gave us familiar books, to show us something of the laws of health, and teach us, among other truths, the nature and business of the human skin. It is within the period of steam-boat travelling that American ladies were wont to emerge from their berths in the morning, ready dressed, and to dip the corner of a towel in water, wipe their eyes and mouth, and consider themselves finished for the day. It is within the memory of middle-aged English women, that when at school, — at an expensive and eminent school, — the pupils had one foot-bath for the whole number, and only on Saturday nights. It is within the memory of middle-aged men that they were struck with astonishment and amusement on first hearing of such a thing as washing all over every day. And, perhaps, it is too much within the observation of us all, (as Mr. Tremenheere tells us of the pitmen in collieries), that, for years together, the clean shirt goes on every Sunday, over an unwashed skin. It is not long since a clergyman, finding an old woman of his flock very ill, met with a shocking answer to the advice he gave. "I will send the doctor to you," said he; "and I can tell you what to do meantime. Put your feet in warm water, and go to bed."

"Put *my* feet in water!" exclaimed the patient; "why, not a drop of water has touched my

feet for thirty years." Moreover, she vowed that not a drop of water should ever touch her feet; and, thinking it proper to render a reason to the clergyman, she told him that she had had a daughter who had once been persuaded to wash her feet, and that that daughter had died before she was twenty-five. It is not longer ago than some months, that a decent woman, too ill after her confinement to dress her infant, interfered to prevent its arms being washed, saying that if a child's arms felt the water before it was six months old, it would become a thief; and, she added pathetically, "I wouldn't like that!"

Till lately, the gentle knew as little as the simple now do, what they suffered from neglect of the skin, nor how it was that they suffered as they did. They did not know how, when the pores of the skin are loaded, and its action checked, an undue burden is thrown on the interior organs. When, in this state of chronic fever, the interior organs flagged in their work, and the sufferer was oppressed by sensations of sinking and languor, he was apt to resort to stimulants, which, affording relief for the moment, aggravated the mischief. And when, at last, the weakest organ gave way, and some attack of illness occurred, the treatment was for the immediate symptoms alone, and the false system of management went on, till occasion was ripe for another fit of sickness. All the while the portion of the brain

appropriate to the performance of the bodily functions was suffering. By day, there was oppression, languor, and dull pain somewhere; by night, disturbed sleep, and bad dreams; and always, night and day, and from month to month, liability to low spirits, and all the moral mischiefs which attend unhappiness. Wordsworth used to say, to the last, that times were changed for the better, in homes and in society, since he was young. In his early days, everybody was understood to have a temper; and the admission in the abstract did not much help the endurance of such peculiarities by neighbours, in daily life. But now, it was considered the rule that people should be amiable, and it has become a sin to be otherwise. No doubt, the bodily state of bad washers, — that is, of the vast majority — subject, as they were, to low spirits — must have had an incalculable amount of influence on the domestic temper; however gay may be the traditions that have come down to us of the mirth of society in the last and preceding centuries. If we would see the difference now, let us look round for (not the bad washers, for that is disagreeable — and the good ones will answer every purpose) the most healthy and cheerful households we know. Is there a house where the doctor seldom enters, but as a guest, — where the lads are brisk in shop or warehouse, and the lasses merry at home? It is pretty certain that early hours are found there, and plenty of cold water. The fever

patient finds inexpressible relief from the sponging with vinegar and water; and the same kind of relief is given by ablution, under the lesser fever of toil. The anxious merchant or statesman is haunted in his bed by images of terror, or wearied with galling cares: his morning draught and his morning bath restore all things to their true aspect and their right proportion. The author — the most sensitive of human beings — has gone to Græfenberg, or Beurhydding, or Malvern, burdened with care and dread, trembling at the arrival of the mail, recoiling from the sight of reviews and newspapers — and, in a week or two, has omitted to speculate on the fate of his own book. So one of the fraternity bears witness to his friends in private; and, if one of the *genus irritabile* is thus made serene by cold water, what wonder is there in any effect that it may have had on the tempers of men in general?

The slipperiness of the grass on these slopes seems really worse than ice. As we sit under a bank, eating our dinner, we see two young ladies on an opposite slope in a most helpless position. They have poles, with spikes at the end, and they hold each others' hands; but they can make no way, upwards or sideways, with feet, knees, or hands. There is nothing to grasp; and the grass is shiny as satin. If they join hands, they go down only the faster. They drive their toes into the ground, and rest on their poles. Now they try again.

Worse and worse! Now they scramble, using all their resources, and achieve two or three feet of ascent; only to slide down half-a-dozen. Their shoe-soles must be like satin by this time. They must take their chance of getting safe to the bottom, and make one slide of it. So we think; but they do not. By the time we have dined, one of them has sidled to a patch of gravel, whence she can extend aid to her companion. When they are on the stony path, how they step on, enjoying the security, and roughening their shoe-soles as they go!

How happy every body looks! the elderly lady with her newspaper under the tree; the pretty girl in the riding-habit, with her pocket-handkerchief tied about her throat, as, heated by her ride, she comes up into the wind; the pale gentleman, who takes the short cuts up the hill, instead of following the zigzag. He brought the pale face with him, no doubt; but hardly that springy step. And there is a cheerful granny, knitting in the sunshine, while that unparalleled creature, her first grandchild, tottles and topples on a safe piece of level grass. How many women, young and old, are sewing or knitting in the open air! And in the cool chamber at St. Ann's Well, where the water is trickling into the marble basin, sits another, plying her needle, while enjoying pious conversation with a lady who has some tracts in her hand. They are saying, how very "'andsome" the clergyman

was that preached last Sunday. We leave these sedentary people behind us, and rove where we shall meet the rovers. While dining, we surveyed the vast expanse through which the Severn windsto the south-west, and where we can descry Worcester in one direction, and see in another the smoke which indicates Gloucester, and some glittering appearance, which we are told is Cheltenham. Now we turn our backs on this, and walk a mile through the serpentine valley, to see what the other side of the range will show.

When we come out upon that glorious view, we find a little party of Scotch ladies, pleasant and kind, who show us the Bristol Channel, a bright line issuing from behind far-away hills; and Welsh mountains, cloudlike, but well-defined, through an atmosphere reeking with heat. While we sit, picking out churches and gentlemen's seats, and tracing roads, and envying the dwellers in nestling farm-houses, and counting ponds (because the complaint of the fastidious is of want of water in the landscape), and laughing at the ploughing (four bullocks, two horses, and four men and boys to a plough), the Scotch party think "it is very warm, certainly," but that they must "just go over the hill." They will not stop short of the beacon, we think. It is only half-a-mile off; steep, certainly, but only half-a-mile. At all events, *we go*.

When there, and leaning against the pole, and remembering how

many hats have been blown either into Herefordshire or Worcestershire, we inquire for a wind. See there! there is a little girl actually weighing snuff in her tiny scales of gourd-skin, balanced upon a forked stick stuck in the ground. Not a grain flies off to set anybody sneezing. Who comes here for snuff? The mother, sitting with her face to the north, to make a shadow to sew in, may sell cakes and fruit; but who would come one thousand three hundred feet above the level of the sea for snuff? — this being, moreover, the most windy point in the county. It cannot be snuff that these very small bees have come hither for; these little, dusty-looking, fawn-coloured bees; and these tiny red-and-black butterflies. Why are they here? We have left the blossoming gorse far below; and the foxgloves are lower still; yet there are bees resting on my companion's bonnet, and butterflies flapping their wings on the stones of the crumbling mound.

There go the swallows, sending specks of shadow skimming down the slopes. We shall see more of them, no doubt, in the dewy morning, to-morrow. And look, what a noble pair of hawks! Their brown plumage and the outline of head and beak are wonderfully distinct against the sky, in such a light as this. Now they quiver in one spot of air for a minute together; and then they swoop majestically, and rise to quiver again. Where is the doomed mouse that the nearest seems to

we could leap into Wales on the one hand, and England on the other, is a man threshing his little crop of wheat on the bare ground. No doubt, he brings it up here to be winnowed by the wind; for it is a strange threshing-floor enough. If so, he is disappointed; for not a speck of chaff rises in the air. It lies as dead as the grain. In answer to our question, he says he brings it from his field on the hill-side, below.

One more glance down upon Great Malvern, before we turn towards the Wyche. The old church looks well, though the square top, the roof, of the tower is the most conspicuous part of it to us: and how gay the white houses look, with their gardens! The parterres, one rose-colour with verbenas, another scarlet with geraniums, are bright to the eye, even here. That white road looks terribly dusty. This is decidedly the best way to the Wells to those who are not in a hurry.

We pass the chasm of the Wyche, turning our heads away from the tobacco and snuff shop, and the handbills which are stuck on the rocky walls. We lose sight of Welsh mountains and Herefordshire orchards for to-day, and descend gradually, by broad, easy paths, to the great ash, under whose hospitable shade we rest. Then, down and down, till we are under great oaks, loaded with acorns, and beeches rich with mast, and chestnuts with their prickly green fruit, and mountain-ash with berries of brilliant scarlet

bright beyond all precedent. We enter the back-door of the Well's House, and find ourselves on the third story. We go down to the up-stairs drawing-room, where friends and coffee are awaiting us. O! what a view it is from that window! How the shadows are spreading over that vast champaign, swallowing up a pool here, a range of corn-ricks there, and beyond, nook after nook of the reaches of the Severn! We cannot stay within. If a carriage is to be had, we must be off, and see Eastnor-park and Ledbury church — never mind how far it is! Don't count the miles! It is full moon to-night, the harvest moon, and we shall be on high ground, far above the mists of the champaign.

Into that wide champaign we must not now set foot, in description, or we shall lose sight of all bounds. We have to do with the hills alone.

The early morning is, after all we have said, the time for the hills. Then the trees have shaken down dew enough to lay the dust on the lower paths; and on the uplands, the grass is glistening with the tiny drops. Then the sheep come running up the shaded side to meet the sun, instead of crouching into dark nooks. Then the lark springs up from some grassy crevice, and the swallows are innumerable. The hawks are not abroad yet, and every other creature is. It is pleasant to see the water-patients running about already, with all the vigour of the healthy. We know that they have

had the balmy sleep which creeps over them from the folds of the wet sheet, and the animating stimulus of the cold bath, and of the draught of water at St. Ann's Well; and here they are, — a few of the bravest, on the ridge. Those who remain below see but little of the prospect; for on the east, the mists still shroud the landscape; but on the Herefordshire side all is clear and bright, both within the shadow of the hills and beyond it. What a vast shadow it is! and how cool lie the farmsteads and orchards and dark pools within it! Brilliant as the sunshine is, to us all looks cool, while the pure breeze searches out every pore of the skin, and refreshes the whole frame. There is one, however, who does not enjoy this like the rest. That young lady is heated and panting, as if she had raced all the way up the hill, instead of being brought on a donkey. No wonder! Look at her waist! Compare that pinched waist with the unlaced human form, and say if it can be true and good. Compare it with the Venus de Medici, and say if it can be beautiful. As for the beauty, can she not see, by examples before her eyes, and by her own looking-glass, that she has to pay in complexion for any fancied gain in form by tight-lacing? As for the rashness, we could take her to a school where two or three of the girls cannot write an exercise without palpitation of the heart, and seem doomed to the fate of a companion who lately

died suddenly from tight-lacing. This young lady can hardly be a water patient; for no physician would surely undertake the case. Any physician would tell her that nothing can be done while the trunk is compressed, the circulation impeded; too much work thrown upon the lungs, too little play allowed to the heart, and no action to a considerable portion of the skin. The tightness is not the only, though it is the greatest, mischief. There should be free access of air allowed to every part of the external frame, and that cannot be while the trunk is closely cased in double or treble jean. The bath and the draught of water can be of little use, if the skin is immediately after stopped in its action. The bringing of the blood to the surface by the water treatment, and the impulse to the circulation by this morning exercise, are of no use — of less than none — if the heart and lungs are to labour as we see them labouring in this panting girl, whose life may, any day, go out under the effort. Is there no one who will show her a few illustrations of what she is about, in thus dressing herself? — no one who will show her examples (or plates, as more striking) of the bent spine, the contracted heart, the congested liver and lungs, the impure complexion, the starved or gorged brain, which come of tight-lacing?

See how the shadow is drawing in! It is well we are so hungry, or it would be too hard to leave this breezy summit, and the sunny

bench which somebody has been kind enough to set up for us. The shadowy circles on Camp Hill look tempting; and, in this clear light, the summit seems very near. If we were not so hungry, we could not but go — almost as straight as the bird flies. We will be there before the noon haze veils the prospect — will not we?

“Yes; but if so, we must go down now to breakfast.” “So be it. Will you engage to be in the house within ten minutes? — Is it impossible? Let us try.”

THIRTY DAYS OF PLEASURE FOR FIFTEEN FRANCS.

SUCH is the marvellous announcement that — paragraphed in newspapers, posted upon walls, and sent forth on the wings of handbills — has been astonishing Paris for several weeks past; — a miraculous project to provide pleasure for thirty consecutive days to some two hundred thousand persons. But pleasure of what kind? To many, barricades are pleasures, and thirty days not too long for their enjoyment. Could it be the object of the prospectus to get up a revolution by subscription; to provide each subscriber with fifteen francs worth of freedom, according to the particular taste? As may be supposed, there were not wanting alarmists, who, taking that view, had settled the veriest minutiae of the meditated rising — down a list of prices to be submitted to the

public, at fixed prices, as — “Enfranchisement for one, two francs; open and advised speaking, one franc, fifty centimes; ditto, with sarcasms, or sauce piquante, two francs; ditto, with libels, two francs, fifty centimes. General violence à discrétion. Bloodshed and infamous excesses to be charged as supplements.”

A short time elapsed, however, and the united sagacity of at least six journals, about six hundred *café* politicians, and no end of the mob, was found to be miserably at fault, and the credulous and superficial were in a “blaze of triumph.” The design was discovered to be a mere harmless attempt to apply the principles of association and co-operation in a new manner; to secure to the people — not their political rights, which they somehow manage to do without — but their favourite pleasures; which, to Frenchmen, are something like a necessity. Benefit societies, in England of all descriptions, had done much to teach “the people” to be provident; the Great Exhibition had done more in encouraging them to be industrious; but it was reserved for the French to point what is, to Frenchmen, an equally useful moral, by showing them how they may combine to make the most of the result, both of their providence and their industry. Accordingly, France has her “*Trente Jours de Plaisir pour quinze Francs.*”

The nature of the design being no longer doubtful, the ways and

means had to be discussed. How was it possible for the projectors to give two hundred thousand persons, in the short space of thirty days, free admission to the opera, the theatres, the public gardens of Paris; to Mabilly; to the Chaumière; to the Château Rouge; and to the fêtes of the surrounding country — Asnières, St. Cloud, Versailles, Meudon? In the first place, the speculation could never “pay;” ten sous per head per diem being the only return for an expenditure involving at least, as was calculated, ten times that amount. Physical impossibility was also set up as another slight objection: — Suppose the two hundred thousand persons should take it into their heads to visit the same place on the same identical evening — How could the requisite amount of accommodation be provided for them? What would be the fate of the opera, with two hundred thousand determined sight-seers besieging its doors? What could be expected of the most yielding and expansive of public gardens?

The financial part of the matter was soon answered. It was not a question between the projectors and the public, but between the projectors and *themselves*. Their great and undisguised object being the acquisition of money, they had of course made all due calculations. If these calculations failed, they were prepared to take the consequences. With regard to the second difficulty, the solution was equally simple. If the

two hundred thousand subscribers desired anything so unnatural as a simultaneous visit to the same place of amusement, they could not be gratified. In fact, according to the arrangements, they could not select their own particular amusement for any particular evening, but must submit to take their turn, as general convenience might dictate. Thus, the two hundred thousand would be distributed every evening over *all* the places of amusement, every man seeing everything by degrees in due course.

The projectors calculated that the theatres, spectacles, balls, concerts, and public gardens in and around Paris, afforded daily accommodation for three hundred thousand persons; and they guaranteed to make arrangements with the directors of these amusements for places for their two hundred thousand subscribers. They further supported their case by citing the opinions of such men as Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas, who expressed their warm belief, both in the commercial practicability and social advantages of the scheme. The principal theatres, to be sure, announced, publicly, their refusal to make any "arrangements" for the reception of this wholesale visitation on any but the usual terms; a "reduction on taking a quantity" was out of the question. This decision would, of course, involve extra expenditure on the part of the projectors; but, nevertheless, could not prove fatal to the pro-

ject, which was soon understood to be in a fair way of realisation.

The most potent enemies of the "*Trente Jours de Plaisir*" were now the satirical journals, who could not, of course, give up so good a "subject" for ridicule. The "*Corsaire*" was too dignified to trouble itself much about the matter, so long as there remained Red Republicanism, or Moderate Republicanism, or Republicanism of any kind, to bring into contempt; but the "*Charivari*" needed subjects for its artists, who had been working "*Actualités*" and "*Causeries*" to the last point of despair; and the "*Trente Jours*" was too tempting to be missed. But after a few days of most unparalleled facetiousness in its pictorial department, the "*Charivari*" appeared one morning with the imposing advertisement of the "*Trente Jours*" on its back page; and, by a curious coincidence, from that exact date the "*Trente Jours*" disappeared from its pages as a subject for satire. Meantime the "*Tintamarre*" had not been idle. The "*Tintamarre*" is the latest literary offspring of the satirical mind of Paris. It spurns your "polished razor keen" as a weapon of wit; and, in its warfare, inclines itself to the five-and-twenty-bladed pocket-knife; while it does not neglect to attack with the tomahawk as often as it has strength to lift that weapon. It inclines itself to zoological comparisons; and, when a minister or journal of Order is to be attacked, the old-established donkey is

its favourite illustration,—except when this animal gives way to the equally congenial baboon.

The “Tintamarre,” from the very first, waged war against the “Trente Jours” for no reason more serious, I believe, than the fact that it afforded a good mark. The arguments against the practicability and utility of the scheme having been exhausted, a grand discovery was made,—that the name of the director of the project was Rion, and that his name was naturally susceptible of a pun! Accordingly, the changes were rung upon the word, most remorselessly. “Rion *de tout*,” figured in every column, in an endless variety of forms, all tending to the conclusion that “nothing at all” was precisely what the subscribers were likely to get for their money. As may be supposed, the donkey was trotted out, until he must have been as dead beat as the reader himself; and as to the baboon, his synonyme was legion.

Notwithstanding, however, this terrible resistance, it was announced, a few days ago, that the directors were in a position to proceed with the accomplishment of the project. Whether or not they had secured the desired number of subscribers, I am unaware; but it is evident that they have obtained a sufficient number to justify them in taking the step. Nor is there any reason why the project should not be successful with even something less than the proposed number of subscribers;

everything depends upon the facilities which the directors of the public amusements give to the undertaking. These, of course, vary: in some cases it will be necessary to pay the full price of admission; but then, on the other hand, there are many sights in Paris well worth seeing, but which meet with but little support; and these may, doubtless, be secured on advantageous terms. The conclusion, therefore, must be, that, taking the average, *all* the amusements of Paris may be at the disposal of Mr. Rion, for considerably less than the sum subscribed.

However this may be, the scheme is now in operation; and thousands of the middle classes of Paris are availing themselves of an opportunity that, to a Frenchman, is no common boon. To secure a day's pleasure, for the sum of five-pence, is, indeed, an effort of human ingenuity that few except a Frenchman could have conceived; but so tempting are the terms offered, that there is no reason to suppose that a nation, even less partial to pleasure than the French, might not take advantage of them.

Such is the veracious history of an undertaking that has been exciting the ridicule, reprobation, approbation, and, ultimately, co-operation of all the harmless people in Paris, who are not too much occupied with politics, for the last several weeks. Whether it be a very important or desirable object to throw open so much miscellaneous amusement to an

equally miscellaneous collection of persons, is another question; but the realisation of the "*Trente Jours de Plaisir*" (unless M. Rion happens to be ruined) is certainly not without its significance, as an indication of what we may expect for the future — either of good or evil — from the associated movements of large masses towards a common object. As a matter of taste, the notion of thirty days of pleasure implies wastefulness of the most valuable but most fleeting of human possessions; as a matter of practice, it may be pronounced impossible. About a week of continuous sight-seeing is sufficient to sicken any person possessing a respectable amount of fastidiousness; a month of it will scarcely bear contemplation. For my part, I would as soon walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours. Nevertheless, *chacun à son goût*: M. Rion has accomplished a bold feat, and M. Rion's subscribers have my hearty congratulations.

THE LONDON TAVERN.

I SUPPOSE that most readers of Household Words have dipped at times into the pages of the "Prose Edda;" and, in the antique freshness of its narrations, enjoyed a picture of the beliefs of our Scandinavian ancestors. I suppose they have mused over the odd feasting of the gods in that jolliest of all mythologies; and have concluded with me, that the taste for

associating business and banqueting runs in the blood of us Northerners. For does not Tacitus tell us, in his oracular, epigrammatic way, that the ancient Germans discussed public affairs, twice; once when drunk, and once when sober? And did not that notable Douglas, Archibald the Grim, stop the mouth of the gentleman who came with the King's warrant, by saying that it was "ill talking between a full man and a fasting?" — by which allusion to an admitted maxim, he excused himself for hanging the prisoner whom the warrant was to have liberated.

The fact is notorious that dining is a solemn, national institution. "The destiny of nations," says Brilliat Savarin, "depends upon the manner in which they dine." We make political movements; we establish world-wide commercial enterprises; we organise public charities, by means of dinners. Everything of importance is done, when — "the cloth being removed" — there is a fair stage for exertion. The ancients sanctified their chickens; we roast them: they canonised their pheasants; we shoot and eat them. They decorated their demi-heroes with crowns of parsley. We garnish with parsley the offerings which excited enthusiasm sets before our Warriors when they return from India to be feasted at the public Walhalla in Bishopsgate Street.

The temple of these ceremonies; the "head-quarters of

prog,"" (to borrow a phrase from Moore's Mr. Bob Fudge) is a building of a solemn and decorous aspect. It is made known to the world by the newspapers as the "London Tavern" — *the* London Tavern, supposed to represent the genus. The purpose-like gravity of its aspect causes it to be occasionally mistaken, by country cousins, for the Bank of England. Neither would a provincial disbelieve you if you told him it was Exeter Hall. Only, during the summer season, you may see certain placards announcing dinners, "with his Grace the So-and-so, of So-and-so, in the chair," hanging modestly outside; and at six o'clock, during the same period, white cravats are plentiful at the portals; for it is here that the most important dinners of the day are devoured. Here, the East India Company solemnly feeds, in celebration of its empire; and many City Companies make The London Tavern their Hall, and the depository of their plate.

Such is the establishment of which I propose to give readers a sketch. Patriotism demands it of me. Who am I? you will say. Some garrulous diner? No matter. I may be a solitary enthusiast, who has visited this scene of so many dinners with the reverential feelings of other patriots when they wander over the field of Waterloo.

I think I ought to begin with what they call a "historical sketch;" but I must first note the significance of the name "tavern."

Your superficial observer classes "hotels," and "taverns," and "inns" together. He is wrong. The genuine tavern furnishes no beds. It affordeth not the casual chop to the stray wanderer. It issueth not the occasional bottle of wine to the solitary toper. It has no coffee-room partitioned off for dining mankind as Mr. Huxley fattens oxen, by stall-feeding: but, on the contrary, displays broad acres of snow-white pasturage teeming with the richest viands and sparkling with the brightest wines. It is not a place at which a man can say, indifferently, that he has "had his dinner;" but where, he will tell you unctuously that he has "dined" — a vast distinction: the first being a mere impulse of physical voracity; the second a Rite. If you go into that hall; and, with an irreverent off-hand air, order an impromptu repast, you will be referred to the Spread Eagle in Gracechurch Street, or to "Joe's" in Finch Lane: the London Tavern is a temple of gastronomic art; and you would be equally justified in ordering "a profile in this style in half-an-hour" of Maclise or Stanfield. Dinners of a scientific character — whether expensive or moderate; but always scientific — are the business of the Tavern proper. It was to promote these that the London Tavern was established, on the Tontine principle, eighty years ago. What prospectuses describe as a want was felt for something of the sort, at that time: and the

house was built to supply it. The eighty years have rolled past; dinner after dinner has been eaten; and the Tavern still remains open to fresh meetings, ready for fresh banquets; keeping, on the establishment, an army of servants sixty or eighty strong; taking on auxiliary legions during the dining season; and feeding parties, varying in numbers from a snug six to a multitudinous eight hundred. Jack Snigsly, the commercial traveller, being about to marry, may give a modest little dinner to his bachelor friends, with reasonable port; or De Bouchier may entertain his high-born comrades with cobweb-woven champagne, still radiant of the sun that warmed the vintage of '37.

A dinner, then, at the London Tavern is far from a heedless or inconsiderate proceeding. It must be organised beforehand with due deliberation and forethought. Let me tell you, that whether you be Snigsly, or De Bouchier, the promoter of a grand Whitte Wheal Copper Mining Company, or the treasurer of a Royal Strabismus Hospital, you will do well to appoint a sub-committee for the sole purpose of arranging preliminaries; constituting yourself, as a matter of course, chairman. "Your committee" being essentially a committee of taste, will have to undergo a small preliminary dinner; for how will "your committee" be able to settle the bill of fare with that sound judgment which is only the result of expe-

rience, without a full-dressed rehearsal? Take care that, on this occasion, you submit your sketch of the bill of fare to your host. He will see by it, at a glance, your position in life, and what class of palates you represent. "Tell me what you eat, and I'll tell you what you are," saith the great gastronomic lawgiver. With the hand of a master-artist, he will dash in — according to the rank and station of yourself and your dinner — a soup here, a side-dish there; he will, peradventure, lighten up your roasts with a *hors d'œuvre*, or give aplomb to your sweets with an *entrée* of game. That settled, he will tell you with what wines your dinner can be (according to the price per head) and ought to be irrigated. If he thinks "your committee" worthy of the honour, he will propose a descent into his cellars — in the morning about eleven, "when," he will say, "your palate is clean." Go, by all means. I shall accompany you.

We descend, not by a narrow ladder, but over a regular flight of stairs. We begin by remarking a singular honour paid to our venerated friend the Turtle. An important vault has been sacrificed to him; positively a whole wine-cellar has been appropriated to his tanks. Before, he was not kept in a favourable temperature; his artificial habitat was

. . . . "too cold and damp,
For a soul so warm and true!"

And such is his importance (for,

says the worthy proprietor, "Turtle *must* be had properly!") that, as I say again, yon vault is given to his use. We approach the recess of a somewhat sepulchral appearance, and gaze into a little lake. The brown shells are heaving dimly on the surface of the water; the round, podgy heads are peering out. We muse over the picture: our first thoughts are of zoology; our second of soup. We remember that the turtle is called *Testudo*; that he is a West Indian, and amphibious; and that he is generally "caught napping." We learn that he, above all, loveth an equal temperature of fifty-five degrees. That abstemious animal (who is not the cause of abstemiousness in others) lives for three months upon a little rough salt in a great deal of water, and does not decrease more in weight than ten per cent. The smallest turtle weighs (you calculate turtle by weight) thirty-five pounds; the largest, one hundred and twenty pounds. It is only one-third of him that is used for soup: the upper part makes the coveted *callipash*; the lower, the celebrated *callipee*. We turn away from the vat, wherein two tons of turtle are ponderously swimming, and pass on through the wine-vaults — our footsteps falling light and silently upon the muffling sawdust.

On the end of a stick gleams a morsel of candle, which sends a light flickering over the place like a Jack o'Lantern; running down the low-vaulted roof; dancing

among the cobwebs as if it would tear them; and lighting up walls of bottle-ends, that point grimly towards us like batteries of cannon. This is the region of bins. Here there are bins six bottles deep; for of bottles full of port there are four thousand three hundred. Our attention is directed to the port of Sir Charles Wetherall; port, we are given to understand, worthy of a lawyer, a wit, and (remember the antique, respectable orthodoxy of the wine) a Tory. The light falls next on some champagne of fourteen years' bottling; each bottle trailing a venerable beard, and slowly maturing into mellowed glory in its recess. These bottles, like

. . . "the actions of the just,
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

Here, also, is some champagne of the vintage of '46 — a peculiarly good champagne vintage; a happy year for champagne lovers. Lucky the man who secures the wine of that year; it being common among dealers to mix the wines of various vintages. Denouncing the practice with considerable emphasis, we pass on — between hecatombs of Johannisberg, Tokay, and Burgundy — to more port in what is happily named "a rising bin." Port keeps its ancient popularity still; for wine-bibbing people obey the French adage, and always return to their first love. In this bin is some very fair port, through which Jones, a full-bodied member of "your committee," looks knowingly as he

holds it in the light; and over which Smith smacks his contented lips. But

"In yonder BIN a Druid lies!"

a rare and venerable wine, worthy of the palate of the most accomplished of existing judges. There is some pleasure in giving such a wine to him; a pleasure such as an artist feels in the applause of a master. I ask, with humble awe, who might claim the distinction of being the best judge of port? I learn the name. It is a good name, — a name as good as bank notes; for, scrawled at the foot of oblong little documents, it commands the payment of thousands of pounds, and the awe of hundreds of citizens. I cherish that name in my memory; and if I ever meet the bearer (may it be at a feast!) I rather think I shall be very civil to him.

But "whither draggest thou me, O Bacchus?" — as Horace exclaims. Still we glide through rivers of sawdust, between genial embankments of wine. There are twelve hundred dozen bottles of champagne down here; there are between six and seven hundred dozen of claret. Corked up in those bins is a capital of from eleven to twelve thousand pounds: those bottles absorb, in simple interest at five per cent., an income amounting to some five or six hundred pounds per annum. "Your committee" are naturally puzzled with this embarrassment of vinous riches. They are too much awed to choose. Despairing, they ascend from the vault. As

they take leave till dinner time, they speak confidentially to mine host; — "As to the wine," says Jones, "we leave all *that* to you." — A wise resolution, Jones.

I gain the hall. Bless me, what a bustle! Men of business-aspect hurry in. A hasty scrape of the feet, and —

"Which to the Mexican Bondholders?"

"Second floor, Sir," says the porter.

"Which to the Railway-Smash Assurance?"

"Up-stairs, and first to the left."

"Has the Bereaved Baby Asylum met yet?"

"Yes, Sir. End of the passage."

"Which way to the Gibbleton Junction?"

I prick up my ears. A worthy relative of mine had speculated considerably in the Gibbleton. A more beautiful line was never devised; it was to join Gibbleton to the Great Trunk Due Eastern Junction: the only thing objectionable was, that Gibbleton had no need of the union in question.

"First floor to the right, Sir," replies the porter.

The Gibbleton meeting seems attractive: dozens of gentlemen hurry to it with a certain air of determination. They clench their teeth as if they had to take particularly good care of bank-notes between them.

I follow. As I ascend the stairs, I reflect that this especial tavern fulfils its etymology to the very letter. Understand that the root

of the word tavern 'is — *Tabula*, a table; and we have already seen that no solitary hutches, ranged Inn-wise, are here permitted; nothing but the social and expanded "table." The ancients, when they ceased to dine in the open air, covered in their tables, and called the building *taberna*—hence, from Tabernacle, Tavern: not only a table-house, but a meeting-house. The London Tavern, therefore, is, in the purest sense of the term, a tavern. The division of its day is less into morning, noon, and night, than into Meetings and Dinners. The facetious etymologist, Lemon, hath it that — My philology is interrupted; a lovely face presents itself on the landing. Its smile is bewitching: and when, in a voice of music, it sings, rather than says, "Pray give me your vote, Sir," I hate myself for not being a subscriber to the Bereaved Baby establishment. The banisters all the way up are fluttering with bills — *Vote for Ann Mitt, the youngest of eight!* — *Vote for Mary Broggs, afflicted with teething convulsions*; and a few laconic placards, bearing simply, *Globbs's Orphan*. My present sympathies are, however, enlisted for the Gibleton shareholders. The Gibleton is to be "wound up" this day; a return of three-and-sixpence is expected out of the thirty shillings paid. Could a Gibleton shareholder be courteous under the circumstances, even to the lovely canvasser for Bereaved Babies?

The room is arranged with

benches, and sumptuously Turkey-carpeted. At the end is a long table for the Directors, with an imposing array of paper and pens. The benches are fully occupied. Stamping on the carpet being found inefficacious, rattling of sticks and umbrellas against the chair-rails begins. A side-door opens, and in sail the Directors, bowing modestly; several of them are elderly gentlemen, spotlessly respectable in dress. The Secretary reads the advertisement. Then the Chairman, JACOB BALDER, ESQ., rises — the paper in his hand fluttering with nervousness. Had the railway been an Irish one, Mr. O'Crater of the Castle Hoo, would have got up and made a flourish about Canute and the ocean; and if any shareholder was violent, another Director would say that "men of family were not to have personal imputations cast on them," and all that. But Mr. Balder, though enormously wealthy, is painfully timid. He makes a quiet preamble about the "unfortunate tide of railway affairs;" (a low demoniac murmur of laughter succeeds); and "the propriety of an amicable arrangement," (ironical titters from a flashily dressed youth who had risked the pocket-money of years), whereupon the embossed ceiling reverberates with a wild cry for "The accounts!"

The Secretary rises with a clean, trim, beautiful document in his hand — the balance-sheet. I observe that the Directors look with some industry at the table all

the time. The Chairman casts his eyes up to the ceiling in a very anxious state of absence of mind. The only member of the Board betraying no uneasiness is Captain Gunnersly; who leans back in his chair with the unmistakeable *ennui* of a man who is bored. The captain's name is down on forty lines; and he has since resided, I believe, principally on the Continent. "Preliminary expenses!" begins the Secretary with a "hem!" "That is to say, surveying and Engineers, eight thousand six hundred and twenty pounds, two shillings, and two-pence, (groans, yells, and stamping with umbrellas, very much muffled by the Turkey carpet). Solicitors, nine thousand two hundred pounds, (a burst of groaning, and cries of 'Shame!') Directors' travelling expenses, three hundred and fifty pounds," (immense laughter and groaning, during which Mr. Balder takes a note with a very business-like air). There are some more items, and the Secretary sits down. He leans against the back of his chair, with a thumb in the armhole of his waistcoat; and receives a continuous volley of groans and hisses, upon the brazen buckler of a sardonic smile.

The Chairman rises, and blandly wishes to know whether any shareholder has any observations to make?

Observations! I think they have some observations to make, indeed. One little fellow in black, on the bench beside me, springs

to his legs as if he had become the sudden victim of a corking-pin. It is now time for the shareholders to assert themselves, he says. The conduct of the Directors was fraudulent (Order). Well, if their conduct was not fraudulent, they had put their hands into the shareholders' pockets, and had spent their money! Then as to the "Directors' travelling expenses." He wants to know who travelled with them? — a dark inquiry, which causes immense emotion; particularly in the breast of an old shareholder from the country. The little man in mourning then draws a picture of what he describes as the "guzzling," which he had reason to believe prevails on those occasions. — Then the flashily-dressed young gentleman, (an eminent member of a debating club in the West End) makes some smart observations in the style of the late Mr. Canning. After him, of course, somebody calls the attention of the meeting to the "real business before them," — namely, — the dividend (*Hear! hear! hear!*). It comes out then that there is about "two and two-pence" to divide per share; and a facetious gentleman proposes to spend the balance in a white-bait dinner.

How it all is to end, I don't know. But this I do know, that I have bought a ticket for the Hooping Cough Asylum dinner; that it is now nearly five o'clock, and the dinner is advertised to take place at six, in that very room. In this possible? The

Mexican Bondholders are stamping and hooting over our heads upon the identical floor that is expected to groan, in one hour, with the weight of a feast for the worshipful Company of Cordwainers. Will the infant Mitt, or the suckling Broggs be elected, in another room, into the Bereaved Baby's Asylum, soon enough to allow of the Protestant Tailors to celebrate their nineteenth anniversary? I care little. The question whether I shall dine or not in "Messrs. Bathe and Breach's best style," as the reporters have it, is, at this particular juncture, my all in all. The main ingredient in a good dinner — punctuality — seems to me wholly impossible. My feelings overcome me. I can bear the suspense no longer. I descend the stairs between a Mexican Bondholder and a Protestant Tailor. An aroma of brown gravy; delicious, genial — and appetising, smites my senses. I look at the clock, and hope against hope. As I pass a half-open door, appetite is further excited by the green gleam of a hock glass which catches my eye. A snug little table is laid out for a small party. Madness! "Your Committee" is arranging itself at table.

The air will perhaps revive me. I try it; and with success in purifying myself from the heat and perspiration of the Gibleton meeting; but it cannot allay the acuteness of my suspense respecting the dinner. This I can bear no longer. I re-enter. To my

inexpressible relief, the Gibleton chairman darts past me like a fox with the whole pack at his tail. A low murmur comes from the stairs. The two-and-twopenny men are descending. It is a quarter past five, and the room is but this moment cleared.

The secretary has scarcely bound the last piece of red tape around his papers, when four men rush to four corners of the Turkey carpet, and half of it is rolled up, dust and all; four other men, with the half of a clean carpet, bowl it along in the wake of the one displaced. While I am watching the same performance with the remaining half of the floor, a battalion of waiters has fitted up, upon the new half carpet, a row of dining tables; and covers them with tablecloths. While, in turn, I watch them, the entire apartment is tabled and tableclothed. Thirty men are at this work, upon a system rigidly departmental. Rinse, Ragget, Thomson and Jiggs lay the knives; Burrows and three others cause the glasses to sparkle on the board. I express my wonder at this magical celerity. Rinse modestly replies (supposing me to be a guest who has mistaken the hour) that the same game is a-going on in four other rooms.

"Does this often happen?"

"Six days out of seven, in the dining season," says Mr. Rinse. "Last February, when the banquet was given to Mr. Macready, we could not accommodate all the company here, because there were seven hundred and odd; so we

had to take the Hall of Commerce, down the street. The merchants and brokers were doing their business there at four o'clock; and in two hours we had seats, tables, platforms, dinner, wine, gas, and company all in."

"By six o'clock?"

"To a minute — punctual." Rinse tells me this in a locomotive way, as he places tumblers up and down the tables; and I follow him as he speaks.

By a quarter before six, everything is ready; a chair is planted before each plate. Exactly at six, the soup is placed on the table, and most of the guests are seated.

The same side-door which admitted the Gibleton directory opens, and the presiding Duke is portentously ushered in. He is a quiet, homely old gentleman. Along the tables are many bald-headed old gentlemen, dipping into their soup like a flock of white birds in rows. There are many spruce young gentlemen who are dining by proxy, for fathers and uncles; and, who cannot be said to neglect the duty which has been imposed on them. As a general rule, I cannot describe the company as conversational. It is true, that one must not neglect to dine; but a lively remark now and then helps digestion. I remark that the sociality is warmed up most rapidly among the "gentlemen of the press," opposite to me. One of these is an exception. He is young, and the picture of misery. He would give the world to be snug in his chambers in the

Temple; where the page of Ma-caulay awaits his perusal; where his friend Bizley will call this evening, on the chance of a game of chess; but who will drop, in the dead silence, a card into his letter-box — over which the victim to dinner and public duty will sigh when he returns.

At last, the cloth is removed. A youth who wears moustachios, and whom we have missed from his seat, lately — (having taken him for a distinguished foreigner, and wondered why he departed) — suddenly appears in public at one end, and stands up with eight others. They begin to sing — it is *Non nobis*. Then come the "usual toasts." Then comes the "toast of the evening."

I am bound to say that there is a decided want of inventive genius among our post-prandial orators. Could not the toast of Our Hooping Cough Hospital, I submit, have been proposed without our hearing over again the unhappy old formula that "Up to so-and-so, and so-and-so, much had been done for the afflicted; — the mangled had had *their* friends; the stut-terer *his* asylum; the squinter *his* home. ONE class remained to be relieved," &c.

The important part of the evening's formalities is the announcement of subscriptions. Then it is, that the benevolent donor learns what it is to feel the applause of his fellow-citizens: he hears it thumped on the table, and jingling from the wine-glasses. Then, the cheek flushes, and the

waistcoat heaves with emotion, and the spirit spreads. Mr. Higg subscribes "one guinea" (faint applause); Mr. Snigg, "two pounds two" (increased applause); Alderman Whallems, "five pounds" (cheers). His Grace, the Noble President of the day, "fifty pounds" (deafening cheers). The late Miss Dorcas Cripplegate, of Peckham Rise, "nine hundred and seventy-three pounds, eight and eleven-pence, Three-and-a-quarter per cent. stock" (tremendous applause, which lasts for several minutes). All this is for the good of the little Toms and Bettys of the charity — who are occasionally brought in, perched on a table, and told to cough, but by no means to cry.

And so the evening wears on. Faint odours of pine-apple, quinces, and figs, mixing with the aroma of port and claret, and the dismal sounds of a spiritless attempt "to return thanks for the honour," &c., make one drowsy. I rouse myself by a vigorous draught of cold water, and am glad to emerge from among the crowds of red faces and white neckcloths, and sally out into the street. The night air feels chilly. Cab!

GOLD.

ROAD-MENDING is pretty general at this time of the year (October), and upon roads now being newly macadamized we may pick up a good many differing specimens of granite. On the newly-broken sur-

face of one of them, four substances of which it is composed can be perceived with great distinctness. The more earthy-looking rock, in which the others seem to be embedded, is called felspar; the little hard white stones are bits of quartz; the dark specks are specks of hornblende, and the shining scales are mica. Felspar, quartz, hornblende, and mica are the four constituents of granite. These are among the rocks of the most ancient times, which form a complete barrier to the power of the geologist in turning back the pages which relate the story of our globe. Layer under layer — leaf behind leaf — we find printed the characters of life in all past ages, till at last we come to rocks — greenstone, porphyry, quartz, granite, and others — which contain no trace of life; which do not show, as rocks above them do, that they have been deposited by water; but which have a crystalline form, and set our minds to think of heat and pressure. These lowest rocks are frequently called "igneous," in contradistinction to the stratified rocks nearer the surface, which have been obviously deposited under water. Between the two there is not an abrupt transition; for above the igneous, and below the aqueous, are rocks which belong to the set above them, insomuch as they are stratified; while they belong to the set below them — insomuch as they are crystalline, contain no trace of life, and lead us by their characters to think of heat and pressure.

These rocks, on account of their equivocal position, are called metamorphic.

Under the influence of air, combined with that of water — water potent in streams, lakes, and seas, but not less potent as a vapour in our atmosphere, when aided by alternations in the temperature — granite decomposes. We noticed that one of the constituents of granite — felspar — was a comparatively earthy-looking mass, in which the other matters seemed to be embedded. In the decomposition of granite, this felspar is the first thing to give way; it becomes friable, and rains or rivers wash it down. Capital soil it makes. When the constituents of granite part in this way, quartz is the heaviest, and settles. Felspar and the others may run with the stream, more or less; quartz is not moved so easily. Now, as our neighbours in America would put it, "that's a fact;" and it concerns our gossip about gold.

Below the oldest rocks there lie hidden the sources of that volcanic action which is not yet very correctly understood. Fortunately, we are not now called upon for any explanation of it: it is enough for us that such a force exists; and thrusting below, forces granite and such rocks, (which ought to lie quite at the bottom), through a rent made in the upper layers, and still up into the air, until, in some places, they form the summit of considerable mountains. Such changes are not often, if ever, the results of a single

mighty heave, which generates a great catastrophe upon the surface of the earth; they are the products of force constantly applied through ages in a given manner. In all geologic reasoning we are apt to err grossly, when we leave out of our calculation the important element of time. These lower rocks — then, these greenstones, porphyries and granites, sienites and serpentines — thrust themselves in many places through the upper strata of the earth's crust, in such a way as to form mountain ranges. Now, it is a fact, that wherever the oldest of the aqueous deposits — such as those called clay-slates, limestones, and greywackes sandstones — happen to be superficial, so as to be broken through by pressure from below, and intruded upon by the igneous rocks, (especially if the said igneous rocks form ranges tending at all from north to south,) there gold may be looked for. Gold, it is true, may be found combined with much newer formations; but it is under the peculiar circumstances just now mentioned that gold may be expected to be found in any great and valuable store.

In Australia, the gold discoveries, so new and surprising to the public, are not new to the scientific world. More than two years ago, in an "Essay on the Distribution of Gold Ore," read before the British Association, to which our readers will be indebted for some of the facts contained in the present gossip, Sir Roderick

Murchison "reminded his geological auditors that, in considering the composition of the chief, or eastern, ridge of Australia, and its direction from north to south, he had foretold (as well as Colonel Helmersen, of the Russian Imperial Mines) that gold would be found in it; and he stated that, in the last year, one gentleman resident in Sydney, who had read what he had written and spoken on this point, had sent him specimens of gold ore found in the Blue Mountains; whilst, from another source, he had learnt that the parallel north and south ridge in the Adelaide region, which had yielded so much copper, had also given undoubted signs of gold ore. The operation of English laws, by which noble metals lapse to the crown, had induced Sir Roderick Murchison to represent to Her Majesty's Secretary of State that no colonists would bestir themselves in gold-mining, if some clear declaration on the subject were not made; but, as no measures on this head seemed to be in contemplation, he inferred that the Government may be of opinion, that the discovery of any notable quantity of gold might derange the stability and regular industry of a great colony, which eventually must depend upon its agricultural products." That was the language used by Sir Roderick Murchison in September, 1849; and in September, 1851, we are all startled by the fact which brings emphatic confirmation of his prophecy.

But it is not only about the Blue Mountains, and in other districts, where the gold is now sought, that the geologic conditions under which gold may be sought reasonably, are fulfilled. Take, for example, the Ural Mountains. In very ancient times the Scythian natives supplied gold from thence; and gold was supplied also by European tribes in Germany and elsewhere. Most of those sources were worked out, or forgotten. Russia for centuries possessed the Ural, and forgot its gold. Many of us were boys when that was rediscovered. The mountains had been worked for their iron and copper by German miners, who accidentally hit upon a vein of gold. The solid vein was worked near Ekaterinburg — a process expensive and, comparatively, unproductive, as we shall presently explain. Then gold being discovered accidentally in the superficial drift, the more profitable work commenced. It is only within the last very few years that Russia has discovered gold in another portion of her soil among the spurs of the Altai Mountains, between the Jena and the Lenisei, and along the shores of Lake Baikal. This district has been enormously productive, and, for about four years before the discovery of gold in California, had been adding largely to the gross amount of that metal annually supplied for the uses of society. The extent of this new district now worked is equal to the whole area of France; but all the gold-

bearing land in Russia is not yet by any means discovered. The whole area of country in Russia which fulfils the conditions of a gold-bearing district is immense. Eastward of the Ural Chain it includes a large part of Siberia; and also in Russian America, there is nearly equal reason for believing that hereafter gold will be discovered.

Before we quit Asia, we may observe, that the Chinese produce gold out of their soil; and although many of the mountain ranges in that country tend from east to west, yet the conditions of the surface, and the meridional directions of the mountains too, would indicate in China some extensive districts over which gold would probably be found in tolerable abundance. Gold exists also in Lydia and Hindostan.

Now, to pass over to America, where, as we have already said, the Russians have a district in which gold may some day be discovered. In many districts along the line of the Rocky Mountains, especially in that part of them which is included in the British territory, gold may be looked for. The gold region of California has been recently discovered. Gold in Mexico, where the conditions are again fulfilled, is not a new discovery. Gold in central America lies neglected, on account of the sad political condition of the little states there. There is gold to be found, perhaps, in the United States, some distance eastward of the Rocky Mountains.

Certainly gold districts will be found about the Alleghanies. Gold has been found in Georgia, North and South Carolina, and Virginia; it exists also in Canada, and may, probably, be found not very far north, on the British side of the St. Lawrence. In the frozen regions, which shut in those straits and bays of the North Pole, to which early adventurers were sent from England on the search for gold, gold districts most probably exist, although the shining matter was not gold which first excited the cupidity of our forefathers. Passing now to South America, New Granada, Peru, Brazil, La Plata, Chili, even Patagonia, contain districts which say, "Look for gold." There are one or two districts in Africa where gold exists; certainly in more districts than that which is called the Gold Coast, between the Niger and Cape Verd; also between Darfur and Abyssinia; and on the Mozambique Coast, opposite Madagascar. In Australia, the full extent of our gold treasure is not yet discovered. In Europe, out of Russia, Hungary supplies yearly one or two hundred thousand pounds worth; there is gold in Transylvania and Bohemia; the Rhine washes gold down into its sands from the crystalline rocks of the high Alps. The Danube, Rhone, and Tagus, yield gold also in small quantities. There are neglected mines of gold in Spain.

To come nearer home. In the mining fields of Leadhills, in Scotland, gold was washed for busily

in the time of Queen Elizabeth. It is found also in Glen Turret, in Perthshire, and at Cumberhead, in Lanarkshire. Attempts have been made to turn to account the gold existing in North Wales and Cornwall. About sixty years ago, gold was found accidentally in the bed of streams which run from a mountain on the confines of Wicklow and Wexford, by name, Croghan Kinshela. A good deal of gold was collected by the people, who, having the first pick, had soon earned about ten thousand pounds among them by their findings. Government then established works, and having realised in two years three thousand six hundred and seventy-five pounds by the sale of gold, which it cost them more than that amount to get, they let the matter drop, judiciously.

Let nobody be dazzled, however, by this enumeration of gold districts, which is not by any means complete. It is quite true that there is no metal diffused so widely over the world's surface as gold is, with a single exception, that of iron. But with regard to gold, there is this important fact to be taken into account, that it is not often to be obtained from veins, but is found sprinkled — in many cases sprinkled very sparingly; it is found mixed with quartz and broken rock, or sand and alluvial deposit, often in quantities extremely small, so that the time lost in its separation — even though it be the time of slaves — is of more value than the

gold; and so the gold does not repay the labour of extraction. It is only where a gold district does not fall below a certain limit in its richness, that it yields a profit to the labourer. Pure gold in lumps, or grains, or flakes, is to be found only at the surface. Where, as is here and there the case, a vein of it is found deep in connexion with the quartz, it is combined with other minerals, from which it can be separated only by an expensive process; so that a gold vein, when found, generally yields less profit than a field. As for gold hunting in general, the history of every gold district unites to prove that the trade is bad. It is a lottery in which, to be sure, there are some prizes, but there is quite the usual preponderance of blanks.

The villages of gold-seekers about Accra and elsewhere, on the Gold Coast, are the villages of negroes more squalid and wretched than free negroes usually are. The wretchedness of gold-hunters in the rich field of California is by this time a hackneyed theme. Take, now, the picture of a tolerably prosperous gold-seeker in Brazil. He goes into the river with a leathern jacket on, having a leathern bag fastened before him. In his hand he carries a round bowl, of fig-tree wood, about four or five feet in circumference, and one foot deep. He goes into the river at a part where it is not rapid, where it makes a bend, and where it has deep holes. Be pleased to remember that, and do not yet lose sight of what was

before said about the heaviness of quartz. The gold-seeker, then, standing in the water, scrapes away with his feet the large stones and the upper layers of sand, and fishes up a bowlful of the older gravel. This he shakes and washes, and removes the upper layer; the gold being the heaviest thing in the bowl, sinks; and when he has got rid of all the other matter, which is after a quarter of an hour's work, or more, he puts into his pouch the residual treasure, which is worth twopence farthing, on an average. He may earn in this way about sevenpence an hour — not bad wages, but, taken in connexion with the nature of the work, they do not look exceedingly attractive. Here there is a safe income, at any rate — no lottery. A lump of gold, combined with quartz, like that which has been dragged from California by its lucky finder — a lump worth more than three thousand pounds — is not a prize attainable in river washing. That lump, its owner says, he got out of a vein, which vein he comes to Europe to seek aid in working. Veins of quartz containing gold, when they occur, directly they cease to be superficial, cease generally to be very profitable to their owners. But of that we shall have to say more presently.

By this time we have had occasion to observe more than once that gold and quartz are very friendly neighbours. Now, we will make use of the fact which we have been saving up so long, that

when granite decomposes, quartz, the heaviest material is least easily carried away, and when carried away is first to be deposited by currents. Gold, also, is very heavy; in its lightest compound, it is twelve times heavier than water, and pure gold is nineteen times heavier; gold, therefore, when stirred out of its place by water, will soon settle to the bottom. Very often gold will not be moved at all, nor even quartz; so gold and quartz remain, while substances which formerly existed in their neighbourhood are washed away. Or when the whole is swept away together, after gold has begun sinking, quartz will soon be sinking too; and so, even in shingle or alluvial deposits, gold and quartz are apt to occur as exceedingly close neighbours to each other.

How the gold forms in those old rocks, we have no right to say. Be it remembered, that in newer formations it occurs, although more sparingly. How the gold forms, we do not know. In fact, we have no right to say of gold that it is formed at all. In the present state of chemistry, gold is considered as an element, a simple substance, of which other things are formed, not being itself compounded out of others. In the present state of our knowledge, therefore — and the metals *may* really be elements — we have nothing to trouble ourselves about. Gold being one of the elements (there are somewhere about forty in all) of which the earth is built,

of course existed from the beginning, and will be found in the oldest rocks. It exists, like other elements, in combination. It is combined with iron, antimony, manganese, copper, arsenic, and other things. But it is one great peculiarity of gold that it is not easily oxidised or rusted; rust being caused in metals by the action of oxygen contained in our air. When, therefore, gold, in a compound state, comes to be superficial, the air acting on the mass will generally oxidise the other metals, and so act upon them, more especially where water helps, that in the lapse of time this superficial gold will have been purified in the laboratory of nature, and may be finally picked up in the pure, or nearly pure, state; or else it may be washed, equally pure, from the superficial earth, as is now done in the majority of gold districts. But deep below the surface, in quartz veins contained within the bowels of a mountain — though, to be sure, it is not often found in such positions — gold exists generally in a condition far from pure; the chemistry of the artisan must do what the chemistry of nature had effected in the other case; and this involves rather an expensive process.

Surface gold is found, comparatively pure, in lumps of very various sizes, or in rounded grains, or in small scales. In this state it is found in the Ural district, contained in a mass of coarse gravel, like that found in the neighbourhood of London; elsewhere, it is

contained in a rough shingle, with much quartz; and elsewhere, in a more mud-like alluvial deposit. The water that has washed it out of its first bed has not been always a mere mountain torrent, or a river, or a succession of rains. Gold shingle and sand have been accumulated in many districts, by the same causes which produced our local drifts, in which the bones of the mammoth, the rhinoceros, and other extinct quadrupeds occur.

The nearly pure gold thus deposited in very superficial layers, may be readily distinguished from all other things that have external resemblance to it. Gold in this state has always, more or less, its well-known colour, and the little action of the air upon it causes its particles to glitter, though they be distributed only in minute scales through a bed of sand. But there are other things that glitter. Scales of mica, to the eye only, very much resemble gold. But gold is extremely heavy; twelve or nineteen times heavier than the same bulk of water; mica is very light: sand itself being but three times heavier than water. Let, therefore, sand, with glittering scales in it, be shaken with water, and let us watch the order of the settling. If the scales be gold, they will sink first, and quickly, to the bottom; if they be mica, they will take their time, and be among the last to sink. It is this property of gold — its weight — which enables us to obtain it by the process called gold-washing. Earth containing gold, being agi-

tated in water, the gold falls to the bottom. Turbid water containing gold, being poured over a skin, the gold falls and becomes entangled in the hairs; or such water being poured over a board with transverse grooves, the gold is caught in the depressions. This is the reason why the Brazilian searcher looks for a depression in the bottom of the river, and this is also the origin of those peculiar rich bits occasionally found in the alluvium of a large gold-field. Where there has been a hollow, as the water passed it, gold continually was arrested there, forming those valuable deposits which the Brazilians call *Caldeiras*. Sometimes, where the waters have been arrested in the hollow of a mountain, they have, in the same way, dropped an excessive store of gold. This quality of weight, therefore, is of prime importance in the history of gold; it determined the character of its deposits in the first instance; it enables us now to extract it easily from its surrounding matter, and it enables us to detect it in a piece of rock, where it may not be distinctly visible. There are two substances which look exceedingly like gold; — copper and iron pyrites, substances familiar to most of us. We need never be puzzled to distinguish them. Gold is a soft metal, softer than iron, copper, and silver, although harder than tin or lead. It will scratch tin or lead; but it will be scratched with the other metals. That is to say, you can scratch gold with a com-

mon knife. Now, iron pyrites is harder than steel, and therefore a knife will fail to scratch it. Gold and iron pyrites, therefore, need never be mistaken for each other by any man who has a piece of steel about him. Copper pyrites can be scratched with steel. But then there is another very familiar property of gold, by which, in this case, it can be distinguished. Gold is very malleable; beat on it with a stone, and it will flatten, but not break; and when it breaks, it shows that it is torn asunder, by the thready, fibrous nature of its fracture. Beat with a stone on copper pyrites, and it immediately begins to crumble. No acid, by itself, can affect gold; but a mixture of one part nitric, and four parts muriatic acid, is called *Aqua Regia*, because in this mixture gold does dissolve. A common test for gold, in commerce, is to put nitric acid over it, which has no action if the gold be true. There is, also, a hard smooth stone, called *Lydian stone*, or flinty jasper, by the mineralogists, and *touchstone* by the jewellers, on which gold makes a certain mark; and the character of the streak made on such a stone will indicate pretty well the purity or value of the gold that makes it.

We have said that when the gold occurs in a deep-seated vein, combined with other minerals, its extraction becomes no longer a simple process. Let us now point out generally what the nature of this process is, and then we shall conclude our brief discussion; for

what else we might say, either lies beyond our present purpose, or has been made, by the talking and writing of the last two years, sufficiently familiar to all listeners or readers. Mr. Gardner, superintendent of the Royal Botanic Garden of Ceylon, thus describes the process of extracting gold out of the mine of Morro Velho. This mine, when St. Hilaire visited it, was considered as exhausted; it is now one of the richest in Brazil. Thus Mr. Gardner writes of it: —

“The ore is first removed from its bed by blasting, and is afterwards broken, by female slaves, into small pieces; after which it is conveyed to the stamping-machine, to be reduced to powder. A small stream of water, constantly made to run through them, carries away the pulverised matter to what is called the Strakes — a wooden platform, slightly inclined, and divided, into a number of very shallow compartments, of fourteen inches in width, the length being about twenty-six feet. The floor of each of these compartments is covered with pieces of tanned hide, about three feet long, and sixteen inches wide, which have the hair on. The particles of gold are deposited among the hairs, while the earthy matter, being lighter, is washed away. The greater part of the gold dust is collected on the three upper, or head skins, which are changed every four hours, while the lower skins are changed every six or eight hours, according to the richness of the ore. The sand

which is washed from the head skins is collected together, and amalgamated with quicksilver, in barrels; while that from the lower skins is conveyed to the washing-house, and concentrated over strakes of similiar construction to those of the stamping mill, till it be rich enough to be amalgamated with that from the head-skins. The barrels into which this rich sand is put, together with the quicksilver, are turned by water; and the process of amalgamation is generally completed in the course of forty eight hours. When taken out, the amalgam is separated from the sand by washing. It is then pressed on chamois skins, and the quicksilver is separated from the gold by sublimation.”

Let us explain those latter processes in more detail. If you dip a gold ring or a sovereign into quicksilver, it will be silvered by it, and the silvering will not come off. This union of theirs is called an amalgam. On a ring or sovereign it is mere silvering; but when the gold is in a state of powder, and the amalgamation takes place on a complete scale, it forms a white doughy mass, in which there is included much loose quicksilver. This doughy mass is presently washed clear of all impurities, and is then squeezed in skins or cloths, through the pores of which loose quicksilver is forced, and saved for future operations. The rest of the quicksilver is burnt out. Under a moderately strong heat, quick-

silver evaporates, or — to speak more scientifically — sublimes; and gold does not. The amalgam, therefore, being subjected to heat, the quicksilver escapes by sublimation, leaving the gold pure. The quicksilver escapes by sublimation; but its owner does not wish it quite to escape out of his premises, because it is an expensive article. Chambers are therefore made over the ovens, in which the mercury may once again condense, and whence it may be collected again afterwards. But, with all precaution, a considerable waste always takes place. Other processes are also in use for the separation of gold from its various alloys. We have described that which is of most universal application. Let us not omit noting the significance of the fact, that a quicksilver mine exists in California.

FLOWER-SHOWS IN A BIRMINGHAM HOT-HOUSE.

FORTY years ago, one of the things we were most sure to see on entering the parlour of the farm-house, lodging-house, or shop-keeper's back-room, or the kitchen of the best sort of cottage, was a gaudy tea-tray, set up against the wall on the top of the bureau, or the side-table, or the dresser. On the tray might be painted a yellow tiger, or a scarlet lion, or a pink shepherdess with a green shepherd; or a very yellow sheep beside a very red cow; or

flowers and fruit, not particularly like anything that ever was really seen. Those were the war-days; when the English taste had no opportunity of being improved by intercourse with foreign countries. Those were the days when brown and white cats, and green and scarlet parrots in frail plaster, stood on the mantel-piece, where we now see busts of great men, and casts of the Graces and the Muses, and of Cherubs and Gladiators, and of Joan of Arc, and William Tell. Those were the days when we knew nothing of the most graceful and brilliant flowers that the great were importing from foreign lands. The China-rose was only just beginning to grow beside the cottage window. Lady Holland was bringing the dahlia from Spain; but it had not yet superseded the sunflower in common gardens. The fuchsia has still the small red blossom that we now see less often than the variegated and highly-magnified kinds which are the pride of the window-sill in town and country. There might be no harm in this; for there are many who prefer the original fuchsia to this day. But it was not common, and we do not remember that it ever grew to half the size that may now be seen all over England. If there were verbenas in those days, they must have been rare; for we saw no parterres of brilliant lilac and scarlet and rose-coloured verbenas, such as now catch the eye of the traveller, as he is whirled along the railway. Again, all the

Californian annuals are new; — but there would be no end, if we were to make a list of the beautiful things that have become common since the Peace; things, beautiful in themselves, and elements of beauty in the arts of common life. To see what the advance has been, we need but look at the papers on the walls of humble parlours; at the mantel-piece, and at the grate and fender beneath, and (to come back to our first thought) at the tea-tray on the top of the bureau.

Forty years ago, the tray was heavy — being of iron. It was gay when new, but the colours soon flaked off in the middle group, and rusty spots broke out in the black ground. It warped, and stood uneven, and clattered with every jog of the table. The rim was apt to crack, and leave jagged edges, which tore whatever they caught. When this rim became rusty, any drop which fell upon it from the kettle was sure to leave an iron-mould on the sleeve, or apron, or cloth, which touched it. In finer houses, there were better trays; lighter to carry, less ugly to the eye, and less mischievous when they began to wear out. But nobody looked for much beauty in trays, and there was little variety. They were either of an oblong square, or round. They were plain black, polished in the middle, and there were lines, and sometimes vine or oak-leaves in gilding round the rims, but the gilding did not wear well. Those who chose to have

their trays kept bright and clean, must make up their minds to see the gilding rub off in patches, leaving a dull surface which no "elbow grease" could polish. The advantages of lightness and steadiness remained, however, when the first beauty was gone. This was because the trays of the gentry were made of a good material. They were made of paper. It had then been known for half a century that paper would wear better than iron, in this particular article. Not only is paper, under certain management, harder than wood — turning the edges of tools sooner than any common wood — but it was found to stand the wear and tear of daily use better than iron.

What could this paper be? and what could be the management of it? The paper is a kind of blotting-paper, soft and porous. It is when changed by treatment to *papier mâché* (which is French for "chewed paper") that it becomes hard enough to turn the edge of the plane and the chisel. We went, the other day, to see the process, and found that we were viewing the works of the very men, Jennens and Bettridge, who, forty years ago, set to work to improve the national tea-tray, and who have since carried their improvements into every sort of dwelling — from the cottage kitchen to the state rooms of Buckingham Palace. There are other palaces, too, in which this mashed or chewed paper is found, in the shape of inkstands inlaid with

pearl; brilliant chess and work tables; folding screens adorned with trailing flowers, with burnished humming-birds glittering on the sprays; chairs and couches, framed in a series of classic groups; miniature frames, and paper-knives; and even rosaries, for Catholic or Mahomedan use; the beads of which are black and polished, and light as jet, while less liable to fracture. In Egypt, the Pasha may be found dining from a vast tray made at these works — a tray made to receive the filigree saucers on which great Oriental dinners are served. And at the Persian court there will soon be seen tables, and screens, and flower-stands, all glowing with our common fuchsia, and rose, and convolvulus. But, amidst all we saw in that wonderful show-room, there was nothing which charmed the eye and mind so much as a tray, of a simple form — circular, with a scalloped rim — with a handful of glowing verbenas in the middle; so natural, as to deserve to take a good place in any school of flower-painting.

From this room, full of landscape and flower-painting, of arabesques and mosaic, of pearl, and gilding, and burnish; of couches and tables, screens, allumettes, card-cases, paper-knives, pen-dishes, rosaries, hearth-brush cases, desks, jewel-boxes, and a host of other beauties, we went at once among the primary elements of the manufacture. The first thing we saw was the model of the great tray for the Pasha of Egypt.

The rim hung against the wall, giving no idea of the beauty which was to grow out of it. Next, we passed a pile of the paper, as it came from the mill — simple grey blotting-paper, which tears with a touch. Some women were pasting sheets of this paper, one upon another, on a model — the paste being made of flour, glue, and boiling-water. A man who was covering the model of a tray, where the stress would fall between the level part and the rim, was pasting slips of paper from the one to the other. The advantage of thus uniting a great number of sheets, over every other method of producing the same thickness, is that the faulty spot of one sheet comes between a sound portion of two others; and thus an equality of substance is produced. An ordinary tea-tray, which is about a quarter of an inch thick, is made of ten layers, or about thirty sheets of paper. The greatest thickness attained (without a hollow) is that of six inches; a wonderful solidity to be obtained from paper.

And here we found — what we were far from thinking of — a new illustration of the mischief of the paper-duty. The duty paid on this paper is three-halfpence per pound; and the price is sixpence halfpenny. For a cheaper and coarser manufacture, the fragments of this paper, together with rags, are reduced to a pulp at the paper-mill; and this pulp (which may be called the “devil’s dust” of the *papier mâché* manufacture)

is pressed into form, and used for the cheapest trays. A set of three trays, of this material, can be sold for ten shillings. In the raw state, the sheets look like thick oat-cake. The material does not admit of good finish; and, what is of far more importance, it has little wear in it. It may be torn by the hand; it easily bursts asunder when burdened with any heavy weight. But the duty is only three-farthings per pound on this mashed paper; and the cheapness thus occasioned causes a preference for the bad article over the good, which would be accessible but for this duty. Messrs. Jennens and Bettridge do not affix their names to the articles they make of this material, because they cannot warrant the wear, and cannot be proud of the workmanship. They have represented to the Excise the mischief that is done by this duty, in depraving the manufacture; and they have even asked that, if the duty cannot be removed from the real paper, it may be laid equally upon the paper-pulp; that the manufacturer and the buyer may have a fair chance of producing and enjoying a good article. The potentates of the Excise have listened respectfully, and promised consideration; and the thing to be desired next is, that their consideration should be quickened and deepened by a popular demand for the repeal of the duty. Official men should know, that while authors and publishers are straitened in their best enterprises by

this duty, and the upholsterer cannot fully display his art in paper-hanging, the humble housewife is mourning over the wrecks of her best china, smashed by the tea-tray having burst across the middle. One would like, too, that — as it is quite possible to put such a luxury within common use — the cottage tray should have the smoothness and polish of a mirror, instead of being rough and dull, even when new.

Articles which are flat, or merely curved, are removed from the mould simply by cutting off the overlapping edges. Round articles, such as vases, allumette stands, and hearth-brush cases, are split, and joined together by glue. Every article is subjected to strong pressure, in various presses, to prevent warping. After that, the processes are the same as in cabinet-making, allowance being made for the material being harder to work than wood. When thin, it is lighter than wood: or, rather, its texture admits of its being used thinner; for, in the mass, it is heavier than wood. The reason why screen-stands, the legs of work-tables, and feet of pillars, are so light, is, that the material admits of their being made hollow. They are formed on a mould, and paper is afterwards pasted over the bottom, leaving a hollow space within.

The rough articles are now brought under the saw, the plane, the chisel, the file, and the lathe, as if they were wood. The sharp edges and round mouldings,

which come out from the rough surface in the lathe, are curious to see, when one considers what the material really is. A final smoothing is given by sand-paper, before the varnish is applied. The varnish (shellac) is obtained from the same manufactory which supplies the coachmakers. The articles are "stoved," — put into ovens, where the varnish turns black under a heat of two hundred and thirty degrees. Fresh coats of varnish are laid on — from twelve to eighteen, according to circumstances; and the articles, after each coating, remain in the stoves from twelve to twenty-four hours. This must be unwholesome work to the superintendents of the process. The heat of the stove rooms is very great, and the smell of baked varnish almost intolerable to novices.

In the midst of the series of varnishings occur the decorative processes. A large quantity of goods, partly varnished, and smoothed by being rubbed with pumice-stone, sand, and rag, are ranged on shelves and in racks, in a gloomy apartment, where everything is black. These are the "plain goods;" — goods which are hereafter to be decorated to order. When the order comes, and a tray, for instance, is to be inlaid with pearl, with certain initials on a medallion in the centre, a neat-handed woman may be seen to undertake the task: or, more probably, a skilful man; for the nicest parts of the work are usually done by men. We were rather sur-

prised at this, till we heard the reason. The decorative parts of this manufacture seem to suit women's faculties of head and hand; and it looks strange, at first sight, that only about a fourth of the three hundred people employed in this establishment are women; and that the women do the coarser parts of the work — having, necessarily, lower wages than the men. The reason is, that women do not learn the business and stick to it, as men do. A boy serves an apprenticeship of seven years; and then regards the business as the main employment of his life. Girls come for months, or years, as it may happen: and it never does happen that they look upon it as the one settled business of their lives. They marry, or they think of marrying. They are, sooner or later, more or less unsettled; and it commonly happens that a home and a baby call them from the manufactory, as soon as they have become thoroughly trained to their work. It is, therefore, most probably a man who has to inlay this tray with pearl.

The pretty flakes of pearl which lie about in little heaps, and in saucers and cups, are, for the most part, from New Zealand. Some come also from Guernsey. For the best and most expensive kind of work, the flakes are carefully selected, that the grain (so to speak) may lie all one way, that there may be no cross lights in the figures. In a chess-table, worth sixteen guineas, which we saw in the show-room, the squares are

formed of these pearl flakes, disposed in different patterns, with all the grain lying one way. The pattern is disposed on the varnish, to which it is fastened by an adhesive substance. Coat after coat of varnish is then laid on, and the pearl is covered with asphalt, till it first glimmers red, then brown, and then disappears completely buried from sight. When the last coat is fairly baked on, the surface is rubbed with pumice-stone, as before; then with sand and rag; then with rotten-stone; and the pattern is revealed. It now only remains to give the final polish with the hand, under which the surface becomes bright as a mirror. A peculiar quality of hand is requisite for this; a quality attained only by practice. The finest of aristocratic ladies, whose hand is seldom out of her glove, could not polish a pen-dish, or door-plate. She might possibly find that she had scratched it; while she might see a hard-working, poorly dressed woman, with long, bony, turned-up fingers, skinny and yellow, producing an unrivalled polish, though she finishes her job by daubing the work with little touches of oil, which she carries smeared upon her left wrist. This is to remove any dust or dimness which may have lodged in any corner, or crease. One final stroke, removing the oil, turns out the work complete.

If the tray, or other article, is to have the initials of the purchaser, or any other figure, embossed in

the centre, it is done by embedding a plate of pearl; painting the letters or figures on it, in a substance which cannot be corroded; and then rubbing over the whole with rotten-stone, and an acid which corrodes the pearl. More varnish is then laid on; and the raised letters are disencumbered of their covering.

There is a great fancy at present for a style of ornament which we do not at all admire. The pearl is used for flowers and fruit, coloured after nature, but looking as unlike nature as anything can well do. Flowers and fruit do not shine and glitter; but tinfoil does: and there is too much of a tinfoil look about this method of ornament. The genuine flower-painting will be far more permanent, no doubt; for it is very beautiful.

In the colouring room, one of the prettiest processes seen is the gilding of borders and other designs. The artist paints his border with a steady hand and graceful strokes, with a camel-hair pencil, dipped in isinglass and water. He then lays on leaf-gold; and presently rubs off the superfluous gold, leaving the pattern gilt. Near him may be seen another man varnishing a set of maroon-coloured pen-dishes. These had been coloured brown, and then painted over with lake, to produce the maroon colour; then gilded in graceful patterns with isinglass and gold leaf; and now the last transparent varnish is laid on with a brush. Not far off sits another artist, with a convolvulus in water

before him. He is painting flowers on a work-box. On some of the screens in the show-room, the flowers were finished with a most mysterious softness. We could not conceive how such a melting away of colours could be managed. We now see how it is done. An artist has laid on various flowers in white or cream-colour; he throws on some colouring powder; depositing it in the darkest centre, and wiping it thinner and thinner towards the lighter edges. A flower thus tinted, with the dark folds of the centre, indicated by the black under surface being more slightly covered, gives real enjoyment to the eye that rests upon it.

A patent was taken out, two years ago, by this firm, for inlaying gems under glass. We saw some panels — such as might form the doors of small cabinets, or the top of jewel-boxes — splendidly inlaid with pearls, rubies, amethysts, emeralds, and turquoises. Two of these were designed from the Queen of Spain's jewels; the quick eye of the artist having seized their character, while on view in the Exhibition. We are not learned in jewels; but it appeared to us that these panels are quite as pretty as the Queen of Spain's jewels; and that neither the one nor the other is half so pretty as the convolvulus in the wine-glass, or the half-open lily, or drooping fuchsia, on many a screen or paper-knife in the colouring room.

There is something to be said

about the forms, as well as the colouring of these beautiful productions. Those who have seen the contributions of this firm to the Exhibition will not be surprised to hear that such men as Bell the sculptor, and Redgrave the painter, are employed in its service. The Oriental chair at the Exhibition is a marvel for beauty of form, ease to the lounge, splendour of decoration, and — as we learned while viewing the model — difficulty of production. It is said to be unique: but it will probably not be so for long; for orders from Eastern potentates are flowing in fast. Mr. Redgrave has transferred to trays the convenience of horse-shoe tables. Instead of the painful sight of waiters holding trays of wine and cake at a long stretch, supporting the inner edge against their bodies, we shall now see them in a state of ease, if not an attitude of grace. The inner rim of the wine and fruit tray is now cut out, so that the whole tray presents the arc of a circle projecting towards the guest, and relieving the waiter from his strained attitude. At each corner is a little pit, sunk to contain the decanter.

From end to end of the show-room of this manufacture, there is a refinement of convenience as well as of beauty, which would make one ashamed, but for the evidence presented throughout, that the luxury is not confined to the rich, even now, and that it is likely to descend more and more abundantly into humble homes.

The truest beauty — that which is natural — ought to cost nothing: beauty of form ought to be had as cheap as ugliness. The humblest cottage may as easily be well-proportioned as not; and the cheapest tea-tray will soon be of as convenient and graceful a form as the most cumbrous. It may be of plain black, with a simple coloured or gilt border, instead of being painted with flowers, or inlaid with gems; but it will be ornamental from its form, and will drive out for ever the yellow tiger, and pink and green shepherdesses of a grosser time. At a more removed, but already-promised period, we, or the next generation, may see the inkstand or writing-desk in the cottage-window, or on the bureau, where the pen has scarcely yet found its way. If we can but see this, we shall willingly let unique Oriental chairs go to Persia, and sixteen-guinea chess-tables to India, satisfied with our humbler share in the improvements of the arts of life. We may even look without envy on our Norwegian neighbours, if we see them line their churches with papier-mâché. There is a church actually existing, near Bergen, which can contain nearly one thousand persons. It is circular within, octagonal without. The relievos outside, and the statues within, the roof, the ceiling, the Corinthian capitals, are all of papier-mâché, rendered waterproof, by saturation in vitriol, lime-water, whey, and white of egg. We have not yet reached this pitch of audacity,

in our use of paper; but it should hardly surprise us, inasmuch as we employ the same material in private houses, in steamboats, and in some public buildings, instead of carved decorations and plaster cornices. When Frederick the Second of Prussia set up a limited papier-mâché manufactory at Berlin, in 1765, he little thought that paper cathedrals might, within a century, spring out of his snuff-boxes, by the sleight-of-hand of advancing art. At present, we old-fashioned English, who haunt cathedrals, and build churches, like stone better. But there is no saying what we may come to. It is not very long since it would have seemed as impossible to cover eighteen acres of ground with glass, as to erect a pagoda of soap bubbles; yet the thing is done. When we think of a psalm sung by one thousand voices pealing through an edifice made of old rags, and the universal element bound down to carry our messages with the speed of light, it would be presumptuous to say what can and what can not be achieved by Science and Art, under the training of steady old Time.

A SULTAN'S WARNING.

IN days now past, (why need we name
the year?

For good men and good deeds rest not on
Time,

But are as orbs, perfect within them-
selves,

And firmly hung on their own central
 strength,) A Sultan — of the many steeped town,
 Stamboul, that looks across the narrow
 straits Tow'rds Asia and the lands of morning —
 felt The time had come for shaking the thick
 blood Of high-fed empire, which had, from re-
 pose, Engender'd humours knotty and corrupt,
 Whereof the body languish'd, keeping
 yet A sort of insolent pretence of health,
 Which was, in truth, though fair to out-
 ward show, The hectic fever-flush of luxury.
 These things the Sultan fiercely weeded
 out; Whereat the nobles murmur'd; and the
 priests (As men who feel an earthquake's gather-
 ing throbs Under their feet, even in the Temple)
 shriek'd Prophecies of the ending of the world.

Death found the Sultan eager at his
 work, And bore him off into the idle grave;
 But the young monarch who succeeded
 him Kept the same path, moveless and strong
 as Fate, So that, to sight of priests and noblemen,
 A glaring phantom, with a scimitar,
 Over the land stood imminent and huge.

One morning the new Sultan knelt in
 pray'r Before his father's sepulchre; when, just
 As earth dropp'd outward, and his spirit
 hung In vasts of space, 'twixt starry Eden-
 worlds, He heard a voice within the cavernous
 vault, Crying — "I burn!" The voice was loud
 and harsh, And husky as with pain; seeming to reel
 Under the weight of the eternal years,
 And an astounding sense of hopelessness.

This happen'd every morning; till at
 length — His mind perplex'd with dark imagi-
 nings

And doubts, that in the night grew sub-
 stantive, Casting a shadow overthwart the day —
 The Sultan sought the Chief of the
 Imams, Commanding him to pluck the secret
 sense Out of this prodigy. The holy man,
 With his infallible face placid and smooth,
 And his serene slow speech, (as one who
 holds The truth of all things by a silken cord,
 Restraining its impatient wings from
 flight,) Answer'd, — "Commander of the Faith-
 ful! know The meaning of this ominous sound. Thy
 sire Was curst with love of change, — bad at
 all times — Monstrous when join'd with sovereignty.
 His hand Pluck'd the white beard of customary
 forms, Beat up the paths of ages, confused rank,
 With baseness, made a scoff of privilege,
 Broke the firm music of establish'd awe,
 Dislodged authority from sacred seats,
 Took reverence from habit, seized the
 staff Of old command from priests and magis-
 trates, And — in the place of fix'd and steadfast
 law — Brought roaring chaos, staggering, and
 dismay: — Disturbing thus the most religious bones
 Of wise and father-like Antiquity. All such the Prophet (blessed be his
 name!) Hath specially denounced; wherefore, I
 fear, Thy father's heart is burning in his
 breast, And that his voice speaks to thee from
 the grave, Warning thee back, while yet thou hast
 the time."

Forth went the Sultan, answering not a
 word, And in his closet closely shut himself,
 Till, after pondering on many things, —
 On Life, and Death, and the world after
 Death, And penance in the dreadful tomb, — his
 thoughts Took sudden shape, and were resolv'd
 and calm.

Word straight went forth, that, by the
morning light,
The Sultan would proceed in state to
pray
Beneath his father's tomb, that he might
have
Some stronger confirmation of the truth
Of what his ears reported. Through the
night
The hum of preparation rose and fell;
And at the dawn of day, the palace-
gates
Were throng'd with solemn pageantries,
which stood
Silent as visions underneath the sun.

The Sultan join'd the train, and forth
they went
Through the chief gate, — a tide of living
strength,
Massive with numbers; dark with flowing
robes
Of the old Doctors of the sacred Law;
Burning with banners, that, like crimson
fire,
Danced overhead; gorgeous with silk and
gold;
Alive with flash of steady scimitars;
And full of motion with the heavy roll
Of the horses, to and fro; while round
about
The gusty trumpets flared like windy
flame.

The tomb was reach'd; the Sultan
pray'd. Once more,
From the far depths, rose up the fearful
voice!
The faces of the people crowding round
Caught sudden paleness, and some
straightway felt
Unusual life within the hair. Not so
The Sultan. Rising to his feet, he called
His guards about him, and commanded
them
To dig the pavement up, and move the
tomb,
Right in the presence of those witnesses.

Horror fell on the priests, who cried
aloud
That it was profanation to disturb
The dead within their quiet palaces,
Or grope in darkness of the sepulchre
For secrets of the unrevealed world;
And that an act so cursed would call
down
Some keen revenge, that might obliterate

All who stood there, to ashes blank and
vague.
In vain! The Sultan would not stir a jot.

The soldiers tore the marble pavement
up,
And shovell'd out the earth, until they
reach'd,
Within the deep foundations, a large
hole;
When suddenly, with exclamations loud,
They cast up something like a clod of
dirt,
Which soon sprawl'd forth two legs and
arms, and then
Roll'd over, and display'd a face; and, lo!
It was a priest — yea, one of that grave
tribe
Who dance in their devotions to a flute.

Out laugh'd the Sultan in the sacred
place,
As he survey'd the straggling weed that
lay
Helplessly at his feet; then calmly said—
"Behold the visions and fantastic dreams
That crouch about the sacred tomb, and
throw
Unloving doubts on the high-hearted dead;
Dreams terrible only in the night of Fear,
But laughter-fraught when, through im-
patient rifts
Of scorn, we let the sudden day-light in,
And the ghosts shrink to earthy human
shapes.
Yet, stay! This holy man is burning.
Guards,
Carry him forth — but softly! Have a
care,
Or ye may take the heat into yourselves
By merest contact. Lead him gently out
To the next fountain, and there let him
have
Water enough to quench his hottest
flames."

The people murmur'd, like a swarm of
bees,
Among themselves, with lifting up of
hands
And rolling of the eyes in wonderment;
And when the Sultan rode back with his
train,
The priests and nobles cried continually—
"Allah is great, and works in secret
ways!
The mystery of things surpasseth
thought!"

Strong human Giant, whosoe'er thou art,
 Who seekest to reform this erring world!
 Thy course will ever lie through phan-
 tom-hordes
 Of men's distorted minds, threat'ning thy
 way
 With seeming fire, and ghastly voices
 round;
 Like those black knights through whom
 Sir Launcelot rode,
 Though half in dread, and found them
 fade like mist,
 Beneath the keen sun-arrows. So pass
 thou,
 And with thy sword hew out a lightning
 path
 Through doubt, and fear, and the far-
 reaching dark,
 Even to the presence of confusing Death.
 The spirit of the world moves on before
 Its corporal self, as light precedes the
 sun;
 And thus the prophet of a fairer time
 Must take his stand beneath the whelming
 night,
 A star on the remotest mountain-top,
 Steady, and large, and still. The earth
 is firm,
 And true to its deep-seated heart; and
 soon
 Will swim in lucid atmosphere of dawn,
 And take the golden blessings of new day.

THE SPENDTHRIFT'S DAUGHTER.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

WHAT is five thousand a year, when a man spends six? Make it ten, and he will spend twelve. There is an old story I have heard my mother tell: —

A man had a legacy left him, so large, that upon the strength of it he was enabled to change his plan of life. He sat down and calculated the style in which it would henceforward become him to live. His arrangement of income and

expenditure would have been perfect, only that the income fell short a certain, not very large, sum. This was a sad business. A few hundreds more, and he would have been quite at ease — he had them not — he began to feel rather poor. A letter arrives from his man of business. There has been a mistake; the legacy is of twice the amount it had been at first stated at. How will it become him to live now? That is easily settled — he has only to double all his expenses. Alas! And he remains twice as poor as he was before.

There is no limit to extravagance — it is a bottomless chasm which is not to be filled.

The income does not exactly suffice — and no man ought to exceed his income. True, but there are unexpected expenses — things that perhaps may never recur. The prudent man economises something else; the imprudent man goes to his capital. He unlocks that sacred door of which he holds the enchanted key in his hand — and ruin rushes out upon him as a flood.

Julian soon began to touch upon his capital. It was but in small sums at first, and yet it is astonishing how rich and easy (for the time) it made him feel. A thousand or two thus added to a man's income makes all mighty smooth, and the consequent diminution of his future revenue is a trifle, not felt, and not worth thinking of. Desires increase with the means to gratify them. He who takes

a thousand or two from his capital, soon finds it necessary to take more. Income diminishes as desires gain strength; the habit of indulgence grows as the means to gratify it decline.

What with borrowing, and giving bills, and drawing larger bills to pay the former bills when they became due, Julian and his wife had, by the nineteenth year of their marriage, eaten out the whole core and marrow of their fortunes. The edifice now stood, to all appearance, as splendid as ever — but it had become a house of cards over a bottomless pit.

And yet they had children; they had not wanted those best incentives to a better course. Their possessions in this way were not very numerous; people of this description have seldom overflowing nurseries; the mother is usually too fine a lady to look after her children herself. She is contented with hiring some head nurse, taking her on trust from some other young woman as heedless and negligent of her duties as herself; and to her tender mercies she leaves her babies.

Such a nurse had lorded it in Mrs. Winstanley's family; an ill-governed family in every respect, where each servant, from the highest to the lowest, measured his or her consequence by the money which was spent or wasted. Under this nurse's care two lovely boys had died in their infancy. One little girl had tumbled somewhere or in some way — or had been made to stand too long in

the corner when she was naughty, or to walk too far when she was tired, or what, I know not. All I know is, there was some internal injury, the cause of which no medical man who was consulted could detect. The other, and only remaining child, was a fine, handsome, spirited girl, of whom Mrs. Nurse thought proper to be excessively proud and fond. And how were these little children educated? Educated is an inappropriate word. There was no capacity for education on the part of Nurse; but Mr. and Mrs. Winstanley, though their dinners were just as numerous and profuse as ever, saw not the slightest necessity, whilst the little girls were young, for the additional expense of any better governess; and Mrs. Nurse was left to give all the elementary instruction that was thought needful — a task which she undertook with alacrity; having become somewhat apprehensive, now the two little boys were dead and the two young ladies getting bigger, that she might be superseded.

Her teaching consisted, first in shaking and scolding Miss Clementina, and keeping her, with her poor aching hip, prisoner in her chair till she had learned a lesson — which, for want of comprehending the absurdly long words of which it seemed purposely composed, it was almost impossible she should learn; and secondly, in laughing at Miss Ella's odd blunders as she read, and telling her every word as it

occurred, before she had time to pronounce it.

As for religion, morality, or knowledge of right and wrong, Mrs. Nurse thought too little about such things herself to impart them to others. I suppose she taught the children to say their prayers; but I am sure I know no more than the mother did, whether it was so or no. Sometimes the children were taken to stare about them in church; but not often, for Mrs. Winstanley was in the habit of fulfilling the commandment very literally, and making Sunday a day of rest. Commonly she spent the forenoon in bed; only getting up in time to dress for a dinner-party which Mr. Winstanley made an especial point of having on that day. He, as yet, paid this trifling respect to it; he abstained from going on Sunday evening to a certain club which he frequented, to play cards, or roulette, for unknown sums.

The elder of these children grew up, suffering, and spiritless; the younger was proud, insolent, overbearing, and tyrannical — as much so as such a little creature could be. They were fast growing up into all this, and would have been confirmed in it, had not an accident arrested the fearful progress.

Spoiled, flattered, allowed to indulge every evil temper with impunity, Ella's faults were numberless; more especially to her helpless sister, whose languid health and feeble spirits excited

little sympathy, and whose complaints seemed to irritate her.

"I declare you *are* the most tiresome, tormenting thing, sitting there looking as miserable as ever you can, and with that whining voice of yours, enough to drive one mad. Why *can't* you brighten up a little, and come and play? You really *shall* come and play. I want to play! Nurse! O! she's not there! Do *make* Clementina come and play."

"Don't, Ella! don't tease me so; pray don't! My hip hurts me; I can't. Do let me alone, pray."

"Nonsense. You make such a fuss about your hip! I don't believe anything's the matter with it; only you're so ill-natured, you *never* will do anything I ask. Nurse, I say," as the door opened, "do make her. — O, it's only Matty! Matty, where's Nurse?"

"She's just stepped out, Miss, and told me to come, and stay in the day-room with you till she was back."

And Matty, the new maid, hired but a day or two before, came in with her sewing in her hand, and sat down quietly to her work at the window.

"Matty!" cried Ella, imperiously, "don't sit there, looking so stupid; but come and make this tiresome girl play with me. There she sits, mooning over the fire. If Nurse were here, she'd soon have her up."

"Don't, pray, Matty," as Matty was rising from her chair. "Pray, don't. I'll go and play;

but indeed, indeed, it hurts me very much to move to-day."

"Nonsense! Make her get up, Matty. You must mind me, Matty; you come here to mind me; so do as you are bid, you ugly thing."

Matty indeed merited the title of ugly. She was rather tall, but of a most ungainly figure, with long bony limbs, ill put together. It was difficult to say what the features of her face might have been: they were so crumpled, and scarred, and seamed. Not a feature had been left uninjured, except her eyes; and they were remarkable both for intelligence and softness.

She put down her work and went up to Clementina, saying, "What ails you, Miss? I hope it isn't true that you feign sickness not to play with your sister?"

The poor girl looked up, and her eyes were filled with tears. "Feign! I wish I did!"

"Then your hip *does* hurt you?"

"To be sure it does. So badly! At night, sometimes, when I'm in bed — so, so badly."

"And do you know that, Miss Ella?"

"Know it! Why, who does not know it? She's always talking of it; but, for my part, I don't believe it's half so bad as she pretends."

"I don't pretend, Ella; you are always saying that. How cruel you are to set Nurse against me, by always saying I pretend."

Thus it went on for a minute or

two, whilst Matty stood silently by, her eyes wandering from one sister to the other.

At last she sighed, and said, "If it had pleased God to spare me my sister, I wouldn't have served *her* so."

Ella turned at this, and lifting up her eyes, measured Matty from head to foot with indignant contempt. It would seem as if she thought it almost too great a presumption in one so humble to have more care for a sister than she had.

"Who cares how such as *you* serve their sisters?"

"There is One who cares!" said Matty.

Clementina looked at Matty with puzzled wonder as she spoke. Ella haughtily turned away, saying, "I should like, for my part, to hear who this important *one* is, that you mention with such a strange emphasis. Some mighty fine personage, no doubt."

"Miss Clementina! Miss Clementina! only hear how shocking your sister talks. Do stop her!"

"Stop me! I should like to see her, or anyone, attempting to stop me. And why, pray — and what, pray, am I saying so mighty bad, Mrs. Matty? You? A charity girl? I heard Nurse say, but yesterday, that she wondered her mistress would put up with such rubbish, and that she loathed the very look of you, for you put her in mind of the Blue Coat."

"I thank God," returned Matty, mildly, "that he raised up that great charity for me, and many

perishing like me, and saved us from wickedness, and taught us to know His holy name. For He looks alike on rich and poor, and will judge both you and me, young lady."

Both girls were a little awe-stricken at this speech.

But Ella soon recovered herself, and said, "she hated to hear people talk like Methodists."

"What *are* you talking about, Matty?" asked Clementina, gently; "I don't quite understand."

"Not understand! — why, sure — heart alive! — it can't be as you are ignorant of who made and keeps you and all of us! Sure! sure!" Matty kept repeating in a tone of much distress. "I can't believe my own ears."

"I suppose we know about all that," said Ella, haughtily.

She to teach her! — the child of charity to presume to insinuate a want in her! The idea was intolerable.

She went and sat down at a table at some little distance, and pretended to be busy playing with her bird, whose golden cage stood upon it; but, as she did so, she listened in spite of herself to the following conversation, passing between Clementina and Matty.

"I am so uncomfortable," the young girl was saying, rather fretfully; "I don't know what to do with myself. I try this thing and try that thing, and nothing gives me any ease or amusement; and I think it very hard — I can't help

thinking it hard — that I should have to suffer everything, and Ella, there, nothing; and then, Nurse makes such a favourite of *her*, and nobody in the wide world cares for me. Oh, I am so miserable, sometimes!"

"I used to be like you, once, Miss," said Matty.

At which Ella gave a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders.

But Matty did not regard it; and she went on and said, "Look at my face, Miss Clementina; it's very horrid and ugly, I know, and I don't wonder as Nurse calls me rubbish, and hates to see me in her nice nursery. Many can't help feeling like that. Do you know how this was done?"

"No. I suppose small-pox; but it's not like that, for your face is all cut to pieces. I don't know how it was done."

"It was done by the dreadful agony of fire. When I was but a little creetur, living, O Miss! in such a place — five families of us there were in one low, dark, nasty room, and, O Miss! it was like the bad place, indeed it was — such swearing and blasphemy when the men come home drunk, and worse, worse, when the women did so too! Such quarrelling, and fighting, and cursing, and abusing — and the poor children, knocked about at such times anyhow. But my mother never got drunk. She was a poor feeble creature, and mostly sat at home all day crooning, as they call it, by the fire — for they kept a good big

fire in winter in the room. And then, when father come home he was generally very bad in liquor, and seeking a quarrel with anything — for something he must have to quarrel with. Well! One evening — O! I shall never forget it — a cold, sleety, winter day it was, and the wind rushing up our court, and the snow falling thick, and the blackened drops and great lumps of snow coming splashing down, and the foul water oozing in under the door-sill, and all such a mess; and the poor, tired, or half-drunk creatures coming in splashed and dripping, and quarrelling for the nicest places to the fire, and swearing all the time to make one's hair stand on end; and father coming in, all wet and bedabbled, and his hat stuck at the top of his head, and his cheeks red, and his eyes staring, though he was chattering with the cold. Mother was at her place by the fire, and he comes up in a rage, like, to turn her out; and she sitting sulky and wouldn't move; and then there was a quarrel; and he begun to beat her, and she begun to shriek out and cry, and the women to scream and screech. O Miss! in the scuffle — I was but a little thing — somebody knocks me right into the fire, and my frock was all in a blaze. It was but a moment, but it seemed to me such a time! — all in a blaze of fire! And I remember nothing more of it, hardly, but a great noise, and pouring water over me, and running this

way and that. When I come to myself, where was I?"

Ella turned from her bird, and her attention seemed riveted upon the story. She forgot her pride and her insolence in the pleasure of listening. Clementina seemed hardly to breathe.

"It was very bad being burned," she said, at last.

"Horrible, Miss!"

"Go on," cried Ella, impatiently; "what became of you?"

"When I got out of my daze — for I believe it was sometime before I came to myself — I was lying on father's knee, and he had made a cradle for me, like, of his great strong arms: and his head was bent down, and he was a looking at me, and great big hot scalding tears were dropping fast upon my poor face.

"My poor — poor little woman," I heard him say.

"Then — for my eyes had escaped — I was aware that there was a beautiful young lady — at least, I thought her more beautiful than the angels of heaven — standing on the other side of me, right opposite my father, and doing something to my poor arms.

"The lady was very young — seemed scarcely more than a child herself, though she was a young married lady. She was beautiful dressed, all in snow-white muslin, with white satin sash and bows to her sleeves, and a white rose in her hair. She had thrown a large bonnet over it — but now it was tossed off, and lay with her shawl upon the floor. Bad as I was —

O! in such horrid pain—the sight of that beautiful dear angel was like a charm to me; it seemed to chase away the pain. And then she touched me so delicately, and spoke so soft and kind! It was music; Heaven's own music was her voice."

"Who was she? who could she be?" cried Ella.

"Why, Miss, who should she be, but Mr. Stringer, the apothecary's young bride, as he had just brought home, and all ready dressed to go out to her first dinner."

Ella turned away contemptuously, with a gesture that expressed "was that all!"

Clementina said, —

"How nice of her to come to a poor little burnt child like you! and into such a dreadful place too! But I wonder she came in her best gown!"

"As I heard afterwards, it happened that Mr. Stringer had been sent for out, and was not come back; and when they ran screeching and screaming to the shop, crying a child was burnt in the court hard by, and Mr. Stringer was wanted, as there was no one to go but a little mite of a shop-boy — for Mr. Stringer had but just begun business — what does she do, but catches up a bottle of stuff for burns, claps her bonnet over her pretty white rose, throws her shawl on, and, dressed in her beautiful new wedding-gown, comes to this horrid den of dirt and wickedness. She did me up as best she could, and then seeing

my poor father crying too, and all the people standing round, and yet not a word to comfort him, she said, very gently and kindly, to him,

"Pray don't grieve so: she will be better by-and-by, poor dear. Don't groan so badly, poor child! You are very sorry for her, poor man — but don't take on so."

"But the more she spoke in this kind way, all the more he cried, till at last he seemed as if he could contain himself no longer, and he groaned, and almost roared out.

"Are you the father?" said the young lady. "Where is the mother?"

"Oh! here — here — here — my precious child, my sweet baby!" cried my poor mother — and then went on, "It was all of you — you big brute — you — you pushed your own baby into the red-hot flames, as you were a-trying to get at me! — yes, my baby — my poor —"

"Don't speak so loud, good woman," said the young lady, gently. "Lay the child upon the bed," turning round — "Bless me! — why, there is not a bed!"

"We are very poor people, Ma'am," a woman began; "not a penny to bless ourselves with. If you'd please to —"

"I remember my father's voice to this day —

"Silence!" he called out, in such a passion, "would you beg money from the lady to spend in more gin? Give 'em nothing,

Ma'am — give none of us nothing — only tell me what's to be done to save the poor little thing's life.'

"She hesitated, turned, and looked round the miserable apartment. Too true, there was not an apology for a bed; there was not even clean straw.

"Take her up in your arms,' said she to my father, 'and follow me.' And she stooped and picked up her bonnet, and gathered her great shawl round her, and stepped out into the rainy, sleety, windy night; and my father — for some poor creature had lent an old shawl to throw over me — took me and carried me after her: and a turn of the alley which led into the court, brought us out into the street, where the apothecary's shop stood. I was carried through, and up two pair of stairs, and into a little mite of a room — but all so clean and nice — and laid, oh! in such a delicious bed — and oh! it felt so comfortable — it soothed me, like — and I fell fast asleep."

The two girls were silent for some time. Ella spoke first.

"What a good woman!" was the remark she made; "but was she only an apothecary's wife," she went on; "and was her name Stringer? What a horrid ugly name! Are you sure it was Stringer?"

"Yes, Miss — Stringer and Bullem — that was the name over the shop-door."

"What! did they keep a shop?"

"To be sure they did."

"How long did you stay there?"

"I never went away no more, Miss. When I got better, the lady began to talk to me. I was a little mite of a thing, but I was quick enough. She found what bad ways I was bringing up in; that I had never had once heard of Our Saviour — not even of my Maker — far from ever hearing of the Bible — or having it read, or being taught to pray, or —"

The two young girls looked at each other, but said nothing. Matty, in broken and interrupted sentences, went on:

"So she kept me; for she could not bear to send me back to that pit of iniquity in which she had found me. And as I lay in my bed, one day, and they thought I was asleep, I heard her arguing the point with her young husband —"

"Why, child, you cannot pretend to adopt all the poor neglected children in this bad town?" he said.

"Oh no! I know one can do little — little enough: it is but one drop of water in the vast ocean — only one little, little drop; but the oyster took it into its shell, and it became a pearl. Let me keep this poor little one. I don't mean to be foolish — indeed, I don't — I will only clothe her, and feed her, and send her to the charity school: indeed, they will half clothe her there. Do — do, dear John, — she is such a miserable object! What is she to do? Let her be taught her duty

— let her not be a poor ruined wretch, body and soul at once.'

"The young lady would have moved a stone with her talking. Her husband was not very persuadable; he was not like her. He was rather a cold hearted, selfish young man, but he couldn't refuse her; and so, when I got better, I was sent to one of the great charity schools in the city, where I learned a deal; but my sweet Mrs. Stringer took a pleasure in teaching me herself, and so I learned a deal more."

Enough of Matty's tale.

Mrs. Stringer, when she devoted such means as she could command to the rescue of one poor child from the misery in which she was living, and raised her from deplorable ignorance, as regarded all higher things, to a knowledge of the supreme and only real good, little thought how extensive her good deed would prove; and that in providing for the religious and moral education of this wretched child, she was preparing the means of a religious education, imperfect, yet still in some sort a sound religious education, for two children of wealth and luxury, as to such things, most entirely destitute. But so it proved — and this was the only religious education they either of them could be said ever to receive; so utterly, so entirely, were all relations of this nature forgotten and neglected in this house of profusion, where not one single thing, but the one thing

needful, could be said to be wanting.

The story first beguiled the attention, and then awakened the deep interest of the two girls. From this day, a sort of acquaintance arose with Matty, which ripened into true affection; for Matty was, in fact, a woman of no common order.

She gradually awakened their sympathies with regard to subjects to her the most deeply interesting. She led them, not unwilling, in those paths which are indeed paths of pleasantness and peace. She read the Bible with them, and to them, and she taught them the vital principle of effectual religion — the need and the faith to pray.

I want space to follow the course of these influences upon the soul. Imperfect they were. Such a teacher could not lead them very far; but she brought them on Our Saviour's way. And though much remained of wrong, inexperienced and unconverted — the change was as from darkness to light.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

And now several years have elapsed, and these two girls are grown up to be two beautiful young women. They had been taken out of the nursery when it was time to be thinking seriously of accomplishments; and the reign of Mrs. Nurse had closed. She was superseded by a regular governess — a foreigner. A French lady was chosen to undertake the

task of forming two English girls to become English wives and mothers. The French lady did well all that she was required to do; for neither Mr. nor Mrs. Winstanley desired that their beautiful daughters should receive anything approaching to what is usually called a solid education.

Mrs. Winstanley had not ten ideas beyond the arrangement of a party, and the keeping of good society. As for Julian Winstanley himself, he detested reflection, abhorred everything approaching to seriousness, only desired to get through life as brilliantly and as thoughtlessly as he could.

He was not much at home; but when at home he required to be constantly amused, or he found home intolerable. It was not long before his daughters discovered this.

Till they were, what is called, introduced, these fair girls passed their time secluded in the school-room, and saw very little of their parents; but when they were once brought out, and when Mademoiselle was dismissed and they lived in the drawing-room, they were soon initiated.

The plan of life was one not unusual among married people of a certain class. A large and splendidly furnished house, in a fashionable square in London, was *home* — at which about six months of every year were passed; the remaining six being spent either in travelling, or at watering-places, or at some hired house in the country. They lived as a privileged

order, severed, as by a gulf impassable, from the lowest orders around them, and in little communication with the highest. The last condition was not of much importance, but the other was fatal.

What can grow out of such a life, that is really wholesome and good? Many, many residents in London, escape this mischief. They have broken down the wall of separation which used to hide the very existence of want, and misery, and sin, from the happier and the better; and the obscure dwellings of the London poor have their visiting angels, as well as those in the country. But a great many families still neglect this weighty duty, and live without thought of such things.

Mrs. Winstanley had led the regular party-going London life for the last sixteen or seventeen years. She was beginning to get rather tired of it, when the new excitement arose of having to “bring out” her daughters.

This bringing out of her daughters became an excuse for all kinds of amusing changes and improvements. Her receiving-rooms had to be newly furnished, a new open carriage to be bought; the Queen's drawing-rooms to be attended with more assiduity than ever.

The girls were two lovely creatures; they seemed to excuse, if anything could, the expenses thus incurred on their behalf. So said the mother, and so thought the father. The love he felt for his

daughters was perhaps the only tender feeling he had ever experienced in his life; for, in general, he might be said to love nothing, not even himself.

It might have been the dawn of a better life, this well-spring of pure affections, could he have worthily indulged them. But neither his own nor his wife's habits admitted of that.

Mrs. Winstanley would have thought it a disgrace if she had been one single evening disengaged whilst they were in London. Even in the dead winter she managed to keep up the ball; what with little parties and concerts, the opera, the French plays, and so forth, she contrived to escape the horror of a domestic evening. As for Mr. Winstanley, he seldom or never dined at home; except when there was a dinner-party. He spent his evenings at his clubs, engaged — he too well knew how.

The two girls presented a striking contrast to each other. Clementina was fair and delicate, with soft hair, and those tender blue eyes, which to me are the most charming of all eyes. Ella was a noble creature; a figure and form the most perfect that I ever beheld — features of matchless symmetry — eyes dark, large, and lustrous — hair in floods of rich brown waves — a hand that was a model, from which statuary contested to be allowed to copy — and a spirit, energy, and feeling in her gestures and coun-

tenance, that won your heart before you were aware.

It was upon her that Julian Winstanley doted. The other girl he thought, and called, a sweet girl, but his Ella was his darling. Nothing was too good for Ella; nothing was to be spared that could please or adorn Ella. To ride with her in the Park; to visit the box where she sat at the Opera; sometimes in a party to hear her sing; seemed to give him a new pleasure.

Yet there was nothing in all this, unhappily, to rouse him to a better life: to break the chain of evil habits in which he was involved. Ella was a child of this world; an impetuous, proud, haughty beauty; a contemptuous disregard of the weak, the wanting, and, above all, the low, or the ugly; — living for the day, as her father lived for the day — she for the day of vanity and pleasure; he for the day of vanity and sin. There was that difference, indeed, and it was a vast one; but he did not feel it.

There was no pure and holy influence of a higher and nobler life, diffused from the beautiful being. She was no angel of light. She was merely, to all appearance, a very fine, fashionable girl.

And Clementina, in her gentleness and softness, was little more. The good seed which Matty had sown, had fructified at first, but the briars and thorns were gathering fast around it. The pleasures of life were choking it up. It

was in danger of being altogether lost.

Matty had long been gone. She had married a respectable tradesman, and was in a flourishing, though small, way of business. She would have been altogether forgotten long ago, only that she would not suffer this. She found herself still welcomed when she did come; for both the girls loved her, and she perfectly adored them. So she came, bringing her little offerings, from time to time — little matters such as she dealt in, in her shop — humble, but, for her sake, welcome. These two girls had both hearts. Where they got them I don't know.

CHIPS.

SUPERSTITIOUS MURDER.

WHILE on the subject of crimes, (says a Madras officer, in a letter dated the 16th of July in the present year, 1851) I may tell you a story of one recently under investigation here, and one, moreover, the most remarkable in its circumstances of any I have ever met with.

On the occasion of the late festival on the top of the Chamondy Hill, at Mysore, six professional robbers, who were rather "down in their luck," made a resolution to offer a human sacrifice to the deity of the hill, in the full conviction that the deity would then make his appearance in person and reveal the

spot where some treasure was concealed. With this view, they persuaded one of their friends to accompany them at night to the top of the mountain, and having provided him with the flowers to offer to the deity, they cut off his head, while he was in the act of stooping to hang the garland round the neck of the idol! They then waited for some time, in the expectation that the deity would come, but, as he did not think proper to appear, they concluded that he was in want of more blood; whereupon they resolved to make the sacrifice complete by putting to death one of their own number. Accordingly they set upon a man called Nazzayani, who is said by some to have volunteered to be the victim, for the benefit of his companions. As soon, however, as he had received a severe wound on the neck, he began to think that life was not so bad after all, and he took to his heels down the mountain, pursued by the other five, who overtook him at the foot. They then despatched him, and threw his body into a large tank.

In the morning, the body of the first man was found at the feet of the idol; and as the companions with whom he had set out were well known, they were immediately arrested; and the story I have been telling you is taken from their own confessions, fully supported by the evidence of three women who were with them during part of the time, and by many corroborating circumstan-

ces. Among which I may mention that the sword which was found by the side of the body, covered with blood, was identified by a blacksmith as having been brought to him to be sharpened by one of the prisoners on the morning of the murder.

ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE DISGUISES.

THE slightest dabbler in the study of nature — one whose knowledge of birds, beasts, and fishes is vague and obscure, the nearly effaced recollection of books read on the verge of childhood — cannot fail to have remarked a strange current of resemblance, either in habits and disposition, form or colour, which links together members of widely-removed divisions of the animal and vegetable kingdom.

A singular instance of this thread of similarity has impressed itself upon my memory, from one or other of the individuals being, at one brief period, constantly before my eyes. The jaguar, one of the most powerful of the feline race, has a skin most beautifully marked with spots of a deep chocolate-brown on a rich yellow ground. It infests the whole of South America; and is, in some districts, dreaded as the direst enemy to man and beast. In the same regions is a bird of the Bittern tribe, marked with brown and yellow in a wonderfully similar manner; whose cries, during

its period of activity in the evening and night, can scarcely be distinguished, even by a practised ear, from the howlings of the jaguar in the remotest recesses of the forest. In the language of the natives and by the Creoles, it is called the "Tiger Bird."

In the waters of the Upper Essequibo, there abounds a fish — to use the words of a distinguished traveller and naturalist — "entirely of a reddish-brown colour, spotted irregularly with different-sized spots of black, from which it has received the name of Tiger Fish." Its habits are almost unknown, but it may most probably be classed with the bird and the cat, as predatory in disposition.

Among the moco-moco leaves which fringe the rivers and creeks, a fierce-looking grub, arrayed in a party-coloured suit of the same pattern, may frequently be observed greedily devouring the numerous aphides. To complete the list, two trees are found in the woods — the Bourra-courra or Letter-wood, and the Itithibourrabulli or Tiger-wood — both of which, but more especially the latter, closely resemble in their rich and beautiful markings the skin of the jaguar. Once I picked from the river part of the petal of a flower, with the same combination of colours. Possibly, these few instances of an adhesion to one type, are far from being all that exist.

But the most remarkable likenesses are those which are to

be found existing between objects of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Parts of plants resembling insects, and insects resembling portions of plants, may frequently be met with; witness the many pretty forms of the orchis tribe — the bee-orchis, in which that insect appears to be probing the nectaries of the flower — the spider and the fly orchis. Again, I may instance an oval, broad-backed beetle, which I captured, last summer, in great abundance, in that wild spot — so noted for the rarest treasures of the entomologist and the botanist — Castle Eden Dene. In form and colour it so closely resembled the green seeds of a species of hemlock, that numbers had been emptied from my sweeping-net before its true character was discovered. Nature had given it the instinct to increase the deception by holding its short, delicate limbs close to its body, and keeping them stiff and rigid during the time it was handled.

In the tropics these resemblances are even more singular and illusive; scores of insects are found in Guiana curiously analogous to a vegetable in appearance and in structure; the foliaceous arrangement of the nervures of their wings, the sprout-like character of the head and legs, and, stranger still, the eggs formed like the seed of a plant, are unmistakeable — while their colour is in such perfect harmony with the surrounding vegetation, that numbers may be clustered amidst the foliage of a neigh-

bouring branch, without the observer being at all aware of their presence. Some are of a bright green, like a growing leaf or one newly fallen from the tree; while, in others, the extremities and edges of the wings have a brown or yellowish tinge — the semblance of leaves which have for long strewed the ground, and are already withering.

Nor do insects alone seem to lurk among the petals of the gorgeous blossoms of the Guiana *Orchidæ*: birds, reptiles, and even small animals, are severally imitated. But it is not to this tribe, or, indeed, to the flowers exclusively of any other, that this character solely appertains. I have just been examining a vegetable production having the likeness of a living thing, plucked on the banks of the Essequibo, where the graceful tree on which it grows is a native. It is the kernel of a nut enclosed in a smooth and tough shell, about the size of a walnut. The crumpled mass which meets the eye on opening the shell gives no indication of the singular form that lies enveloped amid the many folds of filmy skin; but this has only to be carefully detached to call forth our expressions of surprise and astonishment. The Chinese are said to have formed their first letters from the curved roots of vegetables; it is well that this nut is not a native of China, and that they confined their attention to the lower extremity of the plant; for, had it been otherwise, their love of complicated forms

would assuredly—to the supreme disgust of all who attempted to acquire their language — have made them model a character after this kernel; and one fuller, if it were possible, of stranger twistings and contortions than any in their alphabet. There is a broad flat head, with two distinctly marked eyes; whence springs the future tree, and a long tapering body, curled up like a ball. This mimic snake, however, assumes not the position of one in perfect health, but rather seems to be writhing in the agonies of some internal malady, or simulating a future Python, newly-born, testing the elasticity of its body. Hard and red, it looks as if it had been exposed to the action of a violent heat, and had been baked and stiffened during the painful pangs of its death. In the West Indies, as everybody knows, oysters grow upon trees. Barnacle-geese were once thought to do the same; and here, we have a tree which we can well excuse the ignorant and superstitious in believing to produce serpent germs: the vital spark is only wanting. Traces of serpent-worship have been found among most of the nations of antiquity; and there is abundant proof that it was prevalent among the ancient inhabitants of Mexico and South America. No doubt this singular tree was considered sacred, from its intricate connection with the objects of their reverence. These “snake-nuts,” as they are called, may have been seen in the Crystal Palace, in that

department of the Exhibition which is devoted to the productions of Guiana.

A MUSICIAN IN CALIFORNIA.

MR. HENRY HERZ, the distinguished pianist, has returned to Paris, after a long tour in America, which included a visit to California. To his friend, Mr. Fiorentino, the famous *feuilletonist*, he seems to have given an account of his adventures; and that gentleman, not being able to resist so tempting a “subject,” has enlightened the readers of one of the French newspapers with an account of the state and prospects of music in California. From this source we draw the following sketch of the musician’s career in the Western Dorado:—

Towards the end of February, 1850, the American imagination was at its highest degree of fever and delirium. People spoke, dreamed, but of one thing — of gold mines and California. Professional men — even the most prosperous of the class — were not proof against the contagion, nor was Henry Herz, the celebrated pianist, an exception. We accordingly find him leaving the disconsolate dilettanti of the United States to manage as they best could without him, and condemning himself to the bad accommodation and worse company of an emigrant ship. The ships that convey emigrants to

California, it should be observed, are even worse than most of their class. Dr. Johnson described a ship as "a prison, with a chance of being drowned;" but these particular ships are prisons, with the chance not only of being drowned, but of being starved, poisoned, or suffocated on the voyage, and very likely murdered at your journey's end. Our voyager, however, fortunately escaped all these calamities, and on entering the port of St. Francisco felt himself somewhat recompensed, by the novelty of the scene, for all the hardships he had undergone. A forest of masts rising from vessels carrying the colours of every nation of the earth; — an agitation; a movement; a confusion of cries, of languages, of orders crossing one another; of merchandise being disembarked; of joyous choruses and frightful oaths. Such was the spectacle which presented itself. One would have thought it the port of Liverpool or Marseilles, at least, to judge by the great display of wealth, the even greater display of activity, and the ceaseless and bewildering noise.

But the admiration which Mr. Herz had conceived in the first place, diminished sensibly with the first steps which he took in the city. Most of the streets he found to be impassable. What they call a road in San Francisco is simply a canal of mud, through which the traveller wades (so we are assured) above his knees. If they had gondolas, as at Venice,

this would be endurable; but here there is nothing of the kind. The footpaths, less convenient than picturesque, were formed of planks and empty boxes and barrels, nailed together with every degree of insecurity. The first performance — not in a musical sense — of the pianist was to find out a lodging: by no means an easy matter at San Francisco. The hotels were detestable, and beyond all price. After much wandering — or, rather, wading — through the streets, he at last found an intelligent plebeian who offered him accommodation, in the only apartment which he had vacant, for six dollars a day. The room, to be sure, was not much larger than a sentry-box, but Mr. Herz not being addicted to "swinging cats" — as the phrase goes — found it less inconvenient than would a gentleman under the influence of that propensity. He was, in the main, well satisfied; he was certainly the first pianist who had penetrated into those far-off regions; it would be curious to try the power of music on the half-savage people, who would probably bend their knees before a piano, like the Americans described by Columbus at the view of the first eclipse.

As he sat cherishing this flattering idea, some one tapped at the door, which opening, revealed a young man, whose long fair hair and Germanic accent sufficiently indicated his country. He believed he had the pleasure of speaking to the celebrated Henry Herz; —

was he right? Certainly: but if he intended to enter the celebrated man's room, it would be necessary, in the first place, that the celebrated man should himself withdraw through the window, as the apartment was not adapted to carrying double.

"That is precisely what brought me here," said the young man with the fair hair, "to induce you to quit your lodgings. The furniture is very beautiful, I admit, and the house has a superb appearance; but it is necessary to be on one's guard against these houses at Francisco. They build them too quickly; they economise their foundations, and the soil not being very firm, it not unfrequently happens that people who go to sleep in the garret, awake in the cellar."

The musician opened his eyes, thanked his informant for the advice given, and asked for more. Where should he go to lodge?

"I came," said the young man, "to ask you to lodge with me."

"You are, then, an hotel-keeper?"

"No, Sir, I am a pianist."

"Pianist!" cried Henry, starting back. Foreign pianists do not meet in such a place as California, and pass one another with a lift of the hat, like English gentlemen in the desert. Everybody knows the story of the Englishman who believed himself to be the first who had climbed to the top of some high mountain, and who, on putting his hand into an opening in a rock, found the visiting card

of a countryman. Henry Herz was about as much astonished at finding a brother pianist in California.

"And you have been here for a long time?" he asked with curiosity.

"No: only a year. There were only ten or twelve cabins when I arrived. I found here, already, an Italian, who gave lessons and concerts; but one day, happening to quarrel with one of his pupils, who was of rather a hasty temper, he was killed, and I became the inheritor of his piano and his connexion. Affairs go tolerably well. I practise some little economies; I have purchased a house; and I should be the happiest man in the world if the celebrated Henry Herz would accept my modest hospitality."

Behold Henry Herz ensconced the same night with his brother musician. Notwithstanding, however, that he was lodged in an elegant apartment in the best part of the house, he could not sleep. He thought of nothing but the insecurity of the San Francisco houses, of which his young host had spoken. He felt a presentiment of danger, and seriously begged that his bed might be removed to another part of the building. The young German laughed at him, but eventually yielded, and the pair removed the bed. Scarcely had they performed this operation, than the side of the house on which Herz had slept gave way, and fell with a tremendous noise. The young pianist

was in despair. Herz tried to console him by saying — “Never mind, my friend; everything is not lost as long as we possess a piano.” But the young man had not even a piano. His only instrument had perished in the ruins; a piano of five octaves, of which two, it was true, refused to give forth any sound; still it enabled him to earn his living. Henry Herz, however, it fortunately happened, had had sent before him, to San Francisco, two of his most beautiful pianos; and with their aid he determined, on the morrow, to give a concert, the proceeds to be devoted to the restoration of his young friend’s wall and fortunes. The first thing necessary was to convey the pianos to the theatre.

Henry Herz went out to make preparations for his concert. As he passed before a *café*, he was surrounded by three or four persons who were unknown to him. He did not even know the names of these gentlemen, whose attire was something more than neglected, but he had seen them often at the French opera, and the *Café de Paris*. The most amiable of the number now loaded him with civilities and offers of service.

“Will you be so good,” said the musician, “as to tell me where I can find somebody to carry my pianos to the theatre?”

“Certainly; it shall never be said that we left a countryman in trouble. Come, Vicomte, lend me a hand; we will carry Monsieur’s piano. Allow me to present to you the Vicomte de Faubourg —

a charming young man, who loves to oblige his friends.”

“This is a joke.”

“Not at all, I assure you — nothing can be more serious. We must do in Rome as the Romans do. If you find us two not enough, we will go and call the Marquis.”

But the Marquis did not reply; he was occupied inside the *café*, in marking the points for the billiard players.

One hour afterwards the two pianos were at the theatre.

Herz returned to his host. “They have carried my pianos without truck or cart, and how much do you think they want for the job?”

“How much?”

“Three hundred piastres.”

“That is the regular price.”

“The devil! These obliging gentlemen should have told me that they were nothing but porters.”

“They do here all sorts of things in order to live. Nobody degrades himself in California.”

The next work was to find an orchestra. This was not difficult. There were musicians of all kinds — open to some little objections — such as blindness on the part of the clarinet, an incurable asthma on that of the cornet-à-piston, and so forth. These artists demanded between three and four pounds each for the night: on the Boulevards they would have obtained about two sous. Herz, without hinting at their defects, promised to employ them on some future occasion. He only needed a band

to fill up the intervals between the parts of the concert. He next requested his young host to conduct him to the office of the principal journal, in order to make the necessary announcement. The office in question was situated on the ground-floor of a house of two stories. Two enormous dogs howled in the court, and were with difficulty appeased by a negress, who conducted the visitors into the presence of a tall and athletic individual — the editor in chief. He was remarkable for a formidable beard, that had evidently never been sub-edited with the scissors, a red shirt, and a pair of enormous hunting boots. He wrote, sitting at a desk, with a cudgel and a brace of pistols beside him.

The business of the visitors was soon explained. They wished to advertise in the journal.

"Certainly; the terms are only four dollars a line for announcements of the kind."

Henry Herz opened his eyes a little, and wondered what they would think of such prices in Paris: but he looked at the uncompromising aspect of the editor, at his cudgels, and at his pistols, and finally paid the money.

The day of the concert arrived, and at an early hour the theatre was besieged by an immense crowd. Fierce, ill-looking fellows, clad in the strangest of costumes, presented themselves each instant for tickets, and were deeply offended if they were offered second-rate places at four dollars,

instead of first-rate places at eight. The money-taker had before him a pair of scales. The public defiled past him in order, and each in his turn placed in his hand a black leather purse. The official opened the purse, took from it a pinch of gold-dust, weighed it, and then delivered the ticket.

The concert commenced, and in due time the concert concluded — can it be doubted with what success? It would require no end of concentrated English "Boxing Nights" to realise half the uproar of that eventful evening. And if uproar, and confusion, and disorderly and disgraceful behaviour, are not a test of success, we may ask any London manager what is? In the stage-boxes Henry Herz recognised a lady whom he had known as the keeper of a tobacco-shop in the Rue Vivienne, and two French milliners, retired from business. Here they were keeping it up in immense state; and nobody would dream that they were anything less than duchesses.

At the conclusion of the concert the treasurer carried to Mr. Herz a large plate, filled with yellow powder.

"What is this?" was the inquiry.

"These are the receipts of the evening; there are more than ten thousand francs."

Henry Herz gave fourteen concerts in the same manner — with the same crowd, the same success, the same profit. He began to be reconciled to San Francisco.

One morning, while shaving, he was visited by a gentleman, who was very polite, and remarkable especially for the elegance of his dress and demeanour.

"Monsieur," said the unknown, "I am requested to ask you if you could find it convenient to perform in a private house?"

"Why, I don't know —"

"You are only desired to play for half-an-hour every evening, and you may command your own terms. I am authorised, that is to say, to go as far as five or six thousand piastres a month."

"They are rich people, I suppose — passionately fond of music. But why do they not come to my concerts?"

"The fact is, they don't care about going out. They stay at home, and amuse themselves with another species of play. But then, you know, even cards and dice become at last monotonous; and nothing is more agreeable than to hear a pretty piece of music in the intervals of the games."

"I understand you perfectly," said the indignant musician; "you wish me to go and play in a gambling-house, to amuse the company. Be good enough to leave the room instantly, if you do not wish to be shown out with all the honour you deserve."

"You are very susceptible," murmured the unknown, as he departed. "We have artists in California of the highest reputation who do not disdain to perform in the *cafés*, in the gambling-

houses — everywhere, in fact, where they are paid."

Not being willing to accommodate himself in this and other respects to the manners of San Francisco, Henry Herz now betook himself to the Sacramento. Here he met with a magnificent reception, and was pressed on all sides to give concerts. He asked, in the first place, if they had a concert-room. No: there was not one at present; but they would build one in a week. The artist gave his plans and directions, and went in the meantime to see the *placers*. He provided himself with the clothing and utensils necessary to a gold hunter, and hired two horses and a guide. He arrived at the mines dying with hunger and fatigue; he paid an immense sum for a piece of bad biscuit, and a glass of abominable beer. He obtained leave to dig; worked like a negro, and, according to his agreement, gave the little gold he found to the owner of the digging. He returned to the Sacramento, with the conviction that, for him, the true mines of gold were in the keys of his piano. By this time he found a very handsome concert-room built for him, and there he gave a series of concerts, very brilliant and very productive!

His stay in California was a long series of triumphs. Before quitting, he wished to make his *adieux* at San Francisco. It was the night of the First of May. It was the most beautiful weather imaginable. The farewell concert of the artist had been announced for the

next day, and the most perfect of his pianos had been carried to the theatre. After having paid a visit to the ferocious journalist, and paid for his last advertisement, Henry Herz walked out with his young friend with the fair hair.

All at once they heard horrible cries; the tocsin sounded; columns of smoke arose from several parts of the city. The fire made fearful progress. The theatre was consumed in a few minutes, and with the theatre the beautiful piano of Henry Herz. While the flames were devouring three quarters of the town, the masons and architects, and men of business, instead of attempting to stop the destruction, entered into engagements to rebuild the city — signing, by the light of the flames, their bonds upon stamped paper! Nothing could exceed the coolness of the Americans at this crisis: in many gambling houses, while the first floor was being reduced to ashes, they were trumping and turning up kings most tranquilly on the third.

“It is a decree of fate,” said Henry Herz; “I can do nothing more here. The concert-room is no more; my piano is burnt; it is time to take my leave.”

“Not at all,” said the young German; “in a few days we shall have a new city, more spacious, more regular, more handsome, and more solid, than the one we have lost.”

But the disconsolate pianist could only be persuaded to add *au revoir* to his *adieu*.

“You will not forget my house,” said his young friend, “when you return here.”

“Never fear; but try and steady the left wall in the meantime. Your house is not very secure.”

“True enough. But it is the only house that the flames have respected. It is fire-proof.”

BALLOONING.

It would appear that, in almost every age, from time immemorial, there has been a strong feeling in certain ambitious mortals to ascend among the clouds. They have felt with Hecate, —

“Oh what a dainty pleasure 't is
To sail in the air!”

So many, besides those who have actually indulged in it, have felt desirous of tasting the “dainty pleasure” of a perilous flight, that we are compelled to believe that the attraction is not only much greater than the inducement held out would lead one to expect, but that it is far more extensive than generally supposed. Eccentric ambition, daring, vanity, and the love of excitement and novelty, have been quite as strong impulses as the love of science, and of making new discoveries in man's mastery over physical nature. Nevertheless, the latter feeling has, no doubt, been the main-stay, if not the forerunner and father of these attempts, and has held it in public respect, notwithstanding the many follies that have been committed.

To master the physical elements, has always been the great aim of man. He commenced with earth, his own natural, obvious, and immediate element, and he has succeeded to a prodigious extent, being able to do (so far as he knows) almost whatever he wills with the surface; and, though reminded every now and then by some terrible disaster that he is getting "out of bounds," has effected great conquests amidst the dark depths beneath the surface. Water and fire came next in requisition; and by the process of ages, man may fairly congratulate himself on the extraordinary extent, both in kind and degree, to which he has subjected them to his designs — designs which have become complicated and stupendous in the means by which they are carried out, and having commensurate results both of abstract knowledge and practical utility. But the element of air has hitherto been too subtle for all his projects, and defied his attempts at conquest. That element which permeates all earthly bodies, and without breathing which the animal machine cannot continue its vital functions, — into that grand natural reservoir of breath, there is every physical indication that it is not intended man should ascend as its lord. Travelling and voyaging man must be content with earth and ocean; — the sublime highways of air, are, to all appearance, denied to his wanderings.

Wild and daring as was the act, it is no less true that men's first attempts at a flight through the air were literally with wings. They conjectured that by elongating their arms with a broad mechanical covering, they could convert them into wings; and forgetting that birds possess air-cells, which they can inflate, that their bones are full of air instead of marrow, and, also, that they possess enormous strength of sinews expressly for this purpose, these desperate half-theorists have launched themselves from towers and other high places, and floundered down to the demolition of their necks, or limbs, according to the obvious laws and penalties of nature. We do not allude to the Icarus of old, or any fabulous or remote aspirants, but to modern times. Wonderful as it may seem, there are some instances in which they escaped with only a few broken bones. Milton tells a story of this kind in his "History of Britain;" the flying man being a monk of Malmsbury, "in his youth." He lived to be impudent and jocose on the subject, and attributed his failure entirely to his having forgotten to wear a broad tail of feathers. In 1742 the Marquis de Bacqueville announced that he would fly with wings from the top of his own house on the *Quai des Théatins* to the gardens of the *Tuilleries*. He actually accomplished half the distance, when, being exhausted with his efforts, the wings no longer beat the air, and he came down into the Seine, and would have escaped unhurt, but that he fell against one of the

floating machines of the Parisian laundresses, and thereby fractured his leg. But the most successful of all these instances of the extraordinary, however misapplied, force of human energies and daring, was that of a certain citizen of Bologna, in the thirteenth century, who actually managed, with some kind of wing contrivance, to fly from the mountain of Bologna to the river Reno, without injury. "Wonderful! admirable!" cried all the citizens of Bologna. "Stop a little!" said the officers of the Holy Inquisition; "this must be looked into." They sat in sacred conclave. If the man had been killed, said they, or even mutilated shockingly, our religious scruples would have been satisfied; but, as he has escaped unhurt, it is clear that he must be in league with the devil. The poor "successful" man was therefore condemned to be burnt alive; and the sentence of the Holy Catholic Church was carried into Christian execution.

That flying, however, could be effected by the assistance of some more elaborate sort of machinery, or with the aid of chemistry, was believed at an early period. Friar Bacon suggested it; so did Bishop Wilkins, and the Marquis of Worcester; it was likewise projected by Fleyder, by the Jesuit Lana, and many other speculative men of ability. So far, however, as we can see, the first real discoverer of the balloon was Dr. Black, who, in 1767, proposed to inflate a large skin with hydrogen gas;

and the first who brought theory into practice were the brothers Montgolfier. But their theory was that of the "fire-balloon," or the formation of an artificial cloud, of smoke, by means of heat from a lighted brazier placed beneath an enormous bag, or balloon, and fed with fuel while up in the air. The Academy of Sciences immediately gave the invention every encouragement, and two gentlemen volunteered to risk an ascent in this alarming machine.

The first of these was Pilâtre de Rosier, a gentleman of scientific attainments, who was to conduct the machine, and he was accompanied by the Marquis d'Arlandes, an officer in the Guards. They ascended in the presence of the Court of France, and all the scientific men in Paris. They had several narrow escapes of the whole machine taking fire, but eventually returned to the ground in safety. Both these courageous men came to untimely ends subsequently. Pilâtre de Rosier, admiring the success of the balloon afterwards made by Professor Charles, and others, (*viz.*, a balloon filled with hydrogen gas,) conceived the idea of uniting the two systems, and accordingly ascended with a large balloon of that kind, having a small fire-balloon beneath it—the upper one to sustain the greater portion of the weight, the lower one to enable him to alter his specific gravity as occasion might require, and thus to avoid the usual expenditure of gas and ballast. Right in theory

— but he had forgotten one thing. Ascending too high, confident in his theory, the upper balloon became distended too much, and poured down a stream of hydrogen gas, in self-relief, which reached the little furnace of the fire-balloon, and the whole machine became presently one mass of flame. It was consumed in the air, as it descended, and with it, of course, the unfortunate Pilâtre de Rosier. The untimely fate of the Marquis d'Arlandes, his companion in the first ascent ever made in a balloon, was hastened by one of those circumstances which display the curious anomalies in human nature; — he was broken for cowardice in the execution of his military duties, and is supposed to have committed suicide.

If we consider the shape, structure, appurtenances, and capabilities of a ship of early ages, and one of the present time, we must be struck with admiration at the great improvement that has been made, and the advantages that have been obtained; but balloons are very nearly what they were from the first, and are as much at mercy of the wind for the direction they will take. Neither is there at present any certain prospect of an alteration in this condition. Their so-called "voyage" is little more than "drifting," and can be no more, except by certain manœuvres which obtain precarious exceptions, such as rising to take the chance of different currents, or lowering a long and weighty rope upon the earth (an ingenious

invention of Mr. Green's, called the "guide-rope"), to be trailed along the ground. If, however, man is ever to be a flying animal, and to travel in the air whither he listeth, it must be by other means than wings, balloons, paddle-machines, and aërial ships — several of which are now building in America, in Paris, and in London. We do not doubt the mechanical genius of inventors — but the motive power. We will offer a few remarks on these projects before we conclude.

But let us, at all events, ascend into the sky! Taking balloons as they are, "for better, for worse," as Mr. Green would say, — let us for once have a flight in the air.

The first thing you naturally expect is some extraordinary sensation in springing high up into the air, which takes away your breath for a time. But no such matter occurs. The extraordinary thing is, that you experience no sensation at all, so far as motion is concerned. So true is this, that on one occasion, when Mr. Green wished to rise a little above a dense crowd, in order to get out of the extreme heat and pressure that surrounded his balloon, those who held the ropes, misunderstanding his direction, let go entirely, and the balloon instantly rose, while the aëronaut remained calmly seated, wiping his forehead with a handkerchief, after the exertions he had undergone in preparing for the flight, and totally unconscious of what had happened. He declares that he only

became aware of the circumstance, when, on reaching a considerable elevation (a few seconds are often quite enough for that), he heard the shouts of the multitude becoming fainter and fainter, which caused him to start up, and look over the edge of the car.

A similar unconsciousness of the time of their departure from earth has often happened to "passengers." A very amusing illustration of this is given in a letter published by Mr. Poole, the well-known author, shortly after his ascent. "I do not despise you," says he, "for talking about a balloon going up, for it is an error which you share in common with some millions of our fellow-creatures; and I, in the days of my ignorance, thought with the rest of you. I know better now. The fact is, we do not *go up* at all; but at about five minutes past six on the evening of Friday, the 14th of September, 1838 — at about that time, Vauxhall Gardens, with all the people in them, *went down!*" What follows is excellent. "I cannot have been deceived," says he; "I speak from the evidence of my senses, founded upon repetition of the fact. Upon each of the three or four experimental trials of the powers of the balloon to enable the people to glide away from us with safety to themselves — down they all went about thirty feet! — then, up they came again, and so on. There we sat quietly all the while, in our wicker buck-basket, utterly unconscious of motion; till, at length, Mr. Green

snapping a little iron, and thus letting loose the rope by which *the earth was suspended to us* — like Atropos, cutting the connexion between us with a pair of shears — down it went, with everything on it; and your poor, paltry, little Dutch toy of a town, (your Great Metropolis, as you insolently call it), having been placed on casters for the occasion — I am satisfied of *that* — was gently rolled away from under us." *

Feeling nothing of the ascending motion, the first impression that takes possession of you in "going up" in a balloon, is the quietude — the silence, that grows more and more entire. The restless heaving to and fro of the huge inflated sphere above your head (to say nothing of the noise of the crowd), the flapping of ropes, the rustling of silk, and the creaking of the basket-work of the car — all has ceased. There is a total cessation of all atmospheric resistance. You sit in a silence which becomes more perfect every second. After the bustle of many moving objects, you stare before you into blank air. We make no observations on other sensations — to wit, the very natural one of a certain increased pulse, at being so high up, with a chance of coming down so suddenly, if any little matter went wrong. As all this will differ with different individuals, according to their nervous systems and imaginations, we will

* "Crotchets in the Air, or an Unscientific Account of a Balloon Trip," by John Poole, Esq. Colburn, 1838.

leave each person to his own impressions.

So much for what you first feel; and now what is the first thing you do? In this case everybody is alike. We all do the same thing. We look over the side of the car. We do this very cautiously — keeping a firm seat, as though we clung to our seat by a certain attraction of cohesion — and then, holding on by the edge, we carefully protrude the peak of our travelling-cap, and then the tip of the nose, over the edge of the car, upon which we rest our mouth. Everything below is seen in so new a form, so flat, compressed and simultaneously — so much too-much-at-a-time — that the first look is hardly so satisfactory as could be desired. But soon we thrust the chin fairly over the edge, and take a good stare downwards; and this repays us much better. Objects appear under very novel circumstances from this vertical position, and ascending retreat from them, (though it is *they* that appear to sink and retreat from us.) They are stunted and foreshortened, and rapidly flattened to a map-like appearance; they get smaller and smaller, and clearer and clearer. “An idea,” says Monck Mason, “involuntarily seizes upon the mind, that the earth with all its inhabitants had, by some unaccountable effort of nature, been suddenly precipitated from its hold, and was in the act of slipping away from beneath the aëronaut’s feet into the murky recesses of

some unfathomable abyss below. Everything, in fact, but himself, seems to have been suddenly endowed with motion.” Away goes the earth, with all its objects — sinking lower and lower, and everything becoming less and less, but getting more and more distinct and defined as they diminish in size. But, besides the retreat towards minuteness, the phantasmagoria flattens as it lessens — men and women are of five inches high, then of four, three, two, one inch — and now a speck; the Great Western is a narrow strip of parchment, and upon it you see a number of little trunks “running away with each other,” while the Great Metropolis itself is a board set out with toys; its public edifices turned into “baby-houses, and pepper-castors, and extinguishers, and chessmen, with here and there a dish-cover — things which are called domes, and spires, and steeples!” As for the Father of Rivers, he becomes a dusky-grey, winding streamlet, and his largest ships are no more than flat pale decks, all the masts and rigging being foreshortened to nothing. We soon come now to the shadowy, the indistinct, — and then all is lost in air. Floating clouds fill up all the space beneath. Lovely colours outspread themselves, ever-varying in tone, and in their forms or outlines — now sweeping in broad lines, — now rolling and heaving in huge, richly, yet softly-tinted billows — while sometimes, through a great opening, rift or

break, you see a level expanse of grey or blue fields at an indefinite depth below. And all this time there is a noiseless cataract of snowy cloud-rocks falling around you — falling swiftly on all sides of the car, in great fleecy masses — in small snow-white and glistening fragments — and immense compound masses — all white, and soft, and swiftly rushing past you, giddily, and incessantly down, down, and all with the silence of a dream — strange, lustrous, majestic, incomprehensible!

Aëronauts, of late years, have become, in many instances, respectable and business-like, and not given to extravagant fictions about their voyages, which now, more generally, take the form of a not very lively log. But it used to be very different when the art was in its infancy, some thirty or forty years ago, and young balloonists indulged in romantic fancies. We do not believe that there was a direct intention to tell falsehoods, but that they often deceived themselves very amusingly. Thus, it has been asserted, that when you attained a great elevation, the air became so rarefied that you could not breathe, and that small objects, being thrown out of the balloon, could not fall, and stuck against the side of the car. Also, that wild birds, being taken up and suddenly let loose, could not fly properly, but returned immediately to the car for an explanation. One aëronaut declared that his head became so

contracted by his great elevation, that his hat tumbled over his eyes, and persisted in resting on the bridge of his nose. This assertion was indignantly rebutted by another aëronaut of the same period, who declared that, on the contrary, the head expanded in proportion to the elevation; in proof of which he stated, that on his last ascent he went so high that his hat burst. Another of these romantic personages described a wonderful feat of skill and daring which he had performed up in the air. At an elevation of two miles, his balloon burst several degrees above "the equator" (meaning, above the middle region of the balloon), whereupon he crept up the lines that attached the car, until he reached the netting that enclosed the balloon; and up this netting he clambered, until he reached the aperture, into which he thrust — not his head — but his pocket handkerchief! Mr. Monck Mason, to whose "Aëronautica" we are indebted for the anecdote, gives eight different reasons to show the impossibility of any such feat having ever been performed in the air. One of these is highly graphic. The "performer" would change the line of gravitation by such an attempt: he would never be able to mount the sides, and would only be like the squirrel in its revolving cage. He would, however, pull the netting round — the spot where he clung to, ever remaining the lowest — until having reversed the machine, the balloon would probably make its

escape, in an elongated shape, through the large interstices of that portion of the net-work which is just above the car, when the balloon is in its proper position! But the richest of all these romances is the following brief statement: — A scientific gentleman, well advanced in years, (who had “probably witnessed the experiment of the restoration of a withered pear beneath the exhausted receiver of a pneumatic machine”) was impressed with a conviction, on ascending to a considerable height in a balloon, that every line and wrinkle of his face had totally disappeared, owing, as he said, to the preternatural distension of his skin; and that, to the astonishment of his companion, he rapidly began to assume the delicate aspect and blooming appearance of his early youth!

These things are all self-delusions. A bit of paper or a handkerchief might cling to the outside of the car, but a penny-piece would, undoubtedly, fall direct to the earth. Wild birds do not return to the car, but descend in circles, till, passing through the clouds, they see whereabouts to go, and then they fly downwards as usual. We have no difficulty in breathing; on the contrary, being “called upon,” we sing a song. Our head does not contract, so as to cause our hat to extinguish our eyes and nose; neither does it expand to the size of a prize pumpkin. We see that it is impossible to climb up the netting of the balloon over-head, and so do

not think of attempting it; neither do we find all the lines in our face getting filled up, and the loveliness of our “blushing morning” taking the place of a marked maturity. These fancies are not less ingenious and comical than that of the sailor who hit upon the means of using a balloon to make a rapid voyage to any part of the earth. “The earth spins round,” said he, “at a great rate, don’t it? Well, I’d go up two or three miles high in my balloon, and then ‘lay to,’ and when any place on the globe I wished to touch at, passed underneath me, down I’d drop upon it.”

But we are still floating high in air. How do we feel all this time? “Calm, Sir — calm and resigned.” Yes, and more than this. After a little while, when you find nothing happens, and see nothing likely to happen (and you will more especially feel this under the careful conduct of the veteran Green), a delightful serenity takes the place of all other sensations, — to which the extraordinary silence, as well as the pale beauty and floating hues that surround you, is chiefly attributable. The silence is perfect — a wonder and a rapture. We hear the ticking of our watches. Tick! tick! — or is it the beat of our own hearts? We are sure of the watch; and now we think we can hear both.

Two other sensations must, by no means, be forgotten. You become very cold, and desperately hungry. But you have got a warm outer coat, and travelling boots,

and other valuable things, and you have not left behind you the pigeon-pie, the ham, cold beef, bottled ale and brandy.

Of the increased coldness which you feel on passing from a bright cloud into a dark one, the balloon is quite as sensitive as you can be; and, probably, much more so, for it produces an immediate change of altitude. The expansion and contraction which too romantic gentlemen fancied took place in the size of their heads, does really take place in the balloon, according as it passes from a cloud of one temperature into that of another.

We are now nearly three miles high. Nothing is to be seen but pale air above — around — on all sides, with floating clouds beneath. How should you like to descend in a parachute? — to be dangled by a long line from the bottom of the car, and suddenly to be “let go,” and to dip at once clean down through those grey-blue and softly rose-tinted clouds, skimming so gently beneath us? Not at all: oh, by no manner of means — thank you! Ah, you are thinking of the fate of poor Cocking, the enthusiast in parachutes, concerning whom, and his fatal “improvement,” the public is satisfied that it knows everything, from the one final fact — that he was killed. But there is something more than that in it, as we fancy.

Two words against parachutes. In the first place, there is no use to which, at present, they can be applied; and, in the second, they are so unsafe as to be likely, in all

cases, to cost a life for each descent. In the concise words of Mr. Green, we should say, — “the best parachute is a balloon; the others are bad things to have to deal with.”

Mr. Cocking, as we have said, was an enthusiast in parachutes. He felt sure he had discovered a new, and the true, principle. All parachutes, before his day, had been constructed to descend in a concave form, like that of an open umbrella; the consequence of which was, that the parachute descended with a violent swinging from side to side, which sometimes threw the man in the basket in almost a horizontal position. Mr. Cocking conceived that the converse form; viz., an inverted cone (of large dimensions), would remedy this evil; and becoming convinced, we suppose, by some private experiments with models, he agreed to descend on a certain day. The time was barely adequate to his construction of the parachute, and did not admit of such actual experiments with a sheep, or pig, or other animal, as prudence would naturally have suggested. Besides the want of time, however, Cocking equally wanted prudence; he felt sure of his new principle; this new form of parachute was the hobby of his life, and up he went on the appointed day (for what aëronaut shall dare to “disappoint the Public?”) — dangling by a rope, fifty feet long, from the bottom of the car of Mr. Green’s great Nassau Balloon.

The large upper rim of the parachute, in imitation, we suppose, of the hollow bones of a bird, was made of hollow tin — a most inapplicable and brittle material; and besides this, it had two fractures. But Mr. Cocking was not to be deterred; convinced of the truth of his discovery, up he would go. Mr. Green was not equally at ease, and positively refused to touch the latch of the “liberating iron,” which was to detach the parachute from the balloon. Mr. Cocking arranged to do this himself, for which means he procured a piece of new cord of upwards of fifty feet in length, which was fastened to the latch above in the car, and led down to his hand in the basket of the parachute. Up they went to a great height, and disappeared among the clouds.

Mr. Green had taken up one friend with him in the car; and, knowing well what would happen the instant so great a weight as the parachute and man were detached, he had provided a small balloon inside the car, filled with atmospheric air, with two mouth-pieces. They were now upwards of a mile high.

“How do you feel, Mr. Cocking?” called out Green. “Never better, or more delighted in my life,” answered Cocking. Though hanging at fifty feet distance, in the utter silence of that region, every accent was easily heard. “But, perhaps you will alter your mind?” suggested Green. “By no means,” cried Cocking; “but how high are we?” — “Upwards

of a mile.” — “I must go higher, Mr. Green — I must be taken up two miles before I liberate the parachute.” Now, Mr. Green, having some regard for himself and his friend, as well as for poor Cocking, was determined not to do any such thing. After some further colloquy, therefore, during which Mr. Green threw out a little more ballast, and gained a little more elevation, he finally announced that he could go no higher, as he now needed all the ballast he had for their own safety in the balloon. “Very well,” said Cocking, “if you really will not take me any higher, I shall say good-bye.”

At this juncture Green called out, “Now, Mr. Cocking, if your mind at all misgives you about your parachute, I have provided a tackle up here, which I can lower down to you, and then wind you up into the car by my little grapnel-iron windlass, and nobody need be the wiser.” — “Certainly not,” cried Cocking; “thank you all the same. I shall now make ready to pull the latch-cord.” Finding he was determined, Green and his friend both crouched down in the car, and took hold of the mouth-pieces of their little air-balloon. “All ready?” called out Cocking. “All ready!” answered the veteran aëronaut above. “Good night, Mr. Green!” — “Good night, Mr. Cocking!” — “A pleasant voyage to you, Mr. Green — good night!”

There was a perfect silence — a few seconds of intense suspense

— and then the aëronauts in the car felt a jerk upon the latch. It had not been forcible enough to open the liberating iron. Cocking had failed to detach the parachute. Another pause of horrid silence ensued.

Then came a strong jerk upon the latch, and, in an instant, the great balloon shot upwards with a side-long swirl, like a wounded serpent. They saw their flag clinging flat down against the flag-staff, while a torrent of gas rushed down upon them through the aperture in the balloon above their heads, and continued to pour down into the car for a length of time that would have suffocated them but for the judgmatic provision of the little balloon of atmospheric air, to the mouth-pieces of which their own mouths were fixed, as they crouched down at the bottom of the car. Of Mr. Cocking's fate, or the result of his experiment, they had not the remotest knowledge. They only knew the parachute was gone!

The termination of Mr. Cocking's experiment is well known. For a few seconds he descended quickly, but steadily, and without swinging — as he had designed, and insisted would be the result — when, suddenly, those who were watching with glasses below, saw the parachute lean on one side — then give a lurch to the other — then the large upper circle collapsed (the disastrous hollow tin-tubing having evidently broken up), and the machine

entered the upper part of a cloud: in a few more seconds it was seen to emerge from the lower part of the cloud — the whole thing turned over — and then, like a closed-up broken umbrella, it shot straight down to the earth. The unfortunate, and, as most people regard him, the foolish enthusiast, was found still in the basket in which he reached the earth. He was quite insensible, but uttered a moan; and in ten minutes he was dead.

Half a word in favour of parachutes. True, they are of no use "at present;" but who knows of what use such things may one day be? As to Mr. Cocking's invention, the disaster seems to be attributable to errors of detail, rather than of principle. Mr. Green is of opinion, from an examination of the *broken* latch-cord, combined with other circumstances, which would require diagrams to describe satisfactorily, that after Mr. Cocking had failed to liberate himself the first time, he twisted the cord round his hand to give a good jerk, forgetting that in doing so, he united himself to the balloon above, as it would be impossible to disengage his hand in time. By this means he was violently jerked into his parachute, which broke the latch-cord; but the tin tube was not able to bear such a shock, and this caused so serious a fracture, in addition to its previous unsound condition, that it soon afterwards collapsed. This leads one to conjecture that had the outer rim

been made of strong wicker-work, or whalebone, so as to be somewhat pliable, and that Mr. Green had liberated the parachute, instead of Mr. Cocking, it would have descended to the earth with perfect safety — skimming the air, instead of the violent oscillations of the old form of this machine. We conclude, however, with Mr. Green's laconic — that the safest parachute is a balloon.

But here we are — still above the clouds! We may assume that you would not like to be "let off" in a parachute, even on the improved principle; we will therefore prepare for descending with the balloon. This is a work requiring great skill and care to effect safely, so as to alight on a suitable piece of ground, and without any detriment to the voyagers, the balloon, gardens, crops, &c.

The valve-line is pulled! — out rushes the gas from the top of the balloon — you see the flag fly upwards — down through the clouds you sink faster and faster — lower and lower. Now you begin to see dark masses below — there's the Old Earth again! — the dark masses now discover themselves to be little forests, little towns, tree-tops, house-tops — out goes a shower of sand from the ballast-bags, and our descent becomes slower — another shower, and up we mount again, in search of a better spot to alight upon. Our guardian *aéronaut* gives each of us a bag of ballast, and directs us to throw out its contents when he

calls each of us by name, and in such quantities only as he specifies. Moreover, no one is suddenly to leap out of the balloon, when it touches the earth; partly because it may cost him his own life or limbs, and partly because it would cause the balloon to shoot up again with those who remained, and so make them lose the advantage of the good descent already gained, if nothing worse happened. Meantime, the grapnel-iron has been lowered, and dangling down at the end of a strong rope of a hundred and fifty feet long. It is now trailing over the ground. Three bricklayers' labourers are in chase of it. It catches upon a bank — it tears its way through. Now the three bricklayers are joined by a couple of fellows in smock-frocks, a policeman, five boys, followed by three little girls, and, last of all, a woman with a child in her arms, all running, shouting, screaming, and yelling, as the grapnel-iron and rope go trailing and bobbing over the ground before them. At last the iron catches upon a hedge — grapples with its roots; the balloon is arrested, but struggles hard; three or four men seize the rope, and down we are hauled, and held fast till the *aërial Monster*, with many a gigantic heave and pant, surrenders at discretion, and begins to resign its inflated robust proportions. It subsides in irregular waves — sinks, puffs, flattens — dies to a mere shrivelled skin; and being folded up, like Peter Schlemil's

shadow, is put into a bag, and stowed away at the bottom of the little car it so recently overshadowed with its buoyant enormity.

We are glad it is all over; delighted, and edified as we have been, we are very glad to take our supper at the solid, firmly-fixed oak table of a country inn, with a brick wall and a barn-door for our only prospect, as the evening closes in. Of etherial currents, and the scenery of infinite space, we have had enough for the present.

Touching the accidents which occur to balloons, we feel persuaded that in the great majority of cases they are caused by inexperience, ignorance, rashness, folly, or — more commonly than all — the necessities attending a “show.” Once “announced” for a certain day, or *night* (an abominable practice, which ought to be prevented) — and, whatever the state of the wind and weather, and whatever science and the good sense of an experienced aëronaut may know and suggest of imprudence — up the poor man must go, simply because the public have paid their money to see him do it. He must go, or he will be ruined.

But nothing can more strikingly display the comparative safety which is attained by great knowledge, foresight, and care, than the fact of the veteran, Charles Green, being now in the four hundred and eighty-ninth year of his balloonical age; having made that number of ascents, and taken up one thousand four hundred and

thirteen persons, with no fatal accident to himself, or to them, and seldom with any damage to his balloons.

Nevertheless, from causes over which he had no control, our veteran has had two or three “close shaves.” On one occasion he was blown out to sea with the Great Nassau balloon. Observing some vessels, from which he knew he should obtain assistance, he commenced a rapid descent in the direction of the Nore. The valve was opened, and the car first struck the water some two miles north of Sheerness. But the wind was blowing fresh, and, by reason of the buoyancy of the balloon, added to the enormous surface it presented to the wind, they were drawn through the water at a speed which set defiance to all the vessels and boats that were now out on the chase. It should be mentioned, that the speed was so vehement, and the car so un-boat-like, that the aëronauts (Mr. Green and Mr. Rush, of Elsenham Hall, Essex) were dragged through, that is *under*, every wave they encountered, and had a good prospect of being drowned upon the surface. Seeing that the balloon could not be overtaken, Mr. Green managed to let go his large grapnel-iron, which shortly afterwards took effect at the bottom, where, by a fortunate circumstance (for them) there was a sunken wreck, in which the iron took hold. The progress of the balloon being thus arrested, a boat soon came up, and relieved the aëronauts; but no boat could

venture to approach the monster balloon, which still continued to struggle, and toss, and bound from side to side. It would have capsized any boat that came near it, in an instant. It was impossible to do anything with it till Mr. Green obtained assistance from a revenue cutter, from which he solicited the services of an armed boat, and the crew fired muskets with ball-cartridge into the rolling Monster, until she gradually sank down flat upon the waves, but not until she had been riddled with sixty-two bullet holes.

So much for perils by sea; but the greatest of all the veteran's dangers was caused by a diabolical trick, the perpetrator of which was never discovered. It was as follows:—

In the year 1832, on ascending from Cheltenham, one of those malicious wretches who may be regarded as half fool and half devil, contrived partially to sever the ropes of the car, in such a manner as not to be perceived before the balloon had quitted the ground; when receiving, for the first time, the whole weight of the contents, they suddenly gave way. Everything fell out of the car, the aeronauts just having time to secure a painful and precarious attachment to the hoop. Lightened of its load, the balloon, with frightful velocity, immediately commenced its upward course, and ere Mr. Green could obtain possession of the valve-string, which the first violence of the ac-

cident had placed beyond his reach, attained an altitude of upwards of ten thousand feet. Their situation was terrific. Clinging to the hoop with desperate retention, not daring to trust any portion of their weight upon the margin of the car, that still remained suspended by a single cord beneath their feet, lest that also might give way, and they should be deprived of their only remaining counterpoise, all they could do was to resign themselves to chance, and endeavour to retain their hold until the exhaustion of the gas should have determined the career of the balloon. To complete the horrors of their situation, the net-work, drawn awry by the awkward and unequal disposition of the weight, began to break about the upper part of the machine—mesh after mesh giving way, with a succession of reports like those of a pistol; while, through the opening thus created, the balloon began rapidly to ooze out, and swelling as it escaped beyond the fissure, presented the singular appearance of a huge hour-glass floating in the upper regions of the sky. After having continued for a considerable length of time in this condition, every moment expecting to be precipitated to the earth by the final detachment of the balloon, at length they began slowly to descend. When they had arrived within about a hundred feet from the ground, the event they had anticipated at length occurred; the balloon, rushing through the

opening in the net-work with a tremendous explosion, suddenly made its escape, and they fell to the earth in a state of insensibility, from which with great difficulty, they were eventually recovered.

Apart from the question of dangers, which science, as we have seen, can reduce to a minimum — and apart also from the question of practical utility, of which we do not see much at present, yet of which we know not what may be derived in future — what are the probabilities of improvement in the art of ballooning, aërostation, or the means of travelling through the air in a given direction?

The conditions seem to be these. In order to fly in the air, and steer in a given direction during a given period, it is requisite to take up a buoyancy and a power which shall be greater (and continuously so during the voyage) than needful to sustain its own mechanical weight, together with that of the aëronauts and their various appurtenances; and as much also in excess of these requisitions as shall overcome the adverse action of the wind upon the resisting surface presented by the machine. At present no such power is known which can be used in combination with a balloon, or other gas machine. If we could condense electricity, then the thing might be done; other subtle powers may also be discovered with the progress of science, but we must wait for them before we can fairly make definite voyages in the air, and re-

duce human flying to a practical utility, or a safe and rational pleasure.

The "latest news" of new inventions in balloons we shall comprise within the period of the last ten or eleven years. A writer in the "Polytechnic Journal" (1840) thought he had discovered a certain means of propelling balloons at the will of the aëronaut. He proposed to do this without taking up an additional power, or engine, but simply by a new application of the *weight*, as well as the strength, of the aëronaut and his passengers. A fan-wheel is to be constructed to act upon the air, for the direction of the course of the balloon; and this wheel is to be worked after the manner of the tread-mill. When a certain impulse, in a direction against the wind, is to be given, the aëronaut and his friends will get into the wheel, and work it round by the usual process. If more power is needed, they must use their hands, and also carry weights on their shoulders!

Passing over M. Poitevin's equestrian performances in the air as simply censurable, we come at once to the three or four announcements which have last interested the lovers of "this delightful art," as Monck Mason terms it. Of the Spanish nobleman lately arrived in Paris, who is to fly in a new machine, accompanied by his daughter, we are unable to say more than he has himself put forth, which amounts to nothing but the announcement. Respect-

ing the New American Flying Ship, with its copper boilers, and engines of twelve horse-power, which are to cause a revolution of floats, not yet being finished, (owing to the unhandsome hanging-back of the American public in the amount of dollars still necessary to be subscribed,) we make no remarks — but offer a word or two on the invention of M. Petin, a respectable tradesman of Paris, who has devoted many years to “this delightful art.” Instead of sailing horizontally, he proposes alternately to ascend and descend in an oblique direction; and at each ascent and descent he contends that the balloon can be driven forward. The apparatus he employs is gigantic. First, there is an immense frame-work, *seventy yards* long by ten wide, and to it three large balloons are to be attached; connected with the frame-work are large frames of sail-cloth, which open and close, somewhat like those of a conservatory. When all these frames are closed, the resistance of the air is alike on all, and the machine swims horizontally; but when some at one end are opened, the resistance of the air becomes unequal, and the machine rises or descends. Advantage is taken of this movement to propel the balloon by means of a screw, worked by a mechanical apparatus.

But the French are not to carry off all the honours of these aërial fancies. We have a Steam Aëros-tation Society, with an Office in

the Strand, London, where it is announced that “Lectures explanatory of the object will be given, on the payment of five shillings, which constitutes a Perpetual Associate, with privilege to attend the progress of the Machine now building on the premises.” The Duke of Brunswick is also hard at work on a new Aërial Machine.

In the Great Exposition, we have had the pleasure of examining the new Aërial Machine invented by Mr. E. Mason, of Brompton, together with the Locomotive Balloon, and Locomotive Parachute of Mr. H. Bell, of Millbank. The former of these presents the appearance of a huge vegetable marrow, with a broad Dutch rudder at the stern, and an apparatus of revolving sails at each bow; Mr. Bell’s invention is a long silver fish, for a boat, with revolving fans, in place of fins, for progression, and sustained by a balloon of blue silk. (It is said that Marshal Ney expended a considerable sum in experiments with a balloon of the fish-shape; but it could not be made to swim the air as he wished.) Mr. J. Brown, of Leadenhall Street, has a most solid-looking model, like a mahogany Dutch boat, sustained by an immense inflated bonnet, or closed hood, and guided by a jib in front, with a tri-sail for a rudder. Mr. H. Plummer has a machine, to fly with wings only, the power to be derived from the action of springs, &c. Mr. G. Graham exhibits a steering apparatus for a

balloon. It resembles some enormous fire-work case, or skeleton of some great fabulous bird. These long wings are, in fact, to be used as immense oars; a project somewhat resembling that of Messrs. Aine and Robert, in 1784. Mr. W. Sadd, of Wandsworth, exhibits a singularly light, and curious aerial machine, evidently the result of immense consideration in its principles and details, and if ever we ventured up in an experimental trip of this kind, we should be disposed to give this — but it is good to be careful, and better still, perhaps, not to venture for a long time to come. All these machines have a wonderfully eccentric look, of course; and there are no explanations to any of them, excepting the following:—

A pamphlet has just been published by Mr. Luntley, with a frontispiece of a very new kind of balloon, in form not unlike two bagpipes of the early Italian shepherds, sewed together. It is to be of prodigious magnitude. The principle of propulsion will be that of the screw; but the balloon is to be its own screw, and work itself, by rotation, through the air. A wheel and strap are to give the rotatory motion; and the inventor is convinced that one end of the bagpipe (or queer curled point) will propel, and the other attract the air in its embrace, which will enable the aeronaut to advance in any direction he pleases. His power is to be derived from steam; and the weight

of cargo he expects to be able to carry (besides the weight of his machine and apparatus) is the moderate amount of twenty-seven tons — about the weight of six full-grown elephants, with their “castles.”

Well, we take our breath after all this; but, supported by the opinion of many scientific men of various periods, and by the scientific triumphs accomplished in our own time, we venture to indulge a hope of flying, some day, whither we list (with a reasonable recollection that even ships at sea cannot leave port in an adverse storm, and that very few birds can fly against a strong wind); but we do not think the day has yet arrived; and we confess to a somewhat uncomfortable sensation at the idea of “going up” in company with a cargo of twenty-seven tons.

THE WAY I MADE MY FORTUNE.

THREE of us were sitting in a small room, and complaining of the hardships of our destiny.

“Without money one can do nothing,” said George; “were I to hit upon a speculation that would have done honour to a Rothschild; coming from a pauper like myself, no one would think it worth attending to.”

“I,” said Albert, “have actually finished a work which would establish my reputation as an

author, if I could only find a bookseller to buy it."

"I have petitioned my employer for an increase of salary," I exclaimed, anxious to contribute to the chorus of lamentation; "and he told me that for forty louis a year he could get more clerks than he wanted."

"It would not so much matter," said George, thoughtfully, "if, besides being poor, we did not seem poor. Could one of us only be thought rich —"

"What is the use of the shadow without the substance?" I asked.

"Of every use," said Albert. "I agree with George — the shadow sometimes makes the substance. The next best thing to capital is credit."

"Especially," returned George, "the credit of having a good fortune. Have none of us a rich uncle in India?"

"A cousin of mine went to Jamaica or Martinique, I forget which," I said, innocently, "and he never came back."

"Capital! that is all one requires," exclaimed George; "we will conjure up this cousin of yours — or could we not kill him? Yes; James Méran, of Martinique, deceased, leaving a sugar plantation, a hundred negroes, and a fortune of a hundred thousand louis, to his well-beloved cousin, Louis Méran."

We laughed at the joke, and I thought no more of it; but George and Albert — slightly excited by the fumes of a bowl of punch which I had sent for to do

honour to the testator — lost no time in concocting and afterwards publishing a full account, in the local newspaper, of the fortune that had been left me.

The next day, sundry friends dropped in to compliment me. Of course, I endeavoured to deceive them, but they would not take a denial. In vain I assured them it was a hoax; it was of no use. Several people remembered my cousin James very well, and had seen him at Nantes before he embarked in 1789. Among others came my tailor, to whom I owed a small sum which it was not quite convenient for me to pay at that moment. No doubt the rumour of my cousin's decease had sharpened his memory. I wished my two friends at a place that shall be nameless.

"Good morning, Mr. Mayer; I suppose you are come for those fifty francs?"

"I hope, Sir, you don't think I came for such a trifle as that. No, Sir; I came to take your orders for a suit of mourning."

"A suit of mourning?"

"Yes, Sir; cousin's mourning. Dark bronze frock, for morning wear, black trousers and waistcoat."

"At the present moment, Mr. Mayer —"

"I hope, Sir, I have done nothing to forfeit your patronage?"

"But, I repeat, I have received no money at all."

"I hope, Sir, you won't mention such a thing; there is no sort of hurry," exclaimed the tailor; who

busily employed himself in taking my measure with slips of paper.

After all, my wardrobe did want some additions, and I said nothing more.

"My dear Sir," said the next visitor, "I have a very great favour to request of you. Buy my house. You are very rich; you must be on the look-out for safe and lucrative investments. Sixty thousand francs are nothing for you — a mere fraction of your income. With me the case is different. I thought Mr. Felix had made up his mind to purchase the premises, and now I hear he has changed his intention. What is to become of me? I have heavy demands to meet, and I don't know where the money is to come from."

"I, buy your house? Why, it would be madness to think of such a thing."

"Madness? no such thing; you could not find a better investment anywhere. In two years, with trifling repairs, it will be worth double its present value; you will never see such a good opportunity again. Say 'done,' and I'm off."

And he was off, without leaving me time to put in a word.

Two hours after, in walked Mr. Felix, evidently not in the best of tempers.

"Really, Sir," he began, "you have taken me quite by surprise. That house is indispensable to me; I reckoned on it as if it were mine, and only offered fifty thousand francs because the owner is embarrassed, and I felt sure that

he would be obliged to take them. With you, Sir, the case is different; so I come to ask if you will let me have it for seventy-five thousand francs."

Fifteen thousand francs, dropping all at once into the lap of a poor fellow who had to work hard to gain eight hundred francs in a year! I could hardly believe my ears.

"I cannot give you an answer just now, Sir," I said; "but if you will take the trouble to call again at five, I'll see what I can do."

At a quarter to five Mr. Felix made his appearance. I spoke to him with candour: —

"I should tell you, Sir, that I had no thoughts of buying the house, till the owner prevailed on me to do so. You say you want the house; any other will suit me equally as well, so I accede to your terms."

"You shall have a draft on Paris for the amount in a fortnight," replied Mr. Felix, who bowed and withdrew, apparently enchanted with my way of doing business.

A draft upon Paris! The circumstance appeared so unusual to me that I thought I ought to send it to Paris to get it cashed. I wrote accordingly to Messrs. Flanges and Bergeret, the only firm I knew there. I was in the habit of receiving through them the interest of a small sum, that had been left me by an uncle. I informed them that, having funds at my disposal, I wished for information as to the best mode of in-

vesting them. The signification of the word "funds" varies very much according to the name and position in life of the speaker. The rumour of my legacy had reached Paris; so that when I spoke of "funds," it was evident I meant a considerable sum. This was proved by the following letter:

"SIR, — We are in receipt of your esteemed favour of the 17th current, which reached us just after the conclusion of the last loan negotiated by the Cortes, in which our firm has an interest. Desirous that our friends should have an opportunity of participating in an investment which we consider profitable, we have taken the liberty of placing twenty thousand piastres to your credit. Should that amount appear too considerable, the rise of those securities admits of your selling out at a premium.

"We remain, Sir,

"Yours to command,

"FLANGES AND CO."

To this was added a postscript written by the head of the firm:

"We have heard with pleasure of the recent good-fortune that has fallen to the lot of our old friend and correspondent, and beg to offer him our services, as occasion may require."

Twenty thousand piastres! I let the letter fall in sheer amazement. What would have been my astonishment, if, more conversant

with terms of commerce and more attentive to the enclosed account current, I had seen that what I took for the principal, was only the yearly interest? I lost no time in writing to my correspondents to inform them that the sum was much too large. — "I have received no money," I said, "from Martinique, and it would be impossible for me to meet my engagements."

An answer came by return of post.

"We learn, with regret, that you have misgivings with regard to the Spanish loan. According to your orders, we have sold out half the stock assigned to you, which brings you in already a net profit of eighty thousand francs. With regard to your property at Martinique, we are too well acquainted with the delays which bequests at such a distance must necessarily involve, to think for a moment that you can be immediately put in possession of your inheritance; but your simple signature will suffice to procure you all the money you may require in the meantime. We take the liberty of reminding you of the advantage of making timely investments; lest, when the legal arrangements are ended, you should find difficulty in getting good interest for so large a capital. With the hope that you may entertain a better opinion of German securities than you do of Spanish, we hand you a prospectus for establishing a bank at

Grüningen. You will please to observe, Sir, that no deposit is required, and that, as calls are only made at long intervals, it will be easy for you to sell your shares, should you change your mind, without your having occasion to make any payment. We have placed fifty to your credit, and have the honour to remain," &c.

Eighty thousand francs! The amount was a perfect mystery to me; no doubt the clerk had made some mistake in the figures. My position was becoming embarrassing. Congratulations poured in from all quarters; especially when I made my appearance in black from head to foot. The *Journal de Goubmouges* thought it right to publish a biographical sketch of my cousin, and the editor wrote to me asking for further particulars. Ladies connected with all sorts of societies, begged that my name might be added to their list of subscribers, and the money that I had to pay for postages was something alarming. To escape from this avalanche of inquiries, I hastily departed for Paris. Directly I got there, I called on my bankers, by whom I was received as heirs to a large property generally are.

"Sorry that you have such a poor opinion of the Spanish stock," said Monsieur Bergeret: "there has been a great rise; however, we only sold out half your parcel."

H "Would you have the goodness
H to let me know what the present

value of the remainder might be?" I replied.

"Certainly, Sir; ten thousand piastres stock at seventy (the piastre being at five francs, thirty-five centimes) the sum already paid being — If you sell out to-day you will, with the proceeds of last sale, have from two hundred and ten thousand to two hundred and twenty thousand francs."

"Very well. You said something about a German bank, I think?"

"Yes; the Government made some difficulty about granting a charter; but it is all settled now, and the promised shares have risen considerably."

"Can I sell out?"

"Certainly; you have fifty, at four hundred and fifty florins profit: that will bring you in about sixty thousand francs."

"Without any calls to pay?"

"None whatever."

"That seems strange; but you are no doubt well informed. I should like to find a secure investment for those sums; would you have the goodness to tell me what would be the best?"

"You cannot have anything better than our own five per cents. I know of nothing more secure; at the present price of that stock, you get six per cent. for your money. I can easily understand that you should be worried by such trifling details as these: you will soon have more considerable sums to look after."

"Then, if I invest the combined produce of the German and Spa-

nish stocks in the five per cents., what should I get a year?"

"Let me see. Three hundred thousand francs — funds at eighty — eighteen — twenty — yes, twenty thousand francs a year."

"Ah! twenty thousand francs a year! And when can the investment be made?"

"To-morrow morning; that is, if you will allow our firm to conduct the transaction."

"Certainly; in whom could my confidence be better placed?"

The banker made a polite bow.

"And now," I continued, "I should feel obliged if you would have the goodness to advance me a few louis, as I am rather short of cash."

"My dear Sir, all the cash I possess is at your service. How much do you want — two hundred? — four hundred?"

"Thank you, fifty will be quite sufficient."

"May I hope," added the banker, when I rose to take leave, "that our firm may be favoured with the continuance of your patronage?"

"Certainly," I replied.

There are few moments of my life on which I look back with more satisfaction than on those occupied in my interview with M. Bergeret. I doubt if I should have believed in the twenty thousand francs a-year, if it had not been for the fifty napoleons.

In the meantime, my two friends were shocked at the success of their story, and were not a little alarmed at my sudden journey to

Paris; which was attributed by others to legal business. George and Albert then began to fear that I really believed in the authenticity of the invention they had concocted.

Three days after my return, they came to see me with long faces.

"My dear Louis," said George, "you know your cousin is not dead?"

"I cannot be sure of that," I replied, "for I am by no means convinced of his existence."

"Well; but you know that this inheritance is only a hoax?"

"To tell you the truth, I think we are the only people who are of that opinion."

"We have been very wrong to originate such a foolish invention; for which we are sincerely sorry."

"On the contrary, I am much obliged to you."

"But it is our duty to contradict it, and to confess how foolish we have been."

Truth cannot remain long concealed; people began to wonder that no news came from Martinique; the wise and prudent shook their heads ominously when my name was mentioned.

"The most ludicrous feature in the case is," said one, "that he has ended by believing in the truth of his own invention. For my part, I must say that I was always rather sceptical about that inheritance."

"And I also," said M. Felix,

"though it has cost me fifteen thousand francs."

On seeing a dozen letters on my table one morning, I guessed that the bubble had burst. Their contents were much alike; for instance —

"Mr. Mayer's respects to Mr. Méran, and having heavy payments to meet, will feel obliged by a cheque for the amount of the enclosed."

My replies disarmed all doubts of my perfect solvency.

"Mr. Méran thanks Mr. Mayer for having *at last* sent in his account, and encloses a cheque for amount."

My cool and unconcerned demeanour kept curiosity alive for a few days longer.

"What a lucky fellow!" said one.

"Luck has nothing to do with it," rejoined another; "he has played his cards well, and has won."

Once or twice, I confess, I felt compunction of conscience; but a moment's reflection convinced me that my own exertions had no share in my good fortune, and that I owed it all to a universal public worship of the Golden Calf, and to the truth of Albert's axiom, "the next best thing to capital is credit."

INDIAN FURLOUGH REGULATIONS.

ONCE upon a time, it was considered rather mean in any man

to alter his opinions. Consistency was the great moral card played in politics; and even nowadays there are a few people wedded for better for worse — we should say very much for the worse — to anything that brings a testimonial from our ancestors. Lately, however, the great changes that have taken place in the conditions of our social life, have decidedly tended to stagger some of us. It often becomes horribly obvious that what looked quite right (and we think really was quite right) thirty years ago, looks now as if it were quite wrong.

A very good example of the way in which the march of civilisation turns sense into nonsense, is supplied by the Furlough Regulations of the Services of the East India Company. At least to all the Europeans in its pay, the East India Company is, on the whole, an exceedingly good master. The Furlough Regulations, framed before any steam-vessel had buffeted the broad Atlantic with its paddles, and before locomotives whistled their way through the world, were sensible enough. The same Regulations being still in force, are as unsuited to the service as a set of long-clothes might be for a coachman's uniform. The fact that the Regulations are outgrown, is felt uncomfortably by every servant of the Company employed in India; it is distinctly seen by the Court of Directors, who have had their eye on a new suit for some years past;

it is admitted as obvious by the Board of Control, which Board must coincide with the Directors in their mode of tailoring. No private interests are interfered with, no prejudices stand in the way of an amended set of Regulations; every one unanimously votes them necessary; so much unity of opinion begets a calm, and the result is, that no way is made. Nobody is being stirred by any opposition into energy, and consequently the old Furlough Regulations still remain in force, and may remain in force for ever. Here they are; contemporary fossils.

In the first place, each member of the East India Company's service is allowed, after completing ten years of actual duty in India, a furlough of three years on his private affairs. He receives furlough pay according to the branch of service to which he may belong, and the rank he has attained in it; but if he comes to Europe, this pay is so small that it does not pay more than the expenses of his journey home and back, leaving him nothing to expend in Europe. An officer may obtain a furlough of two years to Europe, even before the completion of his first ten years' service, if he can satisfy the local Government that the business on which he returns home is absolutely urgent. But in this case he will receive no pay whatever. Another exception is made also in the case of sickness, when, upon the certificate of his medical attendant, an officer can obtain

sick furlough for a period of three years, receiving pay, if he should go to Europe, according to the rate formerly mentioned for an European furlough granted after ten years' service. In every case of an officer proceeding to Europe, whether on furlough, sick certificate, or urgent private affairs, he forfeits his Indian pay and allowances, both staff and regimental. Furthermore, he forfeits all claim to return to whatever staff employ he may have left, and has to wait for the good fortune which may reinstate him in his old position, by the windfall of a new appointment. The time elapsing between the date of any officer's departure from India until his return, in case he takes his holiday in Europe, is not, under any circumstances, allowed to count as a portion of the service which entitles to a pension.

But if an officer contents himself with the enjoyment of his furlough "within Indian limits," the case is entirely different. For six months he may at any time obtain leave of absence on his private affairs, and, if he has not overpassed the limits, will receive his full pay and allowances, with the half-pay of any staff appointment that he may be holding. He may have sick leave for two years, to the Cape of Good Hope, China, Egypt, New South Wales — for these are places "within Indian limits" — and still draw his full pay and allowances, his half-staff pay, if he have any to draw, and when he returns will return to the

full possession of his staff appointment. The period of his absence, also, is allowed to count as a period of service.

When these regulations were constructed, the journey to England, before steamers were in use, and Overland mails were known, was round the Cape, and occupied five months. It was duly considered that in case of any emergency which would require the presence of all available officers and troops, an officer in Europe could not return in obedience to a summons in much less time than a twelvemonth. That was a serious affair; heavy discouragement was therefore put on European furloughs. The consequence has been, and now is, that unless driven to seek an European climate, by an almost irreparably shattered health, very few, indeed, of our Indian friends revisit us until the expiration of their Indian service, extending in most cases to thirty, and sometimes to forty, or even fifty years.

Time has slipped by. To Europe now there is a great high-road, and from India to England is, we may fairly say, a few days' journey. England is more quickly accessible from India now than the Cape; an officer who comes home to Europe is in fact more within call than if he only journeyed up to the Nilgherry Hills. We need say nothing of the moral and material advantage to the Indian service which must accrue from putting those who left the centre of our civilisation in their

youth into a fair amount of communication with the mother country. Engines of power as these Indian servants are, what rusty engines some of them must be, we feel when we consider that some of our countrymen, in India now, left us before we had a railroad, and know nothing practically of our world as it now is. We do not dwell upon the sentimental part of the question, nor on any other part of it either. There is nothing to urge. The whole matter is obvious. Everybody admits it. European furloughs should be at a premium now, not a discount; the calculation upon which the Indian Furlough Regulations were framed by those who went before us was good then, and prudent then; but by the changes since made in the aspect of society, it is now turned precisely upside down. The authorities are quite aware of that. The Court of Directors once upon a time even sent to the Board of Control a pen-and-ink sketch of a new set of Regulations adapted to the new state of things. But the Board was sleepy. The Company's servants have not made an outcry; there has been no pressure from without; and so, since the whole thing was so simple, it appeared the most natural proceeding possible to tie a bit of red tape round the case, and put it on a shelf. It is a matter, to be sure, that concerns many true and faithful men, for the settlement of which thousands wait, sick at heart, dreaming of home. But since the thousands

are so quiet and respectful, the official gentleman in difficulties neglects them, as people who give little trouble, while he spends his time on those who are more clamorous to get their dues.

A petition embodying the arguments we have repeated was adopted in the Indian service sometime back, and was received with favour by the East India Company. Its prayer is not yet granted, although it is a petition unopposed, from friends to friends. It does not speak; even of an abuse; but of a regulation fallen to the ground by the slipping away of the world from under it. The fault of the business is its simplicity. It sleeps in a calm; and if the public will but agitate it gently for a little while, it will be doing easy service for a set of men who have done hard service for us and for their rulers.

A WORD FROM THE CANNON'S MOUTH.

TREMBLE no more to hear my voice!

For not in thunders, as of old,
When the far-echoing deadly noise,
That over hill and hollow roll'd,
Was follow'd by the wild death-shriek, —
But harmless as a child, I speak.

Tremble no more! Not charged am I,
As in those days, with iron shot,
And smoke that blacken'd the blue sky,
And made the earth one reeking blot;
My mission ends its mortal lease,
And I would speak before I cease.

For I have play'd a mighty part
In human change, and have, therefore,
A right my burthen to impart,
Ere I become a thing of yore:
A monster in the calendar
And annals of red-written war.

Have I not 'built imperial thrones,
And batter'd old foundations down?
Old warfare was a strife of crones
Before I rose on field, and town,
And heaving deck, — a creature strange, —
And utter'd the great voice of Change!

A voice that I must hear in turn,
And feel to be a thing of doom; —
A voice that, day by day, I yearn
To hear, as now, with gradual boom,
It rises in acclaiming notes
From myriads of united throats.

The cry is "Peace!" and, at the word,
I feel as though my time were come, —
The time when I shall not be heard;
For I am dead when I am dumb.
The earth may claim a parting roar,
And I shall shake its fields no more.

'T is well! I came when I was call'd;
I go before a growing good:
May that fair seed be not forestall'd
By Tyranny's last struggling brood, —
A deeper curse — a fiercer ill —
Than war, or perverse human will.

I go. Ambition cannot now
Abuse me for its purpose vile;
Nor Avarice claim the peaceful plough
By my curst aid and light the while.
The crimes of monarchs and of states
Henceforth I leave unto the Fates.

Or do I dream? — who thus so long
Have stood upon this bastion'd height,
Uncall'd to mediate with Wrong,
In its perpetual strife with Right: —
Is it a dream — that I have done,
And see the setting of my sun?

THE SPENDTHRIFT'S DAUGHTER.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH

"OH Ella! Ella! — what's the use of your turning your head from me? — Why, I can see you are colouring crimson — as if I had no eyes! Oh! he is charming, is not he?"

"How tiresome you can be, Cle-

mentina! I am sure I don't care. No, not Besides, he's your flirt, not mine."

"Is he? I wish he were! But I know better. He loves you, Ella; and what's more, you love him. And if *you* don't know it — which perhaps you don't — *I* do, and *he* does."

"*He* does! — I like that! — *he* does! — Upon my word! *I* like him, and *he* knows it! I do no such thing."

"Take care what you say. Walls have ears."

"Pooh! — nonsense! And if they have, I tell you, I don't care."

"You don't? — you are sure you don't? — Oh, very well! If that be really so, then I had better keep my message to myself."

"Message! — what message?"

"You know a man does not like to be refused; and so, if you really do *not* care for him, why, I had better hold my peace. He is young, and he is volatile enough. . . . And, indeed, I have wondered, Ella, sometimes, how you ever came to take a fancy to him; — but I am forgetting. It was my mistake. You never *have* taken a fancy to him."

"How you do run on!" she said, taking the last rose out of her hair; for she was standing before the glass, undoing her braids; the sisters, having dismissed their attendant, that they might have a comfortable chat together. And then the hair came all tumbling over her shoulders, and upon her white muslin

dress-gown, and she looked most beautiful — half pleasant, half angry — as she turned round; and, trying to frown with her eyes, whilst her lips smiled, said —

"Cle., you *are* the most intolerable girl in the world."

Cle. smiled, looked down, and said nothing.

"You may as well tell me, though."

"No, I won't, unless you will be a true girl — own what you ought to own — say what you ought to say — that you do not *quite* hate him. You really may say that — and then we will see about it."

"Hate him! Did I say I hated him?"

"Or, pretended you did. Or, that he was indifferent to you."

"Well, well; I don't hate him, then."

"Then come here, and sit down by me, and I will tell you that Lionel loves you, and adores you — and all that. Very easily said. But far more than that — and with great difficulty said — he wishes to make you his wife!"

"Ah me!" — and again the colour flashed into her face, and such an expression was visible in her eyes!

Suddenly she threw her arms round her sister, and embraced her tenderly.

"You dear, dear girl," she whispered — "Oh, I am so — so happy! But tell me — tell me — all, from the beginning. Lionel! — is it possible?"

"You thought we were very busy talking together to-night, at Mrs. White's ball, didn't you? — You were a little jealous, were you not, you silly thing? Ah, my Ella! My proud — proud Ella! To have made such a tumble into love!"

"Nonsense! — how you talk! But tell me all he said. Every single word of it!"

"He said he loved you more than his life, and all that sort of thing; and that I must tell you so to-night; and, if you would give him the least atom of encouragement, I was to take no notice, and he would speak to papa and mamma immediately; but, if you hated him as much as I said I was sure you did"

"How could you say such a stupid thing?"

"I thought that was what I ought to say."

"How foolish you are, Cle. Well?"

"Well, in *that* case, I was to write. Shall I write?"

She did not write.

And from this time the existence of Ella was changed.

She loved, with all the fervour and energy of her nature; and life took at once a new colour. True love is of the infinite. None can have deeply loved — when or how in other respects it may have been — but they have entered into the unseen world; have breathed a new breath of life; have tasted of the true existence.

What is often called love, may

do nothing of all this — but I am speaking of *true* love.

Lionel seemed at that time scarcely worthy of the passion he had inspired. Yet he had many excellent qualities. He was warm-hearted, generous to excess, had good parts, a brilliant way of talking, and was a favourite with all the world.

He had not the splendid gifts which nature had bestowed upon Julian Winstanley. By the side of her father, even in the eyes of Ella, the bright halo which surrounded her lover would seem somewhat to pale. The young man even appeared to feel this, in some degree, himself. He always, yet with a certain grace, took the second place, when in her father's presence. Ella loved her father, and seemed to like that it should be so.

"Oh, my sister! oh, my friend! what — what shall we do? Oh, misery! misery! what is to become of us all?"

Clementina's eyes were swimming with tears; but she would not give way. In passive endurance she excelled her sister.

She held her arms clasped closely round her; whilst Ella poured a torrent of tears upon her bosom.

"My father! my beautiful, clever, indulgent father, that I was so proud of — that I loved so — who spared nothing upon either of us — alas! alas! how little, little, did I guess whence the money came!"

Clementina trembled and shivered as her sister poured forth these passionate lamentations; but she neither wept nor spoke for some time. At last she said:

"Ella, I have been uneasy about things for some time. We are young, and we have not much experience in the ways of the world; but since our poor mother died, and I have had in some degree to manage the house, I have been every day becoming more uncomfortable."

"You have?" said Ella, lifting up her head; "and you never told me!"

"Why should I have told you? why should I have disturbed your dream of happiness, my dear Ella? Besides, I hoped that it concerned me alone — that things might hold on a little while longer — at least, till you were provided for, and safe."

"Safe! and what was to become of you?"

"I did not much think of that. I had a firm friend, I knew, in you, Ella; and then, lately, since mamma's death; since you have been engaged to dear Lionel, and I have been much alone, I have thought of old things — old things that good Matty used to talk about. I have been endeavouring to look beyond myself, and this world and it has strengthened me."

"You are an excellent creature, Cle.!"

She shook her head.

"But, my father! what is to be done? Can anything be done?"

"No, my love. I fear nothing can be done."

"He loves me!" said Ella, raising up her head again, her eyes beaming with a new hope. "I will try — I will venture. It is perhaps great presumption in a child; but my father loves me, and I love him..."

Again Clementina shook her head.

"You are so faint-hearted — you are so discouraging. You give up everything without an attempt to save yourself or others. That is your way!" cried Ella, with her own impetuosity, and some of her old injustice. Then, seeing sorrow and pain working upon her sister's face as she spoke thus, she stopped herself, and cried — "Oh! I am a brute — worse than a brute — to say this. Dear Cle., forgive me; but don't, pray don't discourage me, when I want all my courage. I will go — I will go this moment, and speak to my father..."

Clementina pressed her sister's hand as she started up to go. She feared the effort would be vain, — vain as those she had herself made; yet there was no knowing. Ella was so beautiful, so correct, so eloquent, so prevailing!

She followed her, with her eyes to the door, with feelings of mingled hope and apprehension.

Down the splendid stairs, with their gilded balustrades, and carpets of the richest hue and texture, rushed the impetuous Ella. Through the hall — all marbles and gilding — and her

hand was upon the lock of the library door. She was about to turn it, without reflection; but a sudden fear of intruding came over her — she paused and knocked.

"Who is there?" exclaimed an irritated voice from within; "go away — I can see no one just now."

"It is I, papa — Ella; pray let me come in."

And she opened the door.

He was standing in the middle of the lofty and magnificent apartment, which was adorned on every side with pictures in gorgeous frames; with busts, vases, and highly ornamented bookcases, fitted with splendidly bound books — seldom, if ever, opened. His pale, wan, haggard face, and degraded figure, formed a fearful contrast to the splendid scene around him, showing like a mockery of his misery. A small table, richly inlaid, stood beside him; in one hand he held a delicate cup of fine china: in the other, a small chemist's phial.

He started as she entered, and turned to her an angry and confused countenance, now rapidly suffused with a deep crimson flush; but, as if electrified by a sudden and horrid suspicion, she rushed forward, and impetuously seized his shaking arm.

The cup fell to the floor, and was broken to atoms; but he clenched the phial still faster in his trembling hand, as he angrily uttered the words:

"How dare you come in here?"

"Oh! papa — papa!" — she had lost all other terror before that of the horrible suspicion which had seized her — "what are you about? what is that?" stretching out her arms passionately, and endeavouring to wrench the phial from his fingers.

"What are you about? what do you mean?" he cried, endeavouring to extricate his hand. "Let me alone — leave me alone! what are you about? Be quiet, I say, or by" And with the disengaged hand he tore her fingers from his, and thrust her violently away.

She staggered, and fell, but caught herself upon her knees, and flinging her arms round his, lifted up her earnest imploring face, crying, "Father — father! papa — papa! for my sake — for your sake — for all our sakes; oh, give it me! give it to me!"

"Give you what? what do you mean? what are you thinking about?" endeavouring to escape from her clasping arms. "Have done, and let me alone. Will you have done? will you let me alone?" fiercely, angrily, endeavouring again to push her away.

"No! never — never — never! till you give me —"

"What?"

"That!"

"That!" he cried. Then, as if recollecting himself, he endeavoured, as it seemed, to master his agitation, and said more calmly, "Let me be, Ella! and if it will be any satisfaction to you, I will thrust the bottle into the fire."

But, you foolish girl, what do you gain by closing one exit, when there are open ten thousand as good?"

Disengaging himself from her relaxing arms, he walked up to the fire-place, and thrust the phial between the bars. It broke as he did so, and there was a strong smell of bitter almonds. She had risen from her knees. She followed him, and again laid that hand upon his arm — that soft, fair hand, of whose beauty he was wont to be so proud. It trembled violently now; but as if impelled with unwonted courage, and an energy inspired by the occasion, she ventured upon that which, it was long since any one ever had presumed to offer to Julian Winstanley — upon a plain-spoken remonstrance.

"Papa," she said, "promise me that you will never — never — never again —"

"Do what?"

"Make an attempt upon your life — if I must speak out," she said, with a spirit that astonished him.

"Attempt my life! What should I attempt my life for?" said he, and he glanced round the scene of luxury which surrounded him. He was continuing, in a tone of irony — but it would not do. He sank upon a sofa, and covering his face with his hands, groaned — "Yes — yes, Ella! all you say is true. I am a wretch who is unworthy to — and more — who *will not* live." He burst forth at last with a loud voice; and his hands falling from

his face, displayed a countenance dark with a sort of resolute despair. "No — no — no! — death, death! — annihilation — and forgetfulness! Why did you come in to interrupt me, girl?" he added, roughly seizing her by the arm.

"Because — I know not — something — Oh! it was the good God, surely, who impelled me," she cried, bursting into tears. "Oh, papa! papa! Do not! do not! Think of us all — your girls — Cle. and I. You used to love us, papa —"

"Do you know what has happened?"

"Yes — no. I believe you have lost a great deal of money at cards."

"Cards — was it? Let it be. It may as well be cards. Yes, child, I *have* lost a large sum of money at cards — and more," he added, setting his teeth, and speaking in sort of hissing whisper — "more than I can exactly pay."

"Oh, papa! don't say so. Consider — only look round you. Surely you have the means to pay! We can sell — we can make any sacrifice — any sacrifice on earth to pay. Only think, there are all these things. There is all the plate — my mother's diamonds — there is —"

He let her run on a little while; then, in a cool, almost mocking tone, he said —

"I have given a bill of sale for all that, long ago."

"A bill of sale! What is a bill of sale?"

"Well! It's a thing which passes one man's property into the hands of another man, to make what he can of it. And the poor dupe who took my bill of sale, took it for twice as much as the things would really bring; but the rascal thought he had no alternative. I was a fool to give it him, for the dice were loaded. If it were the last word I had to speak, I would say it — the dice were loaded —"

"But — but —"

"What! you want to hear all about it, do you? Well, it's a bad business. I thought I had a right to a run of luck — after all my ill fortune. I calculated the chances; they were overwhelmingly in my favour. I staked my zero against another man's thousands — never mind how many — and I lost, and have only my zero to offer in payment. That is to say, my note of hand; and how much do you think that is worth, my girl? I would rather — I would rather," he added, passionately, changing his tone of levity for one of the bitterest despair — "I would rather be dead — dead, dead — than —"

"Oh, papa! papa! say it not! say it not! It is real. Such things are not mere words. They are real, father, father! — Die! You must not die."

"I have little cause to wish to die," he said, relapsing again into a sort of gloomy carelessness; "so that I could see any other way out of it. To be sure, one might run — one might play the part of a cowardly, dishonourable rascal,

and run for it, Ella, if you like that better. Between suicide and the escapade of a defaulter, there is not much to choose; but I will do as you like."

"I would not willingly choose your dishonour," said she, shuddering; "but between the dishonour of the one course or the other, there seems little to choose. Only — only — if you lived, in time you might be able to pay. Men have lived, and have laboured, until they have paid all."

"Live and labour — very like me! Live, and labour, until I have paid all — extremely like me! Lower a mountain by spadefulls."

"Even spadefulls," she said; her understanding and her heart seemed both suddenly ripened in this fearful extremity — "even spadefulls at a time have done something — have lowered mountains, where there was determination and perseverance."

"But suppose there was neither. Suppose there was neither courage, nor goodness, nor determination, nor perseverance. Suppose the man had lived a life of indolent self-indulgence, until, squeeze him as you would, there was not one drop of virtue left in him. Crush him, as fate is crushing me at this moment; and I tell you, you will get nothing out of him. Nothing — nothing. He is more worthless than the most degraded beast. Better to die as a beast, and go where the beasts go."

She turned ghastly pale at this

terrible speech — but, “No,” she faltered out — “no — no!”

“You will not have me die, then?” he said, pursuing the same heartless tone; but it was forced, if that were any excuse for him. “Then you prefer the other scheme? I thought,” he went on, “to have supped with Pluto to-night; but you prefer that it should be on board an American steamer.”

“I do,” she gasped, rather than uttered.

“You do — you are *sure* you do?” said he, suddenly assuming a tone of greater seriousness. “You wish, Ella, to preserve this worthless life? Have you considered at what expense?”

“Expense! How! Who could think of that?” she answered.

“Oh! not the expense of money, child — at the expense of the little thing called ‘honour.’ Listen to me, Ella,” — and again he took her arm, and turned her poor distracted face to his. “You see I am ready to die — at least, *was* ready to die — but I have no wish to die. Worthless as this wretched life of mine is, it has its excitements, and its enjoyments, to me. When I made up my mind to end it, I assure you, child, I did the one only generous thing I ever was guilty of in my life; for I did it for you girls’ sakes, as much or more than for my own. Suicide, some think a wicked thing — I don’t. How I got my life, I don’t know; the power of getting rid of it is mine, and I hold myself at liberty to make use of it or not, at

my own good pleasure. As for my ever living to pay my debt, it’s folly to talk of it. I have not, and never shall acquire, the means. I have neither the virtue nor the industry. I tell you, I am utterly good for nothing. I am a rascal — a scoundrel, and a despicable knave. I played for a large sum — meaning to take it if I won it — and not being able to pay, I lost it — and *that*, I have still sense of honour enough left to call a rascally proceeding. Now there is one way, and one way only, of cancelling all this in the eye of the world. When a man destroys himself, the world is sorry for him — half inclined to forgive him — to say the least of it, absolves his family. But — if he turn tail — and sneak away to America, and has so little sense” — he went on, passionately and earnestly — “of all that is noble, and faithful, and honourable, that he can bear to drag on a disgraced, contemptible existence, like a mean, pitiful, cowardly, selfish wretch, as he is — why, then — then — he is utterly blasted, and blackened over with infamy! Nobody feels for him, nobody pities him — the world speaks out, and curses the rascal as heartily as he deserves — and all his family perish with him. Now, Ella, choose which you will.”

“I choose America,” she said, with firmness.

“And how am I to get to America? and how am I to live there when I am there? To be sure,

there are your mother's diamonds," he added.

"Those are included in the bill of sale. Did you not say so?" she asked.

"Well, perhaps I did. But if a man is to live, he must have something to live upon. If he is to take flight, he must have wings to fly with."

"I will provide both."

"You will?"

"I am of age. What I have — which was not your gift — is at least my own. Lionel has been generous; I have the means to pay your passage."

"Aye, aye — Lionel! But afterwards, how am I to live? He will not like — no man would like — to have to maintain a wife's father, and that man a defaulter too. You should think of that, Ella."

"I do! I will never ask him."

"Then who is to maintain me? I tell you, I shall never manage to do it myself."

"I will."

"My poor child!" he cried — one short touch of nature had reached him at last — "what are you talking of?"

"I hope, and believe, that I shall be able to do it."

"I stood with my household gods shattered around me," is the energetic expression of that erring man, who had brought the fell catastrophe upon himself.

And so stood Ella now — in the centre of her own sitting-room, like some noble figure of ruin and despair; yet with a light, the light

divine, kindling in an eye cast upward.

Yes! all her household gods — all the idols she had too dearly loved and cherished, were shattered around her, and she felt that she stood alone, to confront the dreadful fate which had involved all she loved.

What a spectacle presented itself to her imagination, as drearily she looked round! On one side, defaced and disfigured, soiled, degraded, was the once beautiful and animated figure of her father, — the man so brilliant, and to her so splendid a specimen of what human nature, in the full affluence of nature's finest gifts, might be. Upon another side her lover! — her husband! who was to have been her heart's best treasure! who never was to be hers now. No! upon that her high spirit had at once resolved; never. Impoverished, and degraded, as she felt herself to be, never would she be Lionel's wife. The name which would, in a few hours' time, be blackened by irremediable dishonour, should never be linked to his. One swell of tender feeling, and it was over! All that is wrong, and all that is right, in woman's pride, had risen in arms at once against this.

The last figure that presented itself, was that of her delicate and gentle sister. But here there was comfort. Clementina was of a most frail and susceptible temperament, and eminently formed to suffer severely from adverse external circumstances; but she

had a true and faithful heart; and if to Ella she would be obliged to cling for support, she would give consolation in return.

Ella looked upward — she looked up to God!

That holy name was not a stranger to her lips. It had been once, until the child of charity had taught the rich man's daughter some little knowledge of it. But such ideas had never been thoroughly realised by her mind; and now, when in the extremity of her destitution, she looked up — when, "Out of the depths she cried unto Him," — alas! He seemed so far, far off, and her distresses were so terribly near!

Yet even then, imperfect as all was, a beginning was made. The thick darkness of her soul seemed a little broken, — communion with the better and higher world was at least begun. There was a light — dim and shadowy — but still a light. There was a strength, vacillating and uncertain, but still a strength, coming over her soul.

THE MAGIC TROUGHS AT BIRMINGHAM.

ON the 7th of May 1852, it will be twenty years since the largest meeting ever held in our island was assembled at Newhall Hill, Birmingham. At the bottom of the hill were the hustings, whence it was declared that the Reform Bill should become the law of the land; and from every part of the slope, from tens of thousands of

voices, came the solemn chant of the Union Hymn, and the words of the oath, singly spoken, by every man present, to devote himself and his children to the great cause. There is no room now for such a meeting on Newhall Hill. Within these twenty years, buildings have sprung up, over nearly the whole surface; and the roaring of the furnace and the din of the hammer are heard where the hymn and the solemn oath resounded in a less peaceful time.

Among those buildings, at the bottom of the hill, are the large premises of Messrs. Elkington, Mason, and Co. — the firm celebrated for their electro-gilding and plating. They have actually enclosed the canal within their premises — built over it — and their workshops are still extending. There may be seen nearly four hundred men and boys employed, diligently and constantly, upon work of so high an order, that the wonder is how, in the imperfect state of our popular education, so many can be found to manage such processes. As for the diligence — arts of so high an order as these cannot be served by halves. Here must be no Monday laziness after Sunday's rest; no caprice as to going to work or staying away. Like time and tide — like brewing and dyeing — the work at Messrs. Elkington's cannot wait for men's humours. Any one who engages himself here must go through with what he undertakes. He is told, on being engaged, "We find you six days' work, and you are to find

six days' labour." And the wages given are such as to justify this compact being made stringent. They rise from twenty-five shillings to three pounds a week, according to the nature and quality of the work.

Any one who has seen the contributions to the Exhibition from this house, will understand that a special education is required for almost every department of this manufacture. The fruit-baskets, twined with the convolvulus and the vine, are gracefule enough; but the inkstands, with their groups — Rebecca at the Well; the Milkmaid and her Goats; and the race-cups and the statuettes — are productions which require artistic heads and hands at almost every stage. And, as yet, this order of art is new in England, and so is the process of manufacture. Formerly, we bought our plated candlesticks, and table-forks, and mustard-pots, and inkstands from Sheffield. There was a small choice of patterns; very rarely anything new — seldom anything remarkably beautiful. The few who could spend money largely — princes and peers, and half-a-dozen wealthy commoners — might go to Rundell and Bridge, and indulge their taste for works of art in gold and silver; but in plated goods there was little beauty, little variety, and very poor wear. Preparation was making, half a century ago, for the day which has arrived. Mr. Rundell was bringing over works of art — seizing every interval of continental

truce to import pictures, statues, and gems, and paying Flaxman six hundred and twenty pounds for his model and drawing of the Shield of Achilles — of which four casts only were made — for two royal princes and two peers: but meantime, the middle classes were served with patterns almost as hackneyed as the willow pattern in our dinner-plates. Preparation was making, unawares, for the other grand improvement, by Mr. Spencer, of Liverpool, and Mr. Smea, of the Bank of England, having applied the process of electro-plating to taking copies of embossed surfaces. Where the discovery originated, is not yet settled. Russia claims it. Italy claims it. But while it was used only for taking copies of gems and coins, we of the middle classes, who cannot afford to buy silver plate, were annoyed by seeing the copper peeping through the edges and prominences of our plated candlesticks, forks, and sugar-basins; and, too often, a bend or a dent here and there, showing that there was as little wear in the metal and its solder in one way, as in its silver covering in another.

Mr. Elkington was one of those who first saw how the process of electro-plating might be extended to the supply of our needs. He saw that by the agency of electricity, the gold or silver plating might become one substance with the material on which it is deposited, instead of being a mere covering, liable to be rubbed off by use. He saw that a whiter and

harder metal than copper might be used as a base, and employed German silver for the purpose. He saw that the most various and elaborate designs and ornaments could be produced by this method, in place of the few old forms; and that it would be an inestimable advantage to do the plating last, after all the repairs and finishings, instead of the clumsy old method of smoothing, and finishing and burnishing, after the frail coating of silver had been laid on. Seeing all this, he took out a patent for his process in 1840. About thirty other manufacturers in England are licensed by him to use his process; and there are not more than two houses now which maintain the old Sheffield method of laying silver on copper, and using the old soft tin solder. That any such houses remain, may be very well, because they turn out their work cheap, and keep down the price of the superior article. By the time they also have recourse to the new method, the patent will have expired, and competition will keep prices reasonable. The process has also spread widely over the Continent; so that society may consider that it has the discovery safe for general use. What remains to be wished is, that our Schools of Design should be extended and improved; and that a Museum of practical work, in various departments of manufacture, should be attached to them. We have not enough of fresh and beautiful designs actually offered;

but, few as they are, they are more than can be used, from the designers' want of knowledge of the practical business of the manufacture. While we are complaining of the dearth of employment for educated women, here is one, remarkably suited to the female faculties, much needed, and therefore very profitable; but from which young women are at present almost excluded, for want of the practical part of the study. One, here and there, may design a pattern, unexceptionable in taste, and in every sort of fitness but one: but if it cannot be wrought, her labour and her hopes are lost.

Let us send a glance over what we saw at Messrs. Elkington and Mason's the other day, where a friend, connected with the establishment, showed us whatever we wished to see. From the showroom — the Art-chamber — which we shall not describe, because every one may go there, we were conducted to the room where the modellers were at work. There, on a shelf, stood some tall volumes — books on Art, and choice engravings. Engravings, and patterns of beautiful forms were hung up; and at their respective tables sat several artists, modelling in wax. One should come here to understand what pains are spent on the common articles which we use every day. Here is one side of a stand for castors. This one side consists of three pieces; the straight centre, and the two oblique sides, on which the pattern must be reversed, every hair's-

breadth of each of which must be modelled with the nicest care, — a smooth stroke here, a gentle touch there. And then there is the stem, with the handle at the top, and two sides again. These common articles surprise one more by the detail than the more luxurious productions — the nautilus shell, for instance, in pink wax, which is the pattern of a flower-stand; or the group of palm-tree and oak, overshadowing the sick Hindoo, and the soldier-surgeon stooping over him, lancet in hand; — the piece of testimonial plate presented to the surgeon of a regiment.

It seems as if as much precision and care were necessary in the coarse interior parts of the work as in the outside finish: for instance, in raising the foundation of a sugar-basin, which must have no join in its circumference, because it is to be gilt inside. It is one of the nicest arts in cookery to make a raised pie a true circle or oval; and, in the hair-dresser's business, to make one side of a wig match the other. In forming the foundation of a sugar-basin, the flat sheet of metal has to be raised in a bulge first, and then contracted; and then it must bulge again: and this form must be truly given by turning the metal with one hand, on the vibrating steel bar, which serves for the anvil, while the other hand uses the hammer, with equal and steady strokes. A similar process is used for raising an embossed pattern on the metal, when the form renders casting out of the

question. Under the process of *snarling*, as this is called, it is curious to see the bumps rising under the hammer — bumps caused by the round head of the steel bar beneath, and destined to group themselves into clusters of leaves or fruit as the work advances. When a hard mixed metal is used for these foundations, and the copper scales at the surface, the work must go into *pickle* before it can be further dealt with. In a yard, therefore, stand little vats of this pickle, in which sulphuric or nitric acid predominates, causing the copper to scale away.

But the foundations must be annealed before hammering, that the pores of the metal may be opened. In the annealing room is a furnace, such as was formerly blown by bellows, like that of a blacksmith's forge. Now the engine saves that labour. A cock is turned, and there is an instant commotion among the lazy embers. Blue, yellow, red, and white flames dance and leap, and want something to devour. A sugar basin or teapot is held over them on a metal slice; and, in a few seconds, the black metal becomes a deep red; and then, in a few more seconds, scarlet, pink, white; and then it is laid down on the ground, to grow black again at its leisure.

Meantime, the ornamental rims, and little panels, and all the decorations which are to be afterwards attached to the article, are in preparation elsewhere. A man stands at a pair of shears fastened to his counter, and cuts out pieces

of German silver, as marked roughly from a pattern. These are the little plates which are to receive the embossed patterns, now in course of being struck off from steel dies in another room, or the slips which are to become rims themselves. In that other room are three or four men, who seem to be seized with a frantic convulsion, at intervals of a minute or so. They are the stampers. Having fixed the concave part of the die under the stamper, and attached the punch to the stamper, they lay on a slip of German silver, throw themselves by one foot and hand into a sling of rope, raising the stamper by their weight, and then let it fall, punching the slip of metal, which then gives place to another. There are no less than thirty tons of steel dies on the premises, each die being a costly and precious article of property. They are the most expensive part of the apparatus; as the castings are the most expensive process of the manufacture, from the time and minute pains required. Of the castings, nothing need be said here, as the process is the same as in every iron-foundry, — the work being only on a smaller scale, and more delicately finished. The sand, employed in the castings, is from the neighbouring Cemetery. As fast as the red sandstone is hewn away there, to make room for new chambers of the dead, and fresh nooks for flowering shrubs and green graves, the rubbish is bought by the manufacturers for their castings, to an

amount which materially supports the funds of the Cemetery.

The chasing of the cast articles is one of the most astonishing processes to an observer. It seems as if every man so employed must be an artist. One sits with a salver before him. With the left hand, he turns it this way and that, while with the graving tool which he holds in his right, he runs graceful patterns, without hesitation and without fault. Parallel curves, and curves that meet, are marked off with a roundness and steadiness that no mechanism could surpass. The folded leaf, the pendulous flower, the wandering tendril, grow under his touch; and no one of them wanders out of its place. Near him sits another artist, at work upon a statuette, fixed in the position he wants by being stuck in pitch. A row of little chasing tools is arranged at his side, each pointed with a different pattern. Here he, by gentle taps of the hammer on the tool in hand, makes a rim round the head or arm: there, by using another tool, he produces a diced pattern, where shadow is to be represented. Then, the folds of the drapery are more finely streaked, and a finish is given to the bands of hair. Close by is another man, so intent on his work, that he twists a wire round his head to keep his hair from falling over his eyes. He is engaged on a vase filled with pitch, to preserve the smallest indentations of the pattern from injury, while he hammers away, daintily, at the minutest finishings of the

bark of a tree, or the fleece of a sheep.

Next, we see how the stamped rims, or other loose parts, are soldered on to the main body of the work. It is not now as in the old days, when the spout of a teapot was liable to come off, or the top of the nozzle of a candlestick to part company with the cylinder. Those were the days when the soft tin solder was used: and the soft solder was used because the work had to be carried to the fire; whereas now, the fire is brought to the work. On stands in the middle of the room are huge iron pans, like saucers, containing cinders. At each of these pans or saucers stands a man, with pincers in one hand, wherewith he applies the solder, and turns over the article to be soldered; and, in the other hand, a flexible tube, by which he administers air and oxygen gas to the fire among the cinders. This tube consists of two compartments, one of which conveys air, and the other gas; and it is in the power of the holder to increase the flame to any intensity, and apply it in any direction, to this side or that, above, below, and around the most delicate ornament that has to be united with any other piece. The white powder that is thrown on, where the solder has been applied, is borax, which fuses the solder. One sees the metal bubbling and running like a liquid; and when it has diffused itself, and shown by a white streak that it is done enough, and then become cool, the join is evidently

as lasting as any other part of the work. Nothing comes to pieces that is soldered under this blow-pipe.

There is, of course, some roughness at these joins. Formerly, under the old method of plating, the silver had to be laid on before such blemishes were removed. A finishing process was gone through after the plating. The advantage of electro-plating, in this respect, is great. The gilding and silvering are done the last thing. Now, therefore, the goods are carried from the soldering to receive such touches from the file, and smoothing apparatus, as may make all sharp, and polished, and fit for the final process. When the file has removed all roughness at the joins, the whole surface of the article is smoothed and polished, under the hands of sooty workmen in paper caps, who apply the surface to swift revolving cylinders, which administer a polishing with oil and sand. After being cleansed in vats containing a ley of caustic potash, the goods are ready for the final process. The fumes from a little congregation of vats, direct the observer to the place where this cleansing goes on; and he finds them suspended in the liquor, where they part with the oil, and every other kind of soil that they may have brought from the workman's hands.

The visitor may next find himself introduced to what looks like a dinner-party of nearly fifty people. A second glance, however, shows him that the guests are all women, and that their

dress, nowever neat, is not precisely suitable to the decorations of the table. The long table is set out, from end to end, with epergnes, candelabra, fruit baskets, cruet frames, bottle stands, and silver dishes; and between forty and fifty women are employed in burnishing and finishing, giving the last polish with the hand, and clearing out the last speck of dust or dimness which may lurk in any crease or corner.

As for the gilding and silvering chambers, they are like seats of magic. One might look on for a year, and have no idea of the process, but that it must be done by magic. There is a machine, containing a great wheel, and large bands of a horse-shoe shape, which we are told are magnets. From this machine, loose wires extend to the troughs, and dangle over the sides. In the troughs are plates of silver, standing in a brownish liquor; and in this liquor hang the articles to be silvered, suspended by copper wires from thicker copper wires laid across the top of the troughs. There hang the teapots, and spoons, and trays; and nothing ensues till the magician, in the shape of a man in a dark-blue blouse, takes hold of one of the dangling wires, and unites it with the wires on which the goods are hung. Then, in an instant, they become overspread with silver. The coating is a mere film at first, and it requires some hours (from five to ten, according to the quality of the article) to obtain a sufficient silvering. The

brownish liquor in the troughs is a solution of oxide of silver in cyanide of potassium. At the magnetic touch of the loose wire from the machine, the silver is deposited upon the surface of the article communicated with; and not only laid upon it, but intimately united with it. Gilding is done more rapidly than silvering; and the gilding process is therefore that which is usually exhibited to strangers. In this case, a man holds a bent copper wire, from which is suspended the bunch of spoons, plate, scissors, watch-keys, or vinaigrettes to be gilt; he holds, at the same time, the loose wire in connexion with the other, and washes his charge for a few seconds to and fro, and, lo! it comes out golden. Having heard something of a cobweb having been gilded at this trough, in the service of Prince Albert, we made inquiry, and found that it was really so — that a cobweb had been gilt — but it was by accident. A rosebud was gilded in the Prince's presence, and when it came out of the trough, it was found to have been crossed by a delicate thread of cobweb.

We asked, what could be done in the case of articles *parcel-gilt*? where, for instance, bunches of silver flowers or fruit appear on a gold ground, or a gold net-work covers a silver ground, — and we found that the matter was very simple. The parts which are not to be gilt are varnished over, and the varnish is easily removed afterwards. The minutest atoms of the

gold and silver are saved, by the goods being dipped in four or five troughs in succession, till every loose particle is washed off. The superintendence of these troughs is a situation of great trust. The value of a pint of the solution may be about fifteen shillings, and, of course, it would not be difficult to carry off small quantities of it. The whole work of the establishment, however, requires a somewhat superior order of men — men who might be supposed superior to the temptation of theft.

But here, alas! comes in the regret which cannot but be felt by the observer of the working-classes in Birmingham — regret for their extreme and unaccountable improvidence. Without doubting that there may be exceptions, we are obliged to see that, as a general rule, the best wages, and the most constant work, are no security against poverty and dependence. It is too common a thing to find that a man who has, for years together, earned from thirty shillings to sixty shillings a-week (twice or three times the income of a multitude of clergymen, retired military and naval officers, poor gentlemen, and widow ladies), has not a shilling beforehand when he falls sick, and must be sustained by a subscription — by private charity — as the only alternative from public relief. It is too common a case that women, employed in the manufactures of the town, buy expensive shawls or gowns, paying for them by weekly instalments

(extending over years for a single shawl), and pawning them every Monday morning, to redeem them on Saturday night for the Sunday's wear. It is too common to hear employers speak coolly, if not with satisfaction, of this state of things, because it keeps the workmen dependent and humble, and lessens the danger of those strifes about wages, which are the plague of the manufacturer's life. "Well; never mind!" says the employer, significantly. "Let things be. It may be all very well."

To us, however, it seems not well that men, with incomes exceeding one hundred pounds a-year should fail to secure their own independence; should fail to educate their children; should fail to provide a soft pillow for a time of sickness; while indulging in pleasure and luxury during their best days. To us, it seems not well that, just at present, when the necessaries of life are one-third cheaper than they were when the men were receiving the same wages as now, no attempt at saving should be made by so many as, in Birmingham, exhibit their improvidence to all the world. Here and there, however, something better is seen. In the manufactory we have been describing, every workman above twenty-one years of age, is a member of a relief-club, paying three-pence a-week to secure support under sickness or accident. Many of the people on the premises, also, are members of the Freehold Land Association,

and are acquiring property in that excellent manner. One pleasant change in their mode of life appears in their love of reading. At the tea hour, those who do not go home, and who used to gossip over a pot of beer, have turned readers; and under their counters several popular periodicals may be seen stowed away. We must hope that the improvement will proceed, and that, while dismissing from under their hands, to the houses of the great, the articles of luxury and beauty which Birmingham supplies, the men of Birmingham will aspire to have their own humble homes furnished with every needful comfort, and brightened by that intellectual enlightenment, and that peace of mind about their families and their future, without which neither luxuries nor comforts can yield any true and lasting pleasure.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN King Henry the Second heard how Thomas à Becket had lost his life in Canterbury Cathedral, through the ferocity of the four Knights, he was filled with dismay. Some have supposed that when the King spoke those hasty words, "Have I no one here who will deliver me from this man!" he wished, and meant him to be slain. But few things are more unlikely; for, besides that the King was not naturally cruel

(though very passionate), he was wise, and must have known full well what any stupid man in his dominions must have known, namely, that such a murder would rouse the Pope and the whole Church against him.

He sent respectful messengers to the Pope, to represent his innocence (except in having uttered the hasty words), and he swore solemnly and publicly to his innocence, and contrived in time to make his peace. As to the four guilty Knights who fled into Yorkshire, and never again dared to show themselves at Court, the Pope excommunicated them, and they lived miserably for some time, shunned by all their countrymen. At last, they went humbly to Jerusalem, as a penance, and there died, and were buried.

It happened fortunately for the pacifying of the Pope, that an opportunity arose very soon after the murder of À BECKET, for the King to declare his power in Ireland — which was an acceptable undertaking to the Pope, as the Irish, who had been converted to Christianity by one Patricius (otherwise Saint Patrick) before any Pope found out that nobody could go to Heaven without his leave, considered that the Pope had nothing at all to do with them, or they with the Pope, and accordingly refused to pay him Peter's Pence, or that tax of a penny a house which I have elsewhere mentioned. The King's opportunity arose in this way:

The Irish were, at that time,

as barbarous a people as you can well imagine. They were continually quarrelling and fighting, cutting one another's throats, slicing one another's noses, burning one another's houses, carrying away one another's wives, and committing all sorts of violence. The country was divided into five kingdoms — DESMOND, THOMOND, CONNAUGHT, ULSTER, and LEINSTER — each governed by a separate King, of whom one claimed to be the chief of the rest. Now, one of these Kings, named DERMOND MACMORROUGH (a wild kind of name, spelt in more than one wild kind of way) had carried off the wife of a friend of his, and concealed her on an island in a bog. The friend, resenting this (though it was quite the custom of the country), complained to the chief King, and, with the chief King's help, drove Dermond Mac Murrough out of his dominions. Dermond came over to England for revenge, and offered to hold his realm as a vassal of King Henry's, if King Henry would help him to regain it. The King consented to these terms, but only assisted him, then, with what were called Letters Patent, authorising any English subjects who were so disposed, to enter into his service, and aid his cause.

There was, at Bristol, a certain EARL RICHARD DE CLARE, called STRONGBOW: of no very good character, needy and desperate, and ready for anything that offered him a chance of improving his fortunes. There were, in South

Wales, two other broken knights of the same good-for-nothing sort, called ROBERT FITZ STEPHEN, and MAURICE FITZ GERALD. These three, each with a small band of followers, took up Dermond's cause; and it was agreed that if it proved successful, Strongbow should marry his daughter EVA, and be declared his heir.

The trained English followers of these knights were so superior in all the discipline of battle to the wild Irish, that they beat them against immense superiority of numbers. In one fight, early in the war, they cut off three hundred heads, and laid them before Mac Murrough, who turned them every one up with his hands, rejoicing, and coming to one which was the head of a man whom he had very much disliked, grasped it by the hair and ears, and tore off the nose and lips with his teeth. You may judge from this, what kind of gentleman an Irish King in those times was. The captives, all through this war, were horribly treated; the victorious party making nothing of breaking their limbs, and casting them into the sea from the tops of high rocks. It was in the midst of the miseries and cruelties attendant on the taking of Waterford, where the dead lay piled in the streets, and the filthy gutters ran with blood, that Strongbow married Eva, — an odious marriage-company those mounds of corpses must have made, and one quite worthy of the young lady's father.

He died, after Waterford and Dublin had been taken, and various successes achieved; and Strongbow became King of Leinster. Now came King Henry's opportunity. To restrain the growing power of Strongbow, he himself repaired to Dublin, as Strongbow's Royal Master, and deprived him of his kingdom, but confirmed him in the enjoyment of great possessions. The King then, holding great state in Dublin, received the homage of nearly all the Irish Kings and Chiefs, and so came home again with a great addition to his reputation as Lord of Ireland, and with a new claim on the favour of the Pope. And now, their reconciliation was completed — more easily and mildly by the Pope, than the King might have expected, I think.

At this period of his reign, when his troubles seemed so few and his prospects so bright, those domestic miseries began which gradually made the King the most unhappy of men, reduced his great spirit, wore away his health, and broke his heart.

He had four sons. HENRY, now aged eighteen: his secret crowning of whom had given such offence to Thomas à Becket; RICHARD, aged sixteen; GEOFFREY, fifteen; and JOHN, his favourite, a young boy whom the courtiers named LACKLAND, but to whom he meant to give the Lordship of Ireland. All these misguided boys, in their turn, were unna-

tural sons to him, and unnatural brothers to each other. Prince Henry, stimulated by the French King, and by his bad mother Queen Eleanor, began the undutiful history.

First, he demanded that his young wife, MARGARET, the French King's daughter, should be crowned as well as he. His father, the King, consented, and it was done. It was no sooner done, than he demanded to have a part of his father's dominions, during his father's life. This being refused, he made off from his father in the night, with his bad heart full of bitterness, and took refuge at the French King's Court. Within a day or two, his brothers Richard and Geoffrey followed. Their mother tried to join them — escaping in man's clothes — but she was seized by King Henry's men, and immured in prison, where she lay, deservedly, for sixteen years. Every day, however, some grasping English noblemen, to whom the King's protection of his people from their avarice and oppression had given offence, deserted him and joined the Princes. Every day, he heard some fresh intelligence of the Princes levying armies against him; of Prince Henry's wearing a crown before his own ambassadors at the French Court, and being called the Junior King of England; of all the Princes swearing never to make peace with him, their father, without the consent and approval of the Barons of France. But, with his

fortitude and energy unshaken, King Henry met the shock of these disasters with a bold and cheerful face. He called upon all Royal fathers who had sons, to help him, for his cause was theirs; he hired, out of his riches, twenty thousand men to fight the false French King, who stirred his own blood against him; and he carried on the war with such vigour, that Louis soon proposed a conference to treat for peace.

The conference was held beneath an old wide-spreading green elm-tree, upon a plain, in France. It led to nothing. The war recommenced. Prince Richard began his fighting career, by leading an army against his father; but his father beat him and his army back; and thousands of his men would have rued the day on which they fought in such a wicked cause, had not the King received news of an invasion of England by the Scots, and promptly come home through a great storm to repress it. And whether he really began to fear that he suffered these troubles because à Becket had been murdered, or whether he wished to rise in the favour of the Pope who had now declared à Becket to be a saint, or in the favour of his own people of whom many believed that even à Becket's senseless tomb could work miracles, I don't know; but the King no sooner landed in England than he went straight to Canterbury; and when he came within sight of the distant Cathedral, dismounted from his horse,

took off his shoes, and walked with bare and bleeding feet to à Becket's grave. There, he lay down on the ground, lamenting, in the presence of many people; and by-and-bye he went into the Chapter House, and removing his clothes from his back and shoulders, submitted himself to be beaten with knotted cords (not beaten very hard, I dare say, though) by eighty Priests, one after another. It chanced that on the very day when the King made this strange exhibition of himself, a complete victory was obtained over the Scots: which very much delighted the Priests, who said that it was won because of this great example of repentance. For the Priests in general had found out, since à Becket's death, that they admired him of all things — though they had hated him very cordially when he was alive.

The Earl of Flanders, who was at the head of the base conspiracy of the King's undutiful sons and their foreign friends, took the opportunity of the King being thus employed at home, to lay siege to Rouen, the capital of Normandy. But the King, who was extraordinarily quick and active in all his movements, was at Rouen too before it was supposed possible that he could have left England; and there he so defeated the said Earl of Flanders, that the conspirators proposed peace, and his bad sons Henry and Geoffrey submitted. Richard resisted for six weeks, but, being beaten out of castle after castle, he at last

submitted too, and his father forgave him.

To forgive these unworthy princes was only to afford them breathing-time for new faithlessness. They were so false, disloyal, and dishonourable, that they were no more to be trusted than common thieves. In the very next year, Prince Henry rebelled again, and was again forgiven. In eight years more, Prince Richard rebelled against his elder brother; and Prince Geoffrey infamously said that the brothers could never agree well together, unless they were united against their father. In the very next year after their reconciliation by the King, Prince Henry again rebelled against his father, and again submitted swearing to be true, and was again forgiven, and again rebelled with Geoffrey. But the end of this perfidious Prince was come. He fell sick at a French town; and his conscience terribly reproaching him with his baseness, he sent messengers to the King his father, imploring him to come and see him, and forgive him for the last time on his bed of death. The generous King, who had a royal and forgiving mind towards his children always, would have gone; but this Prince had been so unnatural, that the noblemen about the King suspected treachery, and represented to him that he could not safely trust his life with such a traitor, though his own eldest son. Therefore the King sent him a ring from off his finger as a token of forgiveness; and when

the Prince had kissed it, with much grief and many tears, and had confessed to those around him how bad, and wicked, and undutiful a son he had been, he said to the attendant Priests: "O, tie a rope about my body, and draw me out of bed, and lay me down upon a bed of ashes, that I may die with prayers to God in a repentant manner!" And so he died, at twenty-seven years old.

Three years afterwards, Prince Geoffrey, being unhorsed at a tournament, had his brains trampled out by a crowd of horses passing over him. So, there only remained Prince Richard and Prince John — who had grown to be a young man, now, and had solemnly sworn to be faithful to his father. Richard soon rebelled again, encouraged by his friend the French King, PHILIP THE SECOND (son of Louis, who was dead), and soon submitted and was again forgiven, swearing on the New Testament never to rebel again — and, in another year or so, rebelled again, and, in the presence of his father, knelt down on his knee before the King of France, and did the French King homage, and declared that with his aid he would possess himself, by force, of all his father's French dominions.

And yet this Richard called himself a soldier of Christ Our Saviour! And yet this Richard wore the Cross, which the Kings of France and England had both taken, in the previous year, at a brotherly meeting underneath the

old wide-spreading elm-tree on the plain, when they had sworn (like him) to devote themselves to a new Crusade, for the love and honour of the Truth!

Sick at heart, wearied out by the falsehood of his sons, and almost ready to lie down and die, the unhappy King, who had so long stood firm, began to fail. But the Pope, to his honour, supported him and obliged the French King and Richard, though successful in fight, to treat for peace. Richard wanted to be crowned King of England, and to be married to the French King's sister, his promised wife, whom King Henry detained in England. King Henry wanted, on the other hand, that the French King's sister should be married to his favourite son John: the only one of his sons (he said) who had never rebelled against him. At last King Henry, deserted by his nobles one by one, distressed, exhausted, broken-hearted, yielded all that was demanded.

One final heavy sorrow was reserved for him, even yet. When they brought him the proposed treaty of peace, in writing, as he lay very ill in bed, they brought him also the list of the deserters from their allegiance, whom he was required to pardon. The first name upon this list was John, his favourite son, in whom he had trusted to the last.

"O John! child of my heart!" exclaimed the King, in a great agony of mind. "O John, whom I have loved the best! O John,

for whom I have contended through these many troubles! Have you betrayed me too!" And then he lay down with a heavy groan, and said, "Now let the world go as it will. I care for nothing more!"

After a time, he told his attendants to take him to the French town of Chinon — a town he had been fond of, during many years. But he was fond of no place now; it was too true that he could care for nothing more upon this earth. He wildly cursed the hour when he was born, and cursed the children whom he left behind him; and expired.

As, one hundred years before, the servile followers of the Court had abandoned the Conqueror in the hour of his death, so they now abandoned his descendant. The very body was stripped, in the plunder of the Royal chamber, and it was not easy to find the means of carrying it for burial to the abbey church of Fontevraud.

Richard was said in after years, by way of flattery, to have the heart of a Lion. It would have been far better, I think, to have had the heart of a Man. His heart, whatever it was, had cause to beat remorsefully within his breast, when he came — as he did — into the solemn abbey, and looked on his dead father's uncovered face. His heart, whatever it was, had been a black, detestable, and perjured heart, in all its dealings with the deceased King, and more deficient in a single touch of tender-

ness than any wild beast's in the forest.

There is a pretty story told of this Reign, called the story of FAIR ROSAMOND. It relates how the King doted on Fair Rosamond, who was the loveliest girl in all the world; and how he had a beautiful Bower built for her in a Park at Woodstock; and how it was erected in a labyrinth, and could only be found by a clue of silk. How the bad Queen Eleanor, becoming jealous of Fair Rosamond, found out the secret of the clue, and appeared before her, one day, with a dagger and a cup of poison, and left her to the choice between those deaths. How Fair Rosamond, after shedding many piteous tears and offering many useless prayers to the cruel Queen, took the poison, and fell dead in the midst of the beautiful bower, while the unconscious birds sang gaily all around her.

Now, there *was* a fair Rosamond, and she was (I dare say) the loveliest girl in all the world, and the King was certainly very fond of her, and the bad Queen Eleanor was certainly made jealous. But I am afraid — I say afraid, because I like the story so much — that there was no bower, no labyrinth, no silken clue, no dagger, no poison. I am afraid that fair Rosamond retired to a nunnery near Oxford, and died there, peaceably; her sister-nuns hanging a silken drapery over her tomb, and often dressing it with flowers, in remembrance of the

youth and beauty that had enchanted the King when he too was young, and when his life lay fair before him.

It was dark and ended now; faded and gone. Henry Plantagenet lay quiet in the abbey church of Fontevraud, in the fifty-seventh year of his age — never to be completed — after governing England well, for nearly thirty-five years.

MR. BULL AT HOME IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

WE all know what delightful times the mediæval times were. We all know, on undeniable authority (if we would only believe it and act accordingly) that to restore the mediæval times is the only hopeful and thoroughly sensible thing left us to do in these degenerate days. Let us be middle-aged or perish!

We will present the reader with a sketch of Mr. Bull at Home, after the manner of the Middle Ages. Mr. Bull's home shall be a mediæval home; but our sketch of it shall not be, after the manner of the middle ages, false in drawing and extravagant in colour. We will sketch correctly; coming fresh from the instruction of an able master, Mr. Hudson Turner, who has lately published an elaborate work on the "Domestic Architecture of the Middle Ages."

To begin with house-building. The Romans in Britain scattered a few villas here and there among

our woods; but the Romans were very far from British in their habits. They were accustomed to the warm sky of the south; but, for all that, they were John Bullish, too, in one respect: what it was the custom to do, they thought could not be wrong. They built houses in Italy, of which the grand apartment had no roof, and had a rain-cistern in the middle of the floor: with little bed-rooms, very much like penitentiary cells, leading out of it. The grand apartment was the sitting-room, and study, and dining-room, and also kitchen: to do the Roman justice, however, we must add a bath to this ground-plan of his family mansion. It is very doubtful whether the Romans in Britain often allowed it to occur to them, that in our climate a parlour without a roof is open to wind, rain, fog, and other inconveniences. Sometimes, no doubt, a spirited proprietor roofed himself in; but we can imagine more than a few Romans of the true hereditary breed who scorned to let effeminacy lead them to the breach of a time-honoured custom. Roof or no roof to his hall — *atrium* he called it — the ground-plan of a Roman's house remained the same, and it was always very solid in its structure. The remains of Roman towns and houses greatly edified the Saxons, whose taste ran for a less solid kind of house property. The Romans having made roads over the country, conveyed stone from distant quarries, to give strength to the massive

buildings, which the Saxons called emphatically works, and honoured with their verbal admiration by such names as the Ald-wark in York, and the South-wark in London.

The Romans gradually went, the Saxons gradually came; and where the Saxon chieftain found a Roman house vacant, he would not object to become its tenant. Why should he? He had been accustomed, in his home by the Baltic, to a two-roomed establishment, of which one was the cooking, feasting, and promiscuous sleeping room; the other was the private council chamber, and the place in which he and his chief retainers were littered down at night, in a more select and exclusive manner. The old Roman house still left him a feasting-hall, and gave him increased private accommodation. The family mansion of a Saxon thane was built of the same wood that overspread the country, and was thatched with reeds or straw, and roofed with wooden shingles. It was the usual two-roomed "compact residence;" there was the hall, with a fire lighted in the centre, and a hole in the roof above to let the smoke out — that is to say, when the owner had a spice of foppery about him: generally, the smoke found its way out as it pleased. It was wood smoke, of course.

Wood, and mud, and thatch, therefore, were the building materials of our forefathers, the Saxons; their chiefs may have added a few daubs of paint, by way of orna-

ment, or a little gilding, and a few pinnacles. Moreover, in the latter centuries of Saxon dominion, stone buildings were raised, undoubtedly. Churchmen, and traders out of England, saw the world, and brought some wisdom home with them. The clergy cried for "churches in the Roman manner," and, being spoiled children, of course got them. Mansions, however, in the Roman manner, did not include chimneys. In 1368, a Prince of Padua visiting Rome, took with him masons, who built a chimney in the inn at which he stopped, "because," says Muratori, "in the city of Rome they did not then use chimneys; and all lighted the fire in the middle of the house, on the floor." Chimneys, probably, were understood in principle, centuries before custom gave way, and permitted them to be introduced into common practice. For Saxon fortresses, they probably were not worth much: the fortresses of England in those times were supplied by Nature—fens and forests. Alfred retired for protection to the woods and marshes of Somersetshire; and the last stand of the Saxons against the Normans was made among the fens of Ely.

The Normans, prevailing, introduced their style of house, in which the accommodation still consisted of a great hall and a single bed-chamber. They used more stone, and paid more attention to the Roman manner, than the Saxons had done. Still, however, wood and mud clay were employed

by the vast majority of house-builders; still, the carpenter might answer, as he answered in the colloquy of Ælfrie, "that he made houses — and bowls." To the end of the middle ages, the great bulk of the house property in England was of this character. We talk glibly, in these present times, of the slight manner in which houses are run up in London. In the most flourishing period of these dear Middle Ages, it was the duty of a London alderman to be provided with a hook and chain, that he might be ready to pull down any house that sinned against existing regulations.

Travelling over the twelfth century, and a step farther, over the days of Cœur de Lion, and John, and Magna Charta, we do not find that there was much improvement in the houses of the people. Let us see what sort of house the king inhabited. It will help us to test the amount of comfort enjoyed by Mr. Bull.

The King's houses at Kennington, Woodstock, Portsmouth, and Southampton, were all built after one fashion. There was the great hall, with a high-pitched roof and a very muddy floor littered with rushes. The house had a door large enough for waggons to pass through, and window-holes unglazed, with badly-fitting wooden shutters; these windows being placed high, that the wind rushing through them might be kept as near the ceiling as possible. The walls were white-washed, and the great hall, altogether, very

much resembled a large barn. Where the hall was too broad for a roof to cover it, in a single span, pillars were raised of wood or stone; so halls, sometimes, were divided into three aisles, like a church. Out of the hall, a door at one end led into a small stone chamber on the same floor — the cellar. At any rate (say you) they kept a cellar. Yes, and they put into it a terrible quantity of *vin ordinaire*, supplied by the wine-merchants of Bourdeaux. Over the stone cellar, was built a wooden chamber, also small, which was called the “solar.” This was the royal sanctum, the loft in which his Majesty reposed. A British housemaid of this age would refuse to sleep in such a place. There was a clay floor, a window with a wooden shutter that let in the wind through all its chinks (an extra charge was made to his Majesty, at Kennington, “for making the windows shut better than usual”), and there was a clumsy lath-and-plaster cone projecting from one wall to serve the purpose of a chimney. To complete the picture of the royal cabinet at this period, we may as well put in the furniture. There were sometimes hangings on the wall. There was a bed; that is to say, there was a bench fixed in the ground, upon which were placed a mattress and bolster of rich stuff; so that his Majesty’s sleeping accommodation may be likened, very fairly, to that sort of bed which is, now and then, in our own day improvised by

housewives for a supernumerary male guest on the sofa. In addition to this bed, the King’s chamber contained also a chair, with its legs rammed into the ground — a moveable chair being a special luxury, occasionally ordered. Nothing else was contained in the King’s apartment except his box, in which he kept his clothes. This bedroom for a single gentleman had to be shared by the Queen; and it was not only a bedroom by night, but it was a parlour by day, when their Majesties had a desire for privacy, or when any state business of a private nature had to be transacted. In 1287, Edward the First and Queen Eleanor were sitting on their bed-side, attended by the ladies of the court, when they narrowly escaped death by lightning.

The solar, generally, was the only portion of the building not on the ground-floor; having been originally elevated probably out of a desire, on some King’s part, to escape ague and rheumatism. It was reached by stairs from the hall, or, perhaps oftener, by an external staircase; in which last case his Majesty had to go out of doors to climb into his cockloft. These external staircases frequently were covered. Two other little chambers, a larder and a sewery, opened by doors into the great hall. In the sewery were kept household stores, and so forth. What a larder is, we know. But in the great days of feasting, was there not a kitchen? Why, sometimes there was a door which

led from a temporary shed or lean to, on the outer wall; or there were two or three wooden enclosures, without roofs in the court-yard; or, quite as frequently, the cooking took place in the court-yard in the open air. There were two courts, with pigs and fowls in one of them; and a fence or wall outside all, with a moat. Posts and chains were often fixed round the hall porch to keep out cattle. We must add the idea of a separate shed, used as a chapel.

So lived the King, and so lived English Gentlemen, in the days of Magna Charta. Some houses, however, were at that time raised; being the habitable part, all placed on the second story, and approached by a staircase, generally external. The hall furniture was very simple, consisting of a long table, sometimes of boards laid upon tressels, with the legs rammed well into the ground, and forms fixed into the ground in the same manner — now and then having backs. The floor was covered with dry rushes in the winter, and with green fodder in the summer. The lower part of the hall, below the dais, sloppy enough, was often called “the Marsh.” In this hall, guests and domestics of both sexes slept upon the forms, or upon the fodder. And for centuries the practice continued after the itinerant minstrels and romancers had well stocked themselves with ribald tales, based on the results of this arrangement.

In towns, the desire which men

had to reside within the protection of their walls, made space valuable, and led to the frequent erection of second stories. The houses were here and there of stone, but, in the great majority of cases, of wood and mud clay, thatched, perhaps plastered — certainly whitewashed, both inside and out. It was considered “only proper,” as a precaution against fire, “that before every house there should be a tub full of water.”

We are now in the good time of the Edwards; to which Harrison, the author of a “Description of Brittain,” written in Queen Elizabeth’s days, looked back with much regret as the real good old times of *his* time. At the time of the coronation of Edward the First, there were two halls in Westminster, a greater and a less. But, furthermore, on that occasion, all the vacant ground within the enclosure of the palace at Westminster was entirely covered with buildings. Several halls were raised on the south side of the old palace, in which “tables, firmly fixed in the ground, were set up, whereon the magnates, and princes, and nobles were to be feasted on the day of the coronation, and during fifteen days thereafter.” All poor and rich, who came to the solemnity, were to be welcome to the feast. “And innumerable kitchens, also, were built within the said enclosure, for the preparation of viands against the same solemnity. And lest those kitchens should not be sufficient, there were numberless

leaden caldrons placed outside them, for the cooking of meats. And it is to be remembered, that the great kitchen, in which fowls and other things were to be cooked, was wholly uncovered at the top, so that all manner of smoke might escape. No one can describe the other utensils necessary for the sustentation of so great a court: no one can tell the number of barrels of wine which were prepared for it." Yes, certainly, the antiquary can. There were three hundred barrels of *vin ordinaire*, of which one hundred and sixteen were emptied on the coronation day. They cost six hundred and forty-three pounds, fifteen shillings, and fourpence; which sum you must multiply by fifteen to bring it to the value of money at the present day. A shilling in the days of the Edwards corresponds to fifteen shillings in the days of Victoria.

The kitchens, as we have said, were merely sheds. In the seventeenth year of Henry the Third, the royal kitchens at Oxford were blown down by a strong wind. A large shed, to contain wood for the kitchen fires and for any other fire that might be made, was, of course, necessary. The Londoners, at first, living in little whitewashed boxes, made a strong objection to the use of sea-coal, on account of its being impossible to keep their walls white in the smoke it made.

To the King's houses there were now attached "wardrobes:" a set of windy lofts or store-

rooms, in which were kept the heavy cloths and stuffs for the apparel of the household. Here, the king's tailors worked. The court attendants being all clothed at the King's expense, he was a wholesale purchaser of draper's goods; and, at that period, such quantities as he required of fur and cloth could be had only at the great periodical fairs. Hence the necessity of wardrobes, in which also were stored, by-the-by, almonds, sugar, spice, and all things nice which came under the title of stomatica.

In the year 1245, the predecessor of Edward the First had only one glass cup, which Guy de Rousillon had given to him. He sent it to Edward of Westminster, a famous goldsmith in his day, with orders to take off the glass foot and to mount it on a foot of silver gilt; to make a handle to it answering to the foot; to surround it with silver-gilt hoops; and, having done this with all haste, to present it in his name to the Queen. Glass was first applied to windows in the churches and the monasteries; and although the Edwards and some of their chief nobles introduced glass into their own windows also, they did so sparingly, using it as so rare a luxury, that, in the best of palaces, there was but a glass window here and there, the other windows having wooden lattices or wooden shutters. The glass in a man's windows was a portion of his personal estate.

The Romans made good glass, and knew the use of it in windows.

Brittle as glass is, it stood firm under the blows that crushed the Roman empire; and, from the beginning of the middle ages, the island of Murano, near Venice, was celebrated for its works in this material. In Italy, church windows were glazed in the seventh century. The art spread into France and Germany long before England practised it. It used to be obtained by us, in England, from the Flemings, in exchange for wool; some came from Normandy; that being all, or chiefly, window glass; the drinking-glasses were made in Venice, after patterns sent out by the English dealers. After the age of the Edwards, in 1386, glass was so scarce, that, to mend the broken windows in a chapel at Stamford, the King issued his writ to one Nicholas Hoppewell, to take as much glass as he could find, or might be needful for his purpose, from the counties of Norfolk, Northampton, Leicester, and Lincoln. Yet, though scarce, glass was not very dear; and, from this fact, we fairly may deduce, that it was not, on the whole, much cared about. Even in the reign of Edward the First, it cost but threepence-halfpenny a foot, including the expense of glazing; threepence-halfpenny being, it is remembered, equal to about four shillings and fourpence of our modern currency.

In the matter of fire-places, it must be observed, that marble mantel-pieces, carved or painted, were in use at this period. One

of the cosey notions of King Henry the Third was, that a certain mantel-piece should be painted over with a blue-nosed personification of winter — an old man with contorted body, by way of contrast to the comfortable blaze. So Egyptian ladies had the head of a demon to adorn the handles of their looking-glasses, and to cheer their hearts by the suggestion of a contrast. These mantel-pieces did not always border flues. In many remains of this period no trace of a chimney is perceptible, because it was a common custom to attach it to the wall in the form of a light-plastered structure, — a mere cobweb, which, of course, time would have dusted off.

We have mentioned the stairs, often external, which led to the solar chamber. Sometimes these stairs communicated with a trap-door. It was through a trap-door that Henry the Third descended from his chamber to his chapel at Clarendon; so the said chamber had another quality pertaining to a cockloft. In Rochester Castle the chapel of the same King was above the chamber, and his Majesty ordered the construction of an outer stair, because he had been worried by the number of people passing up to chapel through his bed-room.

Deal wainscoting painted, especially painted green, and starred with gold or decorated with pictures, began now to be adopted by the high and mighty. It was probably not carried higher than

five or six feet. Hangings were not generally applied to private rooms, though they were used abundantly in churches on a festival; also, the outsides of houses in towns were covered with drapery on great occasions, so that the streets were on each side thoroughly be-curtained.

In the reign of Henry the Third, the first attempts were made at underground drainage. The refuse and dirty water from the royal kitchens had long been carried through the great hall at Westminster; but the foul odours were said seriously to affect the people's health. An under-ground drain was devised, therefore, to carry the offensive matter to the Thames.

Furniture, at this more advanced period, still had to be made for its owner on the premises. In 1249, Henry the Third sent a writ to one of his bailiffs, authorising him to obtain by gift or purchase a great beech tree for the purpose of making tables for the royal kitchens. It was to be sent by water to London immediately. There were fixed tables and forms in the great hall; the royal seat, sometimes of stone, being elaborately carved and painted. In the private chamber, forms and chairs were fastened round the wall; so the King and Queen and their attendants must have made rather a stiff party when they sat together. There were some moveable chairs; the Coronation chair, in Westminster Abbey, being one of them. Eleanor of Castile introduced, for

her own use, carpets — to the scandal of the Londoners. Carpets, however, as church furniture, had long been known. Eleanor's fashion was not followed, even by Kings, until the succeeding century. The private chamber, when large, was sometimes divided into boxes by thin partitions, which kept the royal person more secluded. The bed of the King was a clumsy sofa, to which by this time a canopy had come to be added. The King's mattresses, bolsters, and pillows were covered with silk or velvet. Sheets and counterpanes were used even by men quite in the middle class, and the royal outlay for table-linen leads one to suppose that at the royal feasts clean table-cloths were spread even before the poor. Upon the cloth, the mighty salt-cellar was the chief table ornament; the King feasted from silver; but the people ate and drank from wooden bowls and platters. Gourds, horns, and cocoa-nut shells were also put in valuable settings, and employed as cups.

People ate with their fingers, or used spoons. The cook is often represented, in the pictures of the period, bringing his meat upon the spit, and offering it in that way to each guest, who cuts off with his knife, and removes with his fingers, what he wants, and suffers the cook then to pass on, and present the spit to his neighbour. Among very great people these spits were usually made of silver. Forks were scorned by Mr. Bull, long after this period,

when they were known in England. It was a mark of good breeding to keep the hand as little greasy as possible. It is recorded of Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, from 1458 to 1480, that he was very accomplished in this respect. His contemporary biographer says that at that time, in Hungary, forks were not used at table, as they were in many parts of Italy; but that at meals each person laid hold of the meat with his fingers, and on that account Hungarian fingers were always found to be much stained with saffron, which was then put into sauces and soup. The biographer praises the King for eating without a fork, yet conversing at the same time, and never dirtying his clothes.

Now, as to the aspect of the country.

It is well known that every county in England contained, at the time of which we speak, forests or woods, abounding in game, and not deficient in wolves — four-footed and two-footed. For, to these forests, fled great numbers of lawless men: who lurked behind the bushes, and had little mercy upon wayfarers. For better protection against such marauders, it was enacted in 1285, "that the highways leading from one market town to another should be widened, so that there should be no bushes, woods or dikes within two hundred feet on each side of the road; and those proprietors who refused to cut down underwoods abutting on

high-roads were to be held responsible for all felonies that might be committed by persons lurking in their covert." Next to London, Winchester, the old Anglo-Saxon capital, was the chief town of England in those days. At Winchester there was held yearly a great fair; and upon traders journeying to this fair, with goods, or quitting it with money, robbers loved to pounce. The wooded pass of Alton was a favourite ambush for the outlaws, so that a custom arose of sending five mounted sergeants-at-arms to keep this pass during the continuance of this fair of St. Giles.

Of the districts uncovered by forest, a large part was occupied by fens and marshes, on which cranes and storks, both now extinct in this country, were plentiful. The roads were such as we should now not tolerate. There were no inns; monasteries were the halting places of the traveller; he received there food and lodging gratis, and was sold provisions to take forward on his journey. Towns were generally walled; the chief towns, then, being, after London, Winchester, York, Lincoln, Boston, St. Ives, Lynn, and Stamford. Dover and Dunwich were both important seaports, and Southampton already a thriving place. Yarmouth was starting into life through the herring-fishery, and Newcastle had just begun to profit by its coal. But over the whole country there was nothing like the hive of people which increase of wealth and po-

population now supplies for the day's work of British Industry. The whole population of London itself was under twenty thousand. "In the fourteenth century, the whole number of the inhabitants of Lincoln, who contributed to an assessment of ninths, was less than eight hundred." London we have to picture as a mass of little whitewashed tenements, with an approach to pavement in the narrow streets, each street appropriated to its own trade. Down the centre of streets leading to the Thames, ran the town drainage into the river; near the river, dwelt the merchants and the adventurers on the deep sea. Beside the corporation wards, the city contained sokes or districts under independent lords: the soke lords and their tenants had a vote as citizens, but were exempt from city jurisdiction. The consequence of this arrangement, was a city divided against itself, which gave comparative impunity to malefactors. The streets were so dangerous that the canons of St. Martin-le-Grand were afraid to go across the road to their collegiate church, and so obtained leave to connect their lodgings with the church tower by a wooden bridge.

The main traffic out of London was to Dover, and this road was worked by hackney-men, who let a horse at Southwark for the stage to Rochester, where it was exchanged for another hackney that went on to Canterbury, and so on. The charge was for each

of those two stages sixteen pence; that is to say, a sovereign in present money. Carts were also provided to transport the luggage; but the roads were so bad that in some districts it was necessary to rest the cattle four days after travelling two, although the usage was to travel four days and rest three; so four days made a week to travellers. No cross-road could be attempted without the assistance of a guide. Ladies of rank went out occasionally in covered cars, vehicles richly painted and lined, but lumbering waggons as to their construction. King Henry the Third ordered a house of deal to be made, running on wheels; so a King of England was the first of the long train of attractions who have since travelled in caravans.

Trade was in keeping with the poverty and scanty numbers of the population. Goldsmiths and others merely worked in other men's material. Those who kept stores supplied them from the annual fairs, and if any run upon the shops exhausted them, it was requisite to wait until the next fair came round. When Henry the Third wanted to take Bedford Castle, pickaxes were required, and ropes wherewith to pull the battering machines. He sent a royal order to the sheriffs of London to supply the necessary articles; they were not to be raised in London; and ropes and pickaxes were demanded of the sheriffs of Dorsetshire, and other counties: immense trouble being taken,

throughout several counties, to execute an order which two tradesmen would now receive as a trifling item in the routine of their business.

When it is remembered that the details of home comfort which we have given, miserable as they are, have been drawn from the establishments of Kings, it will be easy to imagine what was the condition of the common people in this country during the blessed ages of romance and chivalry. Those wretched good old times! There is hardly a glory in them that will bear the light. Even the Wardon pie, that phantom emblem of good cheer, which we troll over with an oily chuckle when we sing about the monks of old, is — what? “The Cistercian monks of Wardon, in Bedfordshire, produced, at some early but uncertain time, a baking variety of the pear. It bore, and still bears, the name of the abbey; it figured on its armorial escutcheon, and supplied the contents of those Wardon pies so often named in old descriptions of feasts.” The flagon of wine and the Wardon pie, what have they come to? *Vin ordinaire* in a wooden mug, and a quashy mess of baking pears under a pie-crust of the Middle Ages!

DOWN WHITECHAPEL WAY.

“SIR,” said Samuel Johnson to the Scotch gentleman — “Sir, let us take a walk down Fleet Street.” If I had not a thousand other

reasons to love and revere the memory of the great and good old doctor, I should still love and revere it for his preference of Fleet Street to the fields — of streets generally to sylvan shades — of the hum of men and the rattling of wheels, to the chirp of the cricket or the song of the skylark. It may be prejudice, or an unpoetic mind, or so on; but I am of the streets, streety. I love to take long walks, not only down Fleet Street, but up and down all other streets, alleys, and lanes. I love to loiter about Whitehall, and speculate as to which window of the Banqueting House it was, and whether at the front, or at the back, that Charles Stuart came out to his death. I see a vivid mind-picture of the huge crowd gathered together that bleak January morning, to witness the fall of that “grey discrowned head.” Drury Lane I affect especially, past and present — the Maypole, Nelly Gwynn, and the Earls of Craven, dividing my interest with Vinegar Yard, the costermongers, the pawn-brokers, and the stage-door of the theatre round the corner. Holborn, Cheapside, the Old Bailey, the great thoroughfares on the Surrey side of the water, have all equal charms for me.

I will take a walk “down Whitechapel way.”

How many thousands of us have lived for years — for a third part of our lives, probably, in London — and have never been down the Whitechapel Road? I declare that there are not half-a-dozen

persons in the circle of my acquaintance who can tell me where Bethnal Green is. As to Ratcliff Highway, Shadwell, Poplar, Limehouse, and Rotherhithe, they are entirely *terrae incognitæ* to shoals of born-and-bred Londoners.

“Down Whitechapel way.” Have you ever been “down” that way, reader? Ten to one you have not. You have heard, probably, of Whitechapel needles; and the costermonger from whom you may occasionally have condescended to purchase vegetables would very likely inform you, were you to ask him, that he lives “down that way.” Perhaps your impressions connected with Whitechapel, refer vaguely to butchers, or, probably, to Jews, or possibly to thieves. Very likely you don’t trouble yourself at all about the matter. You had an aunt once who lived at Mile End; but she quarrelled with everybody during her lifetime, and left her money to the London Hospital when she died, and you never went to see her. You see scores of omnibuses pass your door daily, with Aldgate, Whitechapel, Mile End, painted on their panels; but you have no business to transact there, and let the omnibuses go on their way without further comment.

Those who care to know a little about what their neighbours in the far East are doing this Saturday night, are very welcome to accompany me in the little excursion I am about to make. A thick

mackintosh, or some light covering of that sort, would not be out of place; for it is as rainy, slushy, and muddy a Saturday night as you would desire to have (or not to have) in the month of October. Stay, here is a friend with us who has known Whitechapel and its purlieus any time this five-and-twenty years, on all sorts of days and nights. Here is another who is an enthusiast in the noble art of self-defence, and who insists on forming one of our party, on the principle that a night excursion to Whitechapel must necessarily involve a “scrimmage,” and an opportunity to develop the celebrated tactics of the prize-ring on a grand scale. Those who patronise the deleterious weed may light cigars; and so onward towards Whitechapel!

On, through Fleet Street — passing St. Dunstan’s as eight strikes; noting the newspaper offices blazing with gas from basement to garret; jostled occasionally by the well-looking (though ruined) agricultural gentlemen, with massy watch-chains (and bankrupt purses) who have been discussing port and Protection after an ample dinner at Peele’s or Anderton’s. On, and up Ludgate the lofty, watching the red and blue lights of the doctors’ shops as they are mirrored in the wet pavement; and thinking, perhaps, that, after all, there may be some good in that early-closing movement which has fastened the portals of all those magnificent palaces of linen-dra-

pery, and sent those shoals of spruce clerks and assistants forth for health and recreation—many, it is to be hoped, to the Literary and Scientific Institute, the classroom, and the singing lesson, and not *all* (as some kind souls would insinuate) to the taproom or the cigar shop. On, round the solemn dome of St. Paul's, and by that remarkable thoroughfare on the left-hand side, where, to my mind, the odours of a pastrycook's shop, of a tallow-manufactory, of the Chapter Coffee House, and all the newly-bound books in Paternoster Row are irrevocably combined and blended. On, by Cheapside, the magnificent, where rows of dazzling gas-reflectors illumine shop-fronts, teeming with yet more dazzling stores of watches, rich jewellery, and bales of silver spoons and forks. There are desolate ragged wretches staring wistfully at the glittering heaps of baubles, just as they would at the pennyworth of pudding in the window of a cook's shop. Are they speculating on the possibility of a gold watch filling a hungry belly? or are they, haply, contemplating one bold dash through the frail sheet of glass — one hasty snatch at the watches, and rings, and bracelets — one desperate throw for luxury and riot at the best, or at the worst for the comfortable gaol, the warm convict's dress, and the snug cell with its hot-water pipes?

Leaving Cheapside, the magnificent; avoiding the omnibuses in the Poultry as best we may; skirt-

ing the huge Mansion House, where a feeble gleam from an office on the basement suggests that Messrs. John and Daniel Forrester are yet wide awake, while the broad glare of light from the windows in Charlotte Row proclaims jolly civic festivities in the Egyptian Hall; striking through Cornhill, the wealthy; crossing Gracechurch Street, and suppressing a lingering inclination to take a stroll by the "Old Flower-pot," and older South Sea House, into old Bishopsgate Street, just to have a vagabond quarter-of-an-hour or so of thought about Baring Brothers, Crosby Hall, Great St. Helen's, Sir Thomas More, and Mr. Ross the hairdresser: — Supposing this, I say, our party boldly invades Leadenhall Street. Opposite the India House I must stop for a moment, however. Is there not Billiter Street hard-by, with that never-dying smell of Cashmere shawls and opium chests about the sale-rooms? Is there not St. Mary Axe, redolent of Hebrew London? Is there not the great house itself, with all its mighty associations of Clive and Warren Hastings, Nuncomar, and Lally Tollendal, Plassy, Arcot, and Seringapatam — Sheridan, thundering in Westminster Hall on the case of the Begums — and the mighty directors, with their millions of subjects, and their palaces in Belgravia and Tyburnia, who were once but poor hucksters and chapmen of Trichonopoly chains and indigo balls — mere buyers and sellers of rice, sugar,

and pepper? But my companions are impatient, and, dropping a hasty tear to the memory of Mr. Toole, the great toastmaster and beadle — (dost thou remember him, Eugenio, in that magnificent cocked hat and scarlet coat?) — we leave Leadenhall Street the broad for Leadenhall Street the narrow; and where the tortuous Fenchurch Street also converges, emerge into the open space by Aldgate pump. We have no time to dilate on the antiquity of the pump. A hundred yards to the left, and here we are, not absolutely in Whitechapel itself, but at the entrance of that peculiar and characteristic district, which I take to be bounded by Mile-end gate on the east, and by the establishment of Messrs. Aaron and Son on the west.

First, Aaron. Gas, splendour, wealth, boundless and immeasurable, at a glance. Countless stories of gorgeous show-rooms, laden to repletion with rich garments. Gas everywhere. Seven hundred burners, they whisper to me. The tailoring department; the haberdashery department; the hat, boots, shawl, outfitting, cutlery department. Hundreds of departments. Legions of "our young men" in irreproachable coats, and neckcloths void of reproach. Corinthian columns, enriched cornices, sculptured panels, arabesque ceilings, massive chandeliers, soft carpets of choice patterns, luxury, elegance, the riches of a world, the merchandise of two, everything that any-

body ever could want, from a tin shaving-pot to a cashmere shawl. Astonishing cheapness — wonderful celerity — enchanting civility! Great is Aaron of the Minories! Of the Minories? of everywhere. He pervades Aldgate; he looms on Whitechapel; an aërial suspension bridge seems to connect his Minorial palace with his West End Branch. Aaron is everywhere. When I came from Weedon the other day, his retainers pelted me with his pamphlets as I quitted the railway station. Aaron has wrenched the lyre and the bays from our laureate's hands; he and his son are the monarchs of Parnassus. His circulars are thrown from balloons and fired out of cannon. I believe they must grow in market gardens somewhere out of town — they are so numerous. Of course, Aaron is a great public benefactor.

Crossing the Minories, and keeping on the right-hand side of the road, we are in the very thick of "Butcher Row" at once. A city of meat! The gas, no longer gleaming through ground-glass globes, or aided by polished reflectors, but flaring from primitive tubes, lights up a long vista of beef, mutton, and veal. Legs, shoulders, loins, ribs, hearts, livers, kidneys, gleam in all the gaudy panoply of scarlet and white on every side. "Buy, buy, buy!" resounds shrilly through the greasy, tobacco-laden, gas-rarefied air. The are eloquent butchers, who rival Orator Hen-

ley in their encomiums on the legs and briskets they expose; insinuating butchers, who wheedle the softer sex into purchasing, with sly jokes and well-turned compliments; dignified butchers (mostly plethoric, double-chinned men, in top-boots, and doubtless wealthy), who seem to think that the mere appearance of their meat, and of themselves, is sufficient to ensure custom, and seldom condescend to mutter more than an occasional "Buy!" Then, there are bold butchers — vehement rogues, in stained frocks — who utter frantic shouts of "Buy, buy, buy!" ever and anon making a ferocious sally into the street, and seizing some unlucky wight, who buys a leg of mutton or a bullock's heart, *nolens, volens!*

Bless the women! how they love marketing! Here they are by scores. Pretty faces, ugly faces, young and old, chaffering, simpering, and scolding vehemently. Now, it is the portly matron — housekeeper, may be, to some wealthy, retired old bachelor; she awes the boldest butcher, and make even the dignified one incline in his top-boots. And here is the newly-married artisan's wife — a fresh, rosy-cheeked girl, delightfully ignorant of housekeeping, though delighted with its responsibilities — charmingly diffident as to what she shall buy, and placing implicit, and, it is to be hoped, not misplaced, confidence in the insinuating butcher, who could, I

verily believe, persuade her that a pig's fry is a saddle of mutton. Poor thing! she is anxious to be at home and get Tom's supper ready for him; and as for Tom, the sooner he gets away from the public-house, where his wages are paid him every Saturday night, the better it will be for his wife and for him, too, I opine. There are but few male purchasers of butcher's meat. Stay, here is one — a little, rosy man, in deep black, and with a very big basket, and holding by the hand a little rosy girl, in black as deep. He is a widower, I dare say, and the little girl his daughter. How will it be, I wonder, with that couple, a dozen years hence? Will the little girl grow big enough to go to market by herself, while father smokes his pipe at home? or, will father marry again, and a shrewish stepmother ill-treat the girl, till she runs away and — Well, well! we have other matters beside Butcher Row to attend to. We can but spare a glance at that gaunt old man, with the bristly beard and the red eyelids, who is nervously fingering, while he endeavours to beat down the price of those sorry scraps of meat yonder. His history is plain enough to read, and is printed in three letters on his face. G. I. N.

On the pavement of this Butcher Row, we have another market, and a grand one too. Not confined, however, to the sale of any one particular article, but diversified in an eminent degree. Half-

way over the curbstone and the gutter, is an apparently interminable line of "standings" and "pitches," consisting of trucks, barrows, baskets, and boards on tressels, laden with almost every imaginable kind of small merchandise. Oysters, vegetables, fruit, combs, prints in inverted umbrellas, ballads, cakes, sweet stuff, fried fish, artificial flowers, (!) chairs, brushes and brooms, soap, candles, crockery-ware, ironmongery, cheese, walking-sticks, looking-glasses, frying-pans, bibles, waste-paper, toys, nuts, and firewood. These form but a tithe of the contents of this Whitechapel Bezesteen. Each stall is illuminated, and each in its own peculiar manner. Some of the vendors are careless, and their lamps are but primitive, consisting of a rushlight stuck in a lump of clay, or a turnip cut in half. But there is a degree of luxury in not a few; "Holiday's lamps," green paper shades, "fishtail" burners, and, occasionally, camphine lamps, being freely exhibited. I don't think you could collect together, in any given place in Europe, a much queerer assortment than the sellers of the articles exposed, were it not the buyers thereof. Here are brawny costermongers by dozens, in the orthodox corduroys, fur caps, and "king's man" handkerchiefs. Lungs of leather have they, marvellous eloquence, also, in praising carrots, turnips, and red herrings. Here, too, are street mechanics, manufacturers of the articles they sell, and stri-

ving with might and main to sell them: and you will find very few, or rather, *no* Irish among this class. I see women among the street sellers, as I move along — some, poor widow souls — some, who have grown old in street trading — some, little puny tottering things, sobbing and shivering as they sell. The buyers are of all descriptions, from the middle to the very lowest class, inclusive. Ruddy mechanics, with their wives on their arms, and some sallow and shabby, reeling to and from the gin-shops. Decent married women, and comely servant girls, with latch-keys and market-baskets. Beggars, by dozens. Slatternly, frowsy, drabs of women, wrangling with wrinkled crones, and bating down the price of a bunch of carrots fiercely. Blackguard boys, with painted faces, tumbling head over heels in the mud. Bulky costers, whose day's work is over, or who do not care to work at all. Grimy dustmen, newly emancipated from the laystall. The bare-headed, or battered-bonneted members of the class called (and truly) unfortunate, haunt the other side of the road. There is too much light and noise here for them.

But the noise! the yelling, screeching, howling, swearing, laughing, fighting saturnalia; the combination of commerce, fun, frolic, cheating, almsgiving, thieving, and devilry; the Geneva-laden tobacco-charged atmosphere! The thieves, now pursuing their vocation, by boldly

snatching joints of meat from the hooks, or articles from the stalls; now, peacefully, basket in hand, making their Saturday night's marketing (for even thieves must eat). The short pipes, the thick sticks, the mildewed umbrellas, the dirty faces, the ragged coats! Let us turn into the gin-shop here, for a moment.

It is a remarkably lofty, though not very spacious, edifice — the area, both before and behind the bar, being somewhat narrow. There are enormous tubs of gin, marked with an almost fabulous number of gallons each; and there are composite columns, and mirrors, and handsome clocks, and ormolu candelabra, in the approved Seven Dials style. But the company are different. They have not the steady, methodical, dram-drinking system of the Seven Dials, Drury Lane, and Holborn gin-shop *habitués*; the tremulous deposition of the required three-halfpence; the slow, measured, draining of the glass; the smack of the lips, and quick passing of the hand over the mouth, followed by the speedy exit of the regular dram-drinker, who takes his "drain" and is off, even if he is in again in a short time. These Whitechapel gin-drinkers brawl and screech horribly. Blows are freely exchanged, and sometimes pewter measures fly through the air like Shrapnel shells. The stuff itself, which in the western gin-shops goes generally by the name of "blue ruin" or "short," is here called, indiffe-

rently, "tape," "max," "duke," "gatter," and "jacky." Two more peculiarities I observe also. One is, that there are no spruce barmaids, or smiling landladies — stalwart men in white aprons supply their place. The second is, that there are a multiplicity of doors, many more than would at first seem necessary, and for ever on the swing; but the utility of which is speedily demonstrated to me by the simultaneous ejection of three "obstropelous" Irish labourers, by three of the stalwart barmen.

The trucks and barrows, the fried fish and artificial flowers, are not quite so abundant when we have passed a thoroughfare called Somerset Street. They get even more scarce when we see, on the other side of the road, two stone posts, or obelisks on a small scale, marking at once the boundaries of the City, and the commencement of that renowned thoroughfare, politely called Middlesex Street, but known to Europe in general, and the nobility and gentry connected with the trade in old clothes in particular, as Petticoat Lane. It is no use going down there this Saturday, for the Hebrew community, who form its chief delight and ornament, are all enjoying their "shobbhouse," and we shall meet with them elsewhere. We will, if you please, cross over, leaving the curbstone market (which only exists on one side), and, allured by the notes of an execrably played fiddle, enter one of those dazzling halls

of delight, called a "penny gaff."

The "gaff" throws out no plausible puffs, no mendacious placards, respecting the entertainment to be found therein. The public take the genuineness of the "gaff" for granted, and enter by dozens. The "gaff" has been a shop — a simple shop — with a back parlour to it, and has been converted into a hall of delight, by the very simple process of knocking out the shop front, and knocking down the partition between the shop and parlour. The gas-fittings yet remain, and even the original counters, which are converted into "reserved seats," on which, for the outlay of twopence, as many costers, thieves, Jew-boys, and young ladies, as can fight for a place, are sitting, standing, or lounging. For the common herd — the *οἱ πολλοὶ* — the *conditio vivendi* is simply the payment of one penny, for which they get standing rooms in what are somewhat vaguely termed the "stalls," — plainly speaking, the body of the shop. The proscenium is marked by two gas "battens" or pipes, perforated with holes for burners, traversing the room horizontally, above and below. There are some monstrous engravings, in vile frames, suspended from the walls, some vilely coloured plaster casts, and a stuffed monstrosity or two in glass cases. The place is abominably dirty, and the odour of the company generally, and of the shag tobacco they are smoking, is powerful.

A capital house though, to-night: a bumper, indeed. Such a bumper, in fact, that they have been obliged to place benches on the stage (two planks on tressels), on which some of the candidates for the reserved seats are accommodated. As I enter, a gentleman in a fustian suit deliberately walks across the stage and lights his pipe at the footlights; while a neighbour of mine, of the Jewish persuasion, who smells fearfully of fried fish, dexterously throws a cotton handkerchief, containing some savoury condiment from the stalls to the reserved seats, where it is caught by a lady whom he addresses by the title of "Bermondsey Bet." Bet is, perhaps, a stranger in these parts, and my Hebrew friend wishes to show her that Whitechapel can assert its character for hospitality.

Silence for the manager, if you please! — who comes forward with an elaborate bow, and a white hat in his hand, to address the audience. A slight disturbance has occurred, it appears, in the course of the evening; the Impresario complains bitterly of the "mackinnations" of certain parties "next door," who seek to injure him by creating an uproar, after he has gone to the expense of engaging "four good actors" for the express amusement of the British public. The "next door" parties are, it would seem, the proprietors of an adjacent public-house, who have sought to seduce away the supporters of the "gaff," by vaunting the superior qualities

of their cream gin, a cuckoo clock, and the "largest cheroots in the world for a penny."

Order is restored, and the performances commence. "Mr. and Mrs. Stitcher," a buffo duet of exquisite comicality, is announced. Mr. Stitcher is a tailor, attired in the recognised costume of a tailor on the stage, though, I must confess, I never saw it *off*. He has nankeen pantaloons, a red night-cap — a redder nose, and a cravat with enormous bows. Mrs. Stitcher is "made up" to represent a slatternly shrew, and she looks it all over. They sing a verse apiece; they sing a verse together; they quarrel, fight, and make it up again. The audience are delighted. Mr. S. reproaches Mrs. S. with the possession of a private gin-bottle; Mrs. S. inveighs against the hideous turpitude of Mr. S. for pawning three pillow-cases to purchase beer. The audience are in ecstasies. A sturdy coalheaver in the "stalls" slaps his thigh with delight. It is so real. Ugh! terribly real; let us come away, even though murmurs run through the stalls that "The Baker's Shop" is to be sung. I see, as we edge away to the door, a young lady in a cotton velvet spencer, bare arms, and a short white calico skirt, advance to the footlights. I suppose she is the Fornarina, who is to enchant the dilettanti with the flowery song in question.

We are still in Whitechapel High Street; but in a wider part. The curbstone market has ceased;

and the head quarters of commerce are in the shops. Wonderful shops, these! Grocers, who dazzle their customers with marvellous Chinese paintings, and surmount the elaborate vessels (Properties for a Pantomime) containing their teas and sugars with startling acrostics — pungent conundrums. Is it in imagination only, or in reality, that I see, perched above these groceries, an imp—a fantastic imp, whose head-dress is shaped like a retort, who has a lancet in his girdle, and on whose brow is written "*Analysis?*" — that, when I read the placards relative to "Fine young Hyson," "Well-flavoured Pekoe," "Strong family Souchong," "Imperial Gunpowder," this imp, putting his thumb to his nose, and spreading his fingers out demoniacally, whispers, "Sloe-leaves, China-clay, Prussian blue, yellow ochre, gum, tragacanth, garbage, poison?" — that, pointing to Muscovado, and "Fine West India," and "superfine lump," he mutters "Sand, chalk, poison?" — that when I talk of cocoa, he screams, "Venetian Red, and desiccated manure?" — that, when I allude to coffee, mocking gibes of burnt beans, chicory, poison? — that he dances from the grocer's to the baker's, next door, and executes maniacal gambadoes on the quarter loaves and French rolls, uttering yells about chalk, alum, and dead men's bones? — that he draws chalk and horses' brains from the dairyman's milk; and horse-flesh, and worse offal still,

from sausages? — that he shows me everywhere fraud, adulteration and poison! Avaunt, imp! I begin to think that there is nothing real in the eating and drinking line — that nothing is but what is not — that all beer is *coccus Indicus* — all gin, turpentine, in this delusive Whitechapel. And not in Whitechapel alone. Art thou immaculate, Shoreditch? Art thou blameless, Borough? Canst thou place thy hand on thy waistcoat, Oxford Street, the aristocratic, and say thy tea knows no “facing or glazing,” thy sugar no potato starch, thy beer no doctoring?

But one of my friends is clamorous for beer; and, to avoid adulteration, we eschew the delusive main thoroughfare for a moment, and strike into a maze of little, unsavoury back-streets, between Whitechapel Church and Goodman's Fields. Here is a beer-shop — a little, blinking, wall-eyed edifice, with red curtains in the window, and a bar squeezed up in one corner, as though it were ashamed of itself. From the door of the tap-room which we open, comes forth a thick, compact body of smoke. There are, perhaps, twenty people in the room, and they are all smoking like lime-kilns. From a kiln at the upper extremity, comes forth the well-remembered notes of the old *Trinklied*, “Am Rhein, am Rhein.” We are in Vaterland at once. All these are Teutons — German sugar-bakers. There are hundreds more of their countrymen in the narrow

streets about here, and dozens of low lodging-houses, where the German emigrants are crimped and boarded and robbed. Here, also, live the German buy-a-broom girls. There are little German public-houses, and German bakers, and little shops, where you can get sauerkraut and potato-salad, just as though you were in Frankfort or Mayence. Dear old Vaterland! pleasant country of four meals a-day, and featherbed counterpanes — agreeable land, where you can drink wine in the morning, and where everybody takes off his hat to everybody else! Though thy cookery is execrable, and thy innkeepers are robbers, I love thee, Germany, still!

My experienced friend, when we have refreshed ourselves at this hostelry, brings us, by a short cut, into Union Street, and so into the broad Whitechapel-road. Here the curbstone market I have alluded to, crosses the road itself, and stretches, in a straggling, limping sort of way, up to Whitechapel Workhouse. We come here upon another phase of Saturday-night Whitechapel life. The children of Jewry begin to encompass us, not so much in the way of business; for though their Sabbath is over, and work is legal — though Aaron, at the other extremity, is in full swing of money-making activity, yet the majority of the Israelites prefer amusing themselves on a Saturday night. They are peculiar in their amusements, as in everything else. The

public-house — the mere bar, at least, has no charms for them; but almost all the low coffee-shops you pass are crowded with young Jews, playing dominoes and draughts; while in the public-houses, where taprooms are attached, their elders disport themselves with cards, bagatelle, and the excitement of a sing-song meeting. Smoking is universal. Cigars the rule — pipes the exception. Houndsditch, the Minories, Le-man Street, Duke's Place, St. Mary Axe, Bevis Marks, and Whitechapel itself, have all contributed their quota to fill these places of amusement; and here and there you will see some venerable Israelite, with long beard and strange foreign garb, probably from Tangier or Constantinople, on a visit to his brethren in England. There are legends, too, of obscure places in this vicinity, where what the French call "*gros jeu*," or high play, is carried on. In Butcher Row, likewise, are Jew butchers, where you may see little leaden seals, inscribed with Hebrew characters, appended to the meat, denoting that the animal has been slaughtered according to the directions of the Synagogue. In the daytime you may see long bearded rabbins examining the meat, and testing the knives on their nails.

What have we here? "The grand Panorama of Australia, a series of moving pictures." Admission, one penny. Just a-going to begin. Some individuals, dressed as Ethiopian serenaders,

hang about the door; and one with the largest shirt-collar I have ever seen, takes my penny, and admits me, with some score or two more, where, though it is just a-going to begin, I and my friends wait a good quarter of an hour. There are two policemen off duty beside me, who are indulging in the *dolce far niente*, and cracking nuts. There is a decent, civil-spoken silk-weaver from Spital-fields, too, whose ancestors, he tells me, came over to England at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and who has a romantically French name. He has the old Lyons indentures of his ancestors at home, he says.

We give up the panorama in despair; and, for aught we know, it is "jest a-going to begin" at this moment. In our progress towards the Gate, however, we look in at a few more public-houses. Here is a costermonger's house, where the very trucks and baskets are brought to the bar. Here is that famous hostelry, where is preserved an oil-painting, containing authentic portraits of the three Whitechapel worthies, who once drank one hundred-and-one pots of beer at one sitting. The name of the captain of this gallant band was "Old Fish." Here, again, is a thieves' house — thievish all over, from the squint-eyed landlord to the ruffianly customers. Go in at one door, and go out at another; and don't change more five pound notes at the bar than you can help, my friend. Here are houses with queer signs — the

"Grave Maurice," supposed to be a corruption of some dead-and-gone German Landgrave, and "The Blind Beggar," close to Mile End Gate.

Another "gaff" on the right-hand side of the road — but on a grander scale. The Effingham Saloon, with real boxes, a real pit, and a real gallery; dreadfully dirty, and with a dirtier audience. No comic singing, but the drama — the real, legitimate drama. There is a bold bandit, in buff-boots, calling on "yon blew Ev'n to bring-a down-a rewing on ther taraytor's ed." There is nothing new in him, nor in the young lady in pink calico, with her back hair down, expressive of affliction. Nor in the Pavilion Theatre over the way, where "Rugantino the Terrible" is the stock piece, and where there are more buff-boots, rusty broad-swords, calico-skirts, and back hairs.

Shops, Gin-palaces, Saloons — Saloons, Gin-palaces, Shops; Costermongers, Thieves, and Beggars — Beggars, Thieves, and Costermongers. As we near the Gate, the London Hospital looms heavily on one side, while on the other the bare, bleak walls of Whitechapel Workhouse stretch grimly along, with a woful skirt-ing-board of crouching Irish paupers, who have arrived too late for admission into the Workhouse, and are houseless for the night.

Going along, and still anxious to see what is to be seen, I look, curiously, at the portraits hanging on the walls of the coffee-houses

and bar-parlours. The democratic element is not very strong in Whitechapel, it would seem; for effigies of Her Majesty and Prince Albert are as a hundred to one of the effigies of the Cuffies and Meaghers of the sword. One portrait, though, I see everywhere; its multiplications beating all royal, noble, and democratic portraits hollow, and far outnumbering the Dog Billies, and winners of memorable Derbys. In tavern and taproom, in shop and parlour, I see everywhere the portrait or the bust of Sir Robert Peel.

Mile End Gate at last, and midnight chimes. There is a "cheap-jack," on a rickety platform, and vaunting wares more rickety still, who gets vehemently eloquent as it gets later. But his auditory gradually disperse, and the whole road seems to grow suddenly quiet. Do you know why? The public-houses are closed. The pie-shops, it is true, yet send forth savoury steams; but the rain comes down heavily. Therefore; and as I (and I fear you, too, dear reader) have had enough of Whitechapel for one while; let us jump into this last omnibus bound westwards, reflecting that if we have not discovered the North West Passage, or the source of the Niger, we have beheld a strange country, and some strange phases of life.

QUEEN ZULEIMA.

NOT less a Queen, because I wear
No crown upon my weeping hair!

Not less a Mother, that my breast
Is childless, and a rifled nest!

Not less a Woman, for the oath
I swore — to be avenged for both!

O youth! thou hast a comely grace;
Strange sympathy is in thy face.

And hast thou heard of mine and me,
In that old City by the sea?

Give me thy hand, and let me feel
What one soft pressure may reveal.

I read by hands; 't was thus I tried
My husband, when I was a bride.

'T is well! but that it throbs too much,
As if it felt its mother's touch.

Thy mother? Tell me, is she far?
And art thou, youth, her wand'ring star?

It trembles! Dost thou fear a Queen
Discrown'd, and seen as I am seen!

Nay! kneel not, kneel not! Wherefore
thus
Is this wild trembling come on us?

Two strangers! Did I tremble then
Before the hosts of eager men:

That sea of savage lips and eyes,
Clamouring murder to the skies?

They threw my husband from his throne,
They mock'd me as I sat alone.

I sat in state, and let them mock:
Mad waves against the regal rock!

Robed and crown'd, I calmly smiled,
And lifted up my little child.

"Your future King!" I cried aloud;
And many of the people bow'd.

But, as I held it, strode a man —
A stern, black-bearded ruffian —

He strode, and snatch'd my child away,
Albeit I left my throne to pray.

I clung about his knotty knees,
And wept and shriek'd my agonies.

I came again to conscious breath;
I heard the anguish worse than death.

No handmaid near, but one old nurse,
Whose face flash'd like a living curse;

And yet her wrinkled woman's heart
Fell faltering on the bitterest part.

She could not speak it — woe is me!
Made human by my misery.

But thou art changed! Rise from the
spot;

Still at my feet? I say, kneel not!

Thou claspest me! What word? — what
word? —

Mother? — is 't "Mother" that I heard?

Mother, and Queen? — O, hungry breast,
Feed on his beauty! — Rest, rest, rest!

Believe it, O true heart! now trace
Thy trembling when thou saw'st his face;

And weep, that thrones should dawn
again,

To give our pleasure pomp — and pain.

Weep, weep, to see him standing there,
With his proud father's noble air.

Joy, joy! but weep that there should be
So proud a thing as majesty.

I fear it, now it is re-won;
We will arise and go, my son!

THE SPENDTHRIFT'S
DAUGHTER.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

AND now that wretched man,
broken with disease and misery,
sat there, with the lady, who,
patient and pitying, even to the
worst of her fellow-creatures, had
been moved by the sincerity of his
distress. The extremity of his
misery had raised so much com-
passion in her heart, as to over-
come the resentment and indigna-
tion which she had at first felt,
on recognising him.

He had entreated her to tell him everything she knew of the fate of one whom he had that morning followed to the grave. For wretched as was his attire, defiled with dirt, and worn with travel, he had left the house, and had followed, a tearless, but heart-broken mourner, the simple procession which attended the once lovely and glorious creature whom he had called daughter, to her resting-place.

He had stood by, at her funeral, whilst ill-taught children stared and scoffed, until the busy mercenaries had pushed and elbowed him aside. He had seen his best and loveliest one consigned, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; he had waited quietly, until all had dispersed, and every one was gone home. He had no home — and he yet stood by, and watched the sexton, completing his work, and cheerfully whistling as he proceeded with it.

For it was now a gleaming bright day, and the sun had burst forth, and beamed upon the lofty tower of the church-steeple. It gilded the church vane and weathercock; it sparkled from the windows of the houses around the graveyard; it glistened on the lowly graves.

Cheerfulness was around him, for the bright sun of heaven cheers and ennobles everything upon which his beams fall. And there was a soft wind, too, which stirred among the leaves of a few poplars, that stood hard by, whispering sweet secrets of nature, even in that dismal spot.

He stood there, motionless and tearless, until the sexton had finished his task, had shouldered his spade, and, still whistling, had walked away. Then he sat down upon the little mound, and hid his face in his hands. He sat there, for some time — for a long, long time — and then slowly arose, and with feeble and uncertain steps retraced the way he had come, and found himself at the door of the handsome house, whence he had followed the funeral in the morning.

He made his way to the lady, who happened to be still there, and who now (as I have said), indignation having yielded to compassion, was prepared to satisfy the yearning anxiety he had expressed, to hear all she could tell him of his once proud and beautiful child.

“You know where you are, and what I am, and what I and the other ladies whom you have seen with me, employ ourselves upon when we come here.”

“No,” he said, looking round. “It never struck me to inquire, or even to reflect upon what I saw.”

“This house is a kind of hospital.”

He started — and a faint flush passed over his face.

“Yes,” he said, “it was natural — as things had gone on — a consequence inevitable. Then she died at last in the hospital?”

“Not exactly that — as you would interpret the word. This house is, indeed, a species of

hospital; it is intended as a refuge for the sick and dying, who have nowhere else to go; but it does not exactly resemble an ordinary hospital. In the first place, the services performed, are not altogether gratuitous; in the second, every patient has a room to herself. We are only women, except the medical attendants; and we admit none but women — and those women of a higher class, of gentle breeding, and refined habits, who have fallen into poverty, and yet who have not been hardened in their sensations by habit, so as that the edge of privation is blunted; or what, perhaps, is still more difficult to bear, that painful sense of publicity unfelt, which renders shelter in an ordinary hospital a source of suffering to them — which — God be thanked! — it does not necessarily prove to those for whom such places of refuge were intended. This house would have been more justly called an asylum than an hospital, for it is intended as a shelter for the sick and destitute; but yet those who are received into it are expected to contribute to their own support.”

He made no answer to this explanation. After all, it interested him little now to know that his Ella had not been a mere object of the charity which it extended to paupers. His pride had died within him, for his nature had been much changed; but, only as such natures change. His faults had withered away, but no good qualities seemed as yet to

burst forth to flourish in their stead. The soul had been so utterly ruined and devastated, the portion of living waters had been so completely dried up, that he seemed merely to have lost the inclination to do wrong — that was all.

“We are a small party of friends,” the lady went on; “some of us in the heyday of prosperity, but who, amid all the triumphs of youth, wealth, and beauty, have not quite forgotten the poor, the sick, and the miserable: others, who, like myself, are fallen into the yellow leaf of life — whose years cannot of necessity be many — may be very few — and who would fain do something in the great vineyard before they are called away. It is our practice for some of us to visit this place every day, to see our patients, attend to their wants and comforts, and, where it is desired, administer by our conversation such helps and solace as we can. I come here pretty often, for I am not one who is very much occupied upon this earth; and, as I love to sit with the sufferers, and am a more aged than the majority of them, they seem to lean upon me a good deal. They love to have me with them; and many of the younger ones have treated me with a confidence, which has excited, I can scarcely say whether more satisfaction or pain.”

He still spoke not, but listened with deep attention.

“A few months ago,” she continued, “the matron of the es-

tablishment came to me one morning, and said that a young lady had been received here some days ago, whom she wished me very much to visit. I had but the day before returned from an excursion into the country, and had been absent from my post about a fortnight. I asked, at whose recommendation the patient had been received. She said — that of Lady R., but that Lady R. knew nothing about her. It was at the earnest solicitation of the wife of the Baker, who supplied her family with bread, that Lady R. had given the order; the woman, who was a very plain sort of person, but highly respectable in her way, having assured her that it was a case of the most urgent necessity: that the young lady was utterly penniless and destitute, and in an almost hopeless state of health. She had brought on a decline, by over-exertion to maintain a sick sister, and pay some debts of that sister's, which she thought herself bound in honour to discharge, — 'and other expenses', she added, somewhat mysteriously, — promising that she would advance the required guinea a-week; for, as for the young lady, she did not believe that she had five shillings left in the world."

He struck his hand flat at the top of his head, and held it there, leaning his elbow upon the table, so that his arm covered in part his face, which was painfully contracted; but he neither spoke, nor groaned, nor even sighed.

"I went up to the young lady's

room immediately. Our rooms are each provided with a single bed, a sofa, an easy chair, a table, and such other requisites as make a chamber at once a bedroom and a sitting-room.

"The matron knocked gently at the door; but no one answered it; she therefore gently turned the handle of the lock, and we went in.

"The window was open. Hers looked upon those green trees you see at the back of the house, and the fresh air came pleasantly in; but it seemed unheeded by the sufferer. She was clothed in a long white sleeping-gown. One arm was thrown above her head; her hair had gotten from her comb, and fell in waves and curls of the utmost beauty and luxuriance, almost to her feet. She lay with her face upward, resting upon the back of her head, almost as motionless as a corpse; her features were fixed; her eyes rested upon the top of the bed. She seemed lost in thought. Never in my life have I seen anything so supremely beautiful."

"Ella—Ella!" he just muttered.

"When we approached the side of the bed, she first perceived us, gave a little start, glanced at the matron, and then, with a look of rather displeased surprise at me—

"'I beg your pardon if I intrude upon you,' I said. 'Mrs. Penrose asked me to pay you a visit. I am but just returned from the country. I spend a good deal of my time when in town with the sick ladies here, and they seem to like

to have me; but if you do not, I will go away directly.'

"She made an impatient and half-contemptuous motion of the head as I used the words 'sick ladies;' but she fixed her large, lustrous eyes upon me as I went on speaking — saying nothing, however, when I concluded, but keeping those large dark eyes fixed upon my face.

"'Shall I go?' I said, after a little time thus spent.

"She made a gesture as if to stop me — but without moving those large mournful eyes, in which I could see that tears were slowly gathering.

"Mrs. Penrose had already left the room. I said no more; but took a chair, sat down by the bedside, and laid mine upon her thin, fevered, but most exquisitely-formed hand.

"I gave a gentle, gentle pressure; it was faintly, very faintly returned; and then the tears, which had so slowly gathered into her eyes, fell in a few large drops over her faded cheeks.

"'This is lonely, desolate work, do what we will,' I said, as a sort of answer to these few large tears, falling so quietly and still, and without convulsion of features — the tears of a strong but softened mind. 'To be sick, and without familiar faces — to be sick, and among strangers — is a sorrowful, sorrowful thing — but we do our best.'

"'O, you are good — very good,' she said.

"'There is nothing I feel so

much myself as this destitution of the heart; solitude in sickness is to me almost more than I can bear; and, therefore, it is, perhaps, that I am almost troublesome in offering my society to those here who have not many friends and visitors — especially to the young. I can bear solitude myself, better now, badly as I do bear it, than when I was young. Society seems, to the young, like the vital air upon which they exist.'

"'Yes, perhaps so,' she said, after musing a little — 'yes. So long as there was one near me whom I loved, I could get on — better or worse — but I could get on. But she is gone. Others whom I have loved are far — far away. The solitude of the heart! yes, that kills one at last.'

"'Then will you try to make a friend of me? A new friend can never be like an old friend. Yet, when the old wine is drawn down to the dregs, we accept the new, although we still say the old is better.'

"'How very kindly you speak to me! You have none of the pride of compassion,' she said, fixing her lovely eyes, filled with an earnest, intelligent expression, full upon mine. 'You will not humble me, whilst you serve me.'

"'Humble you! My dear young lady! That, I hope, indeed, would be far from me — from every one of us.'

"'I dare say so — as you say it. I have seen none of the ladies, only the matron, Mrs. Penrose, and a friend of mine, to whom I

owe much; but they are both so inferior to myself in habits and education, that I don't think they could humble me if they tried. The insolence of my inferiors, I can defy — the condescensions of my superiors, are what I dread.'

"I saw in this little speech, something that opened to me, as I thought, one side of her character. All the notice of it, however, which I took, was to say, 'We must not exact too much from each other. A person may have a very single-hearted and sincere desire to serve us, and yet be somewhat awkward in conferring benefits. We must not be unreasonable. Where people do their best to be kind, we must accept the will for the deed, and besides'

"'You mean to say that benefits may be *accepted* ungraciously,' — and she laid her hand upon mine, and pressed it with some fervour. 'Yes, that is true. We may, in the pride of our unsubdued and unregulated hearts, be captious, exacting, and unjust. We may be very, very ungrateful.'

"Do I tire you with relating these things?" said the lady, breaking off, and addressing the fallen man. "Shall I pass on to others? Yet there are few events to relate. The history of this life of a few months is comprised in conversations. I thought you would probably like to hear them."

"I *do* like to hear them. I adjure you, solemnly, to omit nothing that you can remember of them.

She was a noble creature." And he burst forth with a bitter cry.

"She *was* a noble creature!

"I sat with her some time that day, and learned some little of her history; but she was very reserved as to details and explanations. She told me that she had once lived in great affluence; but that a sudden reverse of fortune had ruined her father, who had been obliged to quit the country; and that she and her sister had found it necessary immediately to set about getting their own livelihood. Only one course was open to either of them — that of becoming governesses in private families, or teachers at schools. They had wished to adopt the latter course, which would have enabled them to keep together, but had not been able to provide themselves with situations; so they had been compelled to separate."

"My sister," she said, "took a situation in London: I was obliged to accept one that offered in a distant county, so that we were entirely parted; but in such cases one cannot choose. My dear Clementina's accomplishments were such as the family in London wanted; mine suited those who offered me the place in the country, or I would have exchanged with her. But it was not to be. Things in this miserable world are strangely ordered."

"For the *best*," I said, "when their issues are known."

"Who shall assure us of that? and when are their issues known?"

she asked, with some bitterness. 'It would need great faith, when one receives a heavy injury, to believe it was fraught with good, and well intended.'

"It would, indeed! Yet, we must have that faith. We ought to have that faith in Him, the All-wise, Merciful, and Good. We should have it, — should we not? — whatever appearances might be, in an earthly friend of this description.'

"Ah! but we see and know such a friend.'

"We ought to *know*, though we cannot see, that other friend.'

"Ah! well—it is so, I dare say. But, oh, there are moments in life when the cruel blow is so real, and the consolation so illusory!'

"Seems so real — seems so illusory! Ah! my dear young lady, have you drank so deep of the cup of sorrow? And have you not found the great, the only true reality, at the bottom?'

"She had loosed her hold of my hand, and turned her head coldly away, as I uttered the last speech.

"I asked her why she did so.

"Because you talk like all the rest. At ease yourselves, religious faith is an easy matter to you. It is easy to give these every-day religious consolations, when we have nothing else to give. But they are things of a peculiar character. If the soul does not put them within itself, none upon earth can bestow them. They are only given of God; and it has not pleased Him to give them to me.

No,' she went on, with much emotion. 'If there be light in darkness, it shines not for me. If out of the depths they call, and He listens, He has not listened to me. My prayers have been vain, and I have wearied myself with offering them. There was no help in them.'

"I was grieved and shocked to hear her speak thus. I, however, ventured to urge my point a little further.

"But you did find help, somewhere?'

"Not such as I wanted; not health and strength to my poor darkened spirit.'

"And why? 'Because they sought it not in faith...'

"Ah! faith! but who can command this faith?'

"Everybody.'

"Everybody! If it has pleased God to darken our understandings so that we do not know him at all, it may be as you say. But if we know him — not to trust in him — *that* worst of faith must be our own fault.'

"She was silent, and seemed to sink into a reverie, which I would not disturb. At last she shook it off, and turning suddenly to me, said, 'Clementina had got nearer this truth than I had, or have. Yes, that it was — that it must have been — which supported her in circumstances far worse than mine. She was patient, composed, resigned, and, in spite of her natural feebleness, showed a strength which I ever wanted. She endured better than I do, when she lay low as I do now, and

suffered worse, far worse. How was it?

“‘My strength is made perfect in weakness’ — Is not that said?’

“Again she fixed her eyes with a searching, earnest, expression upon mine.

“‘But, tell me,’ I continued, ‘how it fared with you? I fear badly.’

“‘Perhaps you are not aware, Madam, how much strength, both of body and spirit, it requires to make a governess.’

“‘I think I am aware of it, in good measure.’

“‘There seems nothing very onerous in the task of teaching children during a certain number of hours every day, and living with them during the rest. But those who have tried it alone know how irksome, how exhausting is the wearisome routine of ungrateful labour. My situation was tiresome enough. They were a family of high-spirited children, as wild as the hills in which they had been bred, and whose greatest pleasure was to torment their young governess; though I was rather excited than depressed by our frequent struggles for mastery. Then the mother, when she did interfere, was sensible and just; and she supported me when she thought me right, through everything. If she disapproved, too, I could be hot and unreasonable in my turn, and she gently told me of my fault in private, so as never to impair my authority. She was a wise and excellent woman. A good mother, and a true

friend, even to her governess. But it was different with Clementina. Shut up in London, with a family of cold-hearted, proud children, already spoiled by the world, and never finding it possible to satisfy an exacting mother, do what she would, the task was soon too hard for her. The more languid her health and spirits became, the feebler her voice, the paler her cheek, the greater was the dissatisfaction of the lady whom she served. When the family doctor was at last called in, he pronounced her to be in so critical a state of health, that rest and change of air were indispensable. So she left, with fifteen pounds — a half-year’s salary.

“‘Consumption had set in when I saw her. What was to become of her? We knew of no such place as this, then.

“‘The lady whom I served was kind and considerate. When I came to her in tears, she bade me fly to my sister, and not return until I had settled her somewhere in comfort. But where was that to be? We had not a friend in the world except one. She had been our under nursery-maid. She was now a baker’s wife; but she had always loved us. She had such a heart! And she did not fail us now.

“‘She took my sister home, and insisted upon keeping her. We could not allow this to be done without offering what compensation we could. My sister’s little purse was reserved for extraordinary expenses; and I contrived

out of my own salary to pay a little weekly stipend to our good Matty. She would not have taken it; but she had a husband, and upon this point we were resolved.'

"Here she paused, and raising her head from her pillow, rested it upon her hand, and looked round the room with an expression of satisfaction which it gave me great pleasure to see. The little apartment was plainly furnished enough; but the walls were of a cheerful colour, and the whole furniture was scrupulously clean. The windows stood open, looking upon a space in which a few green trees were growing. The scene was more open, airy, and quiet than one can usually obtain in London. The air came in fresh and pleasant; the green trees waved and bowed their heads lovingly and soothingly.

"'It is not until we are sick that we know the value, that we feel the necessity, of these things,' she began again. 'This I may venture to say for us both. We had been cradled in luxury and elegancies, surrounded by every thing that the most lavish expenditure could bestow. We gave them all up without a sigh. So much unhappiness had attended this unblest profusion, that it seemed almost a relief — something like an emancipation — to have done with it, and be restored at once to simplicity and nature. Whilst our health and spirits lasted, we both of us took a pleasure

in defying superfluity, in being easy and content upon a pallet bed, and with a crust of bread and a glass of water; but, oh! when sickness comes — deadly sickness! The fever, and the languor, and, above all, the frightful susceptibility to external influences. When upon the hard bed you cannot sleep, though sleep is life to the exhausted frame. When the coarse food you cannot touch — though your body is sinking for want of nourishment — when the aching limbs get sore with the rugged unyieldingness of that on which they lie — when you languish, and sicken for fresh air, and are shut up in a little close room in some back street — when you want medicine and care, and can command no services at all — or of the lowest and most inefficient description — then — O then! we feel what it is to want — then we feel what it is to have such an asylum prepared for us as this. Poor thing! she was not so fortunate as I have been.'"

Here, the broken man who had until now sat listening in what might almost be called a sullen attention, suddenly lifted up his head, looked round the room where he sat, and through the large cheerful window upon the branches of the trees and the blue unclouded sky; and, suddenly, even his heart seemed reached.

He arose from his chair, he sat down again, he looked conscious, uneasy, abashed. It was so long since he had felt or expressed any

grateful or amiable sentiment, that he was almost ashamed of what he now experienced, as if it had been a weakness.

"Pray have the kindness to go on," he said, at last.

"It was some days before I learned much more of the history of my poor young invalid, but one day when I came to see her, I found a very respectable-looking woman, though evidently not belonging to the higher class, sitting with her. She was a person whose appearance would have been almost repulsive from the deep injuries her face had received — burned when a child, I believe — if it had not been for the sense and goodness that pervaded her expression. Her eyes were singularly intelligent, sweet, and kind.

"I found she was the wife of the baker — she, who had once been nursery-maid in your family. The only friend the poor young creature seemed to have left in the world, and the only person from whom she could bear, as it afterwards appeared, to receive an obligation. This excellent person it was, who advanced the guinea a-week, which the laws of the institution required should be contributed by a patient.

"When she took her leave I followed her, to inquire further particulars about my patient. She then told me, that the sister had died about three years before, leaving a heavy debt to be discharged by the one remaining;

consisting of her funeral expenses, which were considerable, though everything was conducted with all the simplicity compatible with decency; and of the charges of the medical man who had attended her: a low unprincipled person, who had sent in an enormous bill, which there were no means of checking, and which, nevertheless, the high-spirited sister resolved to pay. But the first thing she did, was to insure her own life for a certain sum, so as to guard against the burden under which she herself laboured, being in its turn imposed upon others.

"So, Madam," said the good Mrs. Lacy, with simplicity, "you must not think that the guinea a-week is anything more than an advance on our part — there will be money enough to repay us — or my dear Miss Ella would never, never have taken it. She would die in the street first, she has such a noble spirit of her own. She told me to provide for her sister's debts, — she had made an arrangement with a publisher to be a regular contributor to a certain periodical, — she had likewise produced a few rather popular novels. To effect this she had indeed laboured night and day, — the day with her pupils, half the night with her pen. She was strong, but human nature could not support this long; and yet labour as she did, she proceeded slowly in clearing away the debt. I cannot quite account for that," said Mrs. Lacy, "she dressed

plainly, she allowed herself in no expense, she made no savings, she paid the debt very slowly by small instalments, yet she worked herself into a decline. There seemed to be some hidden, insatiable call for money."

If the lady who was recounting all this, had looked at her listener at that moment, she would have been moved, little as she liked him. A wild horror took possession of his countenance — his lips became livid — his cheek ghastly — he muttered a few inarticulate words between his teeth. But she was occupied with her own reflections, and noticed him not.

"This could not go on for ever," said the lady, presently. "She was obliged to throw up her situation; soon afterwards the possibility of writing left her; and she was brought here, where I found her."

"And that it was — that it was, then!" cried the wretched man. "O Ella! my child! — my child! I was living, in indolence and indifference, upon her hard-earned labours! I was eating into her life! And when the supply ceased, I — I never knew what it was to have a heart! — I thought she was tired of ministering to her father's wants, and I came to England to upbraid her!"

"It was too late. She was gone where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest," said the lady.

"You need not — you need not — my heart is hard, but the dagger

has pierced it at last. You need not drive in the steel: it has done its work," he rather gasped than said.

The lady felt that she had been too severe. His apparent insensibility had, it is true, irritated her almost beyond bearing, after all he had done, and after all that had been suffered for his sake.

"I am sorry if I gave you pain. I ought to be sorry for you, not angry."

"Did she never mention me?" he asked, in a tone of agony. "And there was another, on whom her young heart doted, only too fondly. Did she never speak of either of us?"

"She spoke of both."

"Tell me what she said."

The lady hesitated.

"I pray tell me — I can bear it."

"I am afraid I have given you too much pain already. It is over now. Let it be over. Go home; and may God give you grace at the eleventh hour, and bring you and yours together again at last!" she said fervently, and the tears starting in her eyes.

"I have no home but one; and to that I shall shortly go. But let me not depart tormented with a yearning desire to hear all. Tell me; I ask it of you as a favour. What was her state of mind as regarded her mother — her father — and her lover?"

"God gave her grace to find Him at last. The darkness and the doubts that had distressed her, gradually disappeared. That grace took possession of her heart

which the world can neither give nor understand; and all was hope and tranquillity at the last hour.

"As she grew worse, her spirit became more and more composed. She told me so one day. Then she asked me whether I thought she could recover.

"I was silent.

"She turned pale. Her lips moved, as she said, 'Do I understand your silence rightly?'

"I am afraid you do.'

"She was silent herself for a short time; then she said,

"And so young!'

"It is not for us to know the times and seasons which the Father hath kept in his own power,' said I.

"But must I — must I die? I am not ashamed to own it, — I did so wish to live. Did you never hear that I had a father living?' she asked in so low a voice, that it was almost a whisper.

"Yes,' I answered.

"Then, you have heard his most unhappy history?'

"Most of it, I believe, I have.'

"He seems to you, I fear, a very — very erring man.'

"I was silent.

"There is good in him still,' she cried; 'believe it or not who may, there is good in him still.'

"And now her tears began to flow fast, as she went on,

"The will of God be done! The will of God be done! But if it had been His pleasure, I hoped to have lived; to have had that father home; to have joined our two desolate hearts together; to

have brought him to the knowledge of One whose yoke is easy, and whose burden is light. O, was that wish wrong, that it was not granted! O, my father! who shall seek you out now!'

"Remember,' I said, gently, 'we are in the hands of One, wiser and more merciful than ourselves. He would spare, surely, where we would spare, if it were good it should be so. If means would avail, He would provide the means. His work will not stand still because the instruments (as we regard things) seem taken away. Your death, dear girl, may do more for your father's soul than your life could ever have done.'"

And now, he bowed his head — humbly — and he covered his face with his hands, and the tears rained through his fingers.

"Thus," the lady went on, "I comforted her, as I could; and she died: with her last breath commending her father to the mercy of God.

"Her lover was dear — but not dearer than her father. She told me that history one day. How she had loved; how devotedly, how passionately. But that when her name was disgraced, she had resolved never to unite it with his. She had withdrawn herself; she had done it in a way such as she believed would displease him. 'I thought he would feel it less if he were angry,' she said. 'I often wished in my desolation I could feel angry.' She told me his name; and I promised to make inquiries. I had fortunately the opportunity.

I had the pleasure to tell her, that he had made the greatest efforts to find her out, but in vain; that he had remained unmarried and constant to her memory; that what had happened had given a new turn to his character. Habits of dissipation, which had been gradually acquiring power over him, had been entirely broken through. He had accepted an office in a distant colony, where he was leading a most useful and meritorious life. Never shall I forget the glow of joy that illuminated her face when I told her so. She looked already as if she had entered into the higher and more glorious existence!

—“I shall not see him again,” said she; ‘but you will write to him and tell him all. You will say that I died true and blest, because he was what he was; and that I bade him a fond adieu, until we should meet again in a better world. For, O! we shall meet again; I have a testimony within, which will not deceive me!’

“She then reverted to her father.

“‘He will come back,’ she said; ‘you will see that he will come back, and he will inquire what is become of me — why his child has forgotten him and is silent. It will be the silence and forgetfulness of the grave. Perhaps he will come back as he went; his heart yet unchanged; defying and despairing. Tell him *not* — be patient with him, good kind friend, for my sake. There is good in him — good he knows not of, himself;

that nobody knows of, but his loving child, and the God who made him — weak and erring as he is. Tell him, he must no more be weak and erring; tell him there is forgiveness for all who will return at last, but that forgiveness supposes newness of life. Tell him —”

The sentence was unfinished by the lady, for he who listened fell prostrate on his face upon the floor.

They raised him up; but his heart seemed broken. He neither moved nor spoke. Life, however, was not extinct; for in this condition he remained many days.

They could not keep him where he was, for this benevolent institution was strictly devoted to women of the more refined orders. He was carried to a Hospital. There was nowhere else to carry him.

Seven days he lay without speaking; but not absolutely senseless. The spirit within him was at work. In his worst days he had never wanted energy. His heart was ever strong for good or for bad. What passed within him, in those seven days, was between his soul and the Highest. He came out of his death-trance an altered creature.

The once handsome, dashing, profane, luxurious Julian Winstanley, looked now a very old, old man. Quite grey, very thin, and stooping much. From that time, he continued to earn his bread honestly, as an attendant in the very hospital where he had

been recovered. He had a little room to himself, and it was filled with certain simple treasures, hallowed by his recollections.

His patient and tender attendance upon the sick, his assiduous discharge of all his duties, was beyond praise.

One day, a man who had risen to a very high post in one of our colonies, came to visit him. The two were long together. When they parted, it was evident that both had wept much.

The old man, after that, faded rapidly. One morning they found him dead in bed. His hands were clasped together, as if he had departed in the act of prayer. He lies buried in a neighbouring churchyard, under a simple mound of earth, such as covers the humblest and the poorest.

He had left behind him a scarp of paper, earnestly imploring that so it might be. So it was. May God forgive us all!

THE WONDERS OF NAILS AND SCREWS.

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago our fathers were told, by a man of high character whose testimony could not be doubted, that he had himself seen several boys, under twenty years of age, each of whom could make two thousand three hundred nails in a day. This gentleman — Adam Smith — explained that, to produce so surprising a result, these boys must have passed their whole lives in

nail-making; for that a smith, who had been pretty well accustomed to making nails but not wholly devoted to it, could not make more than from eight hundred to one thousand in a day; while a smith who could handle his tools cleverly but was unused to making nails, could not turn out more in a day than two or three hundred. The making of nails, Adam continues, is by no means a simple operation: he tells how the bellows have to be blown, and the fire mended, and the iron heated, and every part of the nail forged; and how the tools have to be changed when the head comes to be shaped. Considering all this, it seemed, in 1776 (when this account was published), a wonderful example of dexterity, that young people should be able, with due effort, to make two thousand three hundred nails in a day.

That year seems not so very long ago: 1776 was the date of the American declaration of independence: and we are fond of saying how extremely young a nation is that of the United States. It is the date of our compulsory permission to that young nation to take care of itself, and to see what it could do by its own faculties. It has done a great many wonderful things; and, among others, it has invented, and sent over to us, a machine by which boys can make more nails in a day than our readers would remember, if we were to set down the long row of figures. These Americans used to buy our nails, made in the

way that Adam Smith describes. But in a few years, they found they had the iron and coal, and the heads and hands necessary for making steam-engines and nail-cutting machines — all at home: and instead of taking our nails, they have shown us how to make so many, that, if the same number were made in the old way, it would take half the nation to accomplish the work.

We do not want all these nails ourselves. Of the smallest kind of nail (tacks), some are still made on the anvil; and those are probably for home use. They must be regarded as a humble manufacture, remaining from old times, on account of the expense of the new machinery. The establishment we saw, the other day, at Birmingham, makes twenty tons of nails per week, of all sizes together; that is, about four tons of the largest size commonly made — six inches long — and sixteen tons of other sizes, descending to the little tack which measures only three-sixteenths of an inch. No one can tell precisely how many are made in the kingdom, because there are numerous small manufacturers in the inland towns, whose sales are not ascertainable. But it is supposed that Birmingham alone may supply two hundred tons a week; and the whole kingdom, perhaps, five hundred tons. Now let the imagination follow this; — let us think of a handful of tacks, or the household box of nails, and follow these up to the pound, and the hundred-weight, and the twenty

hundred-weights which make a ton, and think of five hundred of these tons, as a weekly supply; and we shall be full of wonder as to what becomes of such heaps of uncountable masses of nails.

The fact is, we send them very far over the world; even to Australia, where they are wanted in large quantities by the growing people there, who are always building more and more houses, and edifices of other kinds. We send vast quantities to the German ports, whence they spread over the interior of the continent. Canada is too near the United States to need any supply from us; and, indeed, there is nail-making going on at Montreal, which nearly satisfies the wants of that colony.

The sheets of iron brought as material to the establishment which we saw at Birmingham are six feet in length and two in width. These have to be cut into strips. The strips must not be cut the long way of the sheet, because that would bring the grain of the iron (for even iron has a grain) the wrong way for the nail, and a bad article would be produced, as surely as the wrist-bands of a shirt would look ill, and soon wear out, if they were cut the wrong way of the linen. As the nails are cut across the strip of iron, the strip must be cut across the sheet. Thus, it is clear the nails will be cut from the long way of the sheet.

As for the width of the strip, it must be somewhat more than the

length of the nail, because the head must be allowed for. The longest nail that has been made in these machines is one of nine inches. A strip which is to make inch nails, must be an inch and one-eighth in width. It is a marvellous thing to see the cutting of these strips, which might seem to be thin pasteboard, but for the noise they make in falling. The hidden steam-engine turns the wheels of the shearing-machine. The iron plate is held to it, the edge put into a groove, and off comes the strip, as quick as thought. It is, in fact, cut from end to end, and not struck off with one blow; but the process is too rapid for the eye to follow — the machine making fifty revolutions in a minute. Thus, these iron ribbons are rained down at the rate of nearly one, every second of time.

Now we have the strips. How many nails will each yield? The number that must be got is two hundred and forty small tacks, or, if of the six-inch size, one hundred and twenty; the other sizes ranging between. It would be impossible to get this number, if one edge of the strip was to yield all the heads, and the other edge all the points. There would be much fewer nails, and a great waste of iron. The strip must be turned for the cutting of each nail, that the slope made by cutting the narrow part of the last, may serve for the broad edge of the next. This incessant turning of the strip is the one thing which the workman has to do. His machine ac-

tually does all the rest, and without failure or pause. Before each machine stands a rest — a good deal like what soldiers used to carry in the days of matchlocks, to rest their pieces on. It is like a large two-pronged fork set on end, prongs uppermost, and moveable in its socket. Taking hold of his strip of cold iron with a pair of long pincers, very like tongs, the boy lodges it across this fork, and proceeds to feed the machine with the metal which it is rapidly to digest into nails. A most vigorous and certain process of digestion it is. There is a sharp steel tooth at what may be called the mouth of the machine, the ledge on which the strip is laid. The tooth doubles back, like the fang of a rattlesnake, and, in doing so, it allows a sharp blade to fall, and slice off a nail. While the boy is turning the strip, the severed bit drops into a groove, where a pair of nippers seizes it by the point, and another advances from behind to strike and hold the shank. The point and shank being thus formed and held fast, a hammer comes on, driven from the right hand, to form the head. The severe blow which forms the head, releases the point and shank, and the finished nail slides down an inclined plane into a trough below. This process of forming the nail goes on in the dark — in a space below the cutting apparatus — in the stomach to which the mouth has sent down the aliment. But never was such quick digestion known in any kind of

stomach, for it is empty between the mouthfuls. While the boy is turning his strip, and the blade is cutting it, the nail is dismissed from the groove — finished, head and point; but only finished as to form. It has still to be annealed; — that is, to be roasted, baked, stoned, — call it what you will. The nails are shovelled into square iron pans, with a chemical mixture, and thoroughly baked. When they come out, they are shaken in a sieve with sawdust; when cool, they are weighed, and made up into parcels, or put into cases or sacks of "Dudley muslin;" as the coarsest and strongest of packing-fabrics is ironically called.

The premises used for this manufacture need not be large. The machinery occupies a very small space. A small Pembroke table fills more width than a single machine; and the machines may be placed as near together as will merely leave room to pass. The steam-engine must be accommodated; and there must be an apartment or two for the repair or making of the machinery. The annealing, and cooling, and weighing, and packing can be done in a shed and yard. Adam Smith's young acquaintances would have wanted the whole site of Birmingham — for their forges, to make as many nails as go forth from the premises we saw. So compact is the space required, that one man attends to four machines. He is called a "minder." He engages a boy for each machine, and sees that it is properly

fed. The "minder" is paid by the hundred-weight, for all sizes of nails, except tacks, which are paid by the thousand. It is calculated that one hundred-weight contains about fifty thousand nails of all sizes. If so, the quantity of nails formed in a year, in this one apartment, is no less than a thousand and forty millions! When we see the stroke given, which makes the head, we cannot but wonder where the nail will next be struck on the head; — whether in some shed on the banks of the Danube, or in the cabin of some peasant on the bleak plains of Russia, or in some Indian bungalow, or in a cattle-fold on the grassy levels of Australia, or in some chalêt on the Alps, or on the brink of some mine high up in the Andes, or under the palm-roof of some missionary chapel in the South Sea islands. As the nails are snipped off and fashioned, much faster than the nimblest fingers can snip paper, it is wonderful to think how they will be spread over the globe, nowhere meeting, probably, with a single person who will think of where their heads were last struck; unless one of them should be floated, in some piece of wreck, to the feet of some Robinson Crusoe, who will start at this trace of a man's hand, and seem to hear once more the pant of the steam-engine, and all the sounds of busy toil, and the voices of men, for which his ear and his heart are thirsting. What would he not give to be a "minder" where that nail was made? — or

the humblest helper on the premises, so that he might work among his fellow men?

The "minder" has it in his power to enjoy all the best things of life, if he so pleases. He easily earns from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty pounds a year. But, unfortunately, he reckons his wages by the week. If clergymen and others — who would be glad of his income — did so, they might make less of their small means than they do; the weekly surplus being a constant temptation to spend. And too truly, too sadly, it is so with the "minder," with an exception here and there. If he receives five pounds a week for months together, and pays away nearly, or quite half, to the four boys below him, keeping fifty shillings or more for himself; and if the machinery has to stop for a few days, he is sure to borrow money of his employer. After years of constant employment and good health, if he falls sick, he has not a shilling beforehand. This story has been told before — often before — and it must be told again now — and often again — till the workman learns to accept that welfare from himself which he is too apt to expect from law or society, which can effectually help only those who help themselves.

In a neighbouring manufactory, which would seem to require the strength of hard-handed men, we find women employed in the proportion of ten to one: and of that

one portion, many are boys. The manufacture is that of screws; steel, brass, copper, and a few of silver. From the smallest screws required for putting together the nicest philosophical instruments, to the heavy bolt-screws which sustain the wear and tear of mighty steam-engines, we find here specimens of all sorts and sizes. The forging must be done by men, of course: and here we find the anvil, and the glowing furnace (fed by the steam-engine), and see the great square heads of bolt-screws beaten while at a white or red heat.

The coils of wire, of different thicknesses, of which the screws are made, come from the wire-drawers. They have been made by drawing the heated iron through holes in hardened steel plates. The smaller kinds of wire are drawn, by a hard mechanical gripe, through smaller and smaller holes, till they become of the thickness required. Then the wire is brought to the screw manufactory; and there we see it lying about in shining coils. One end of a coil is presented to a machine worked by boys or women; when we see the end seized, and drawn forward, and snipped off the proper length, the snip falling, hot, into a pan of saw-dust below. Women are preferred to boys for this work. Their attention is more steady, and they are more careful of their own flesh and blood. Boys are apt to make mischief; and, if they look off their work, it is too likely that they may

lose their finger-ends. It is in this department of the business that most of the accidents happen. It is more satisfactory to see the lads filing the circular saws used in making the machinery, or in other processes where they have not do deal with such inexorable powers as those which cut or stamp the metal.

The heads of the bits of steel are next stamped by machinery, and delivered over to women to have the heads polished. There is nice fingering required here; and, to do it, we see rows of women, who earn from five to twelve shillings per week, each attending a machine of her own. She presents the head of the screw to a vice, which seizes it and carries it to a flying wheel, which smooths and polishes it; and it comes out in an instant, brightened with that radiating polish which we observe in the head of a finished screw. All the while, a yellowish ugly liquid is dropping upon the metal, and upon the work-woman's fingers, from a can above. It is a mixture of soap-suds and oil, which dribbles from a spout, and keeps the metal from becoming too hot for the touch.

We have now the shank of the screw, and its neat polished head: but there is no slit in the head wherein to insert the screw-driver; and the shank is plain and blunt. The next thing is to "nick" the head. This part of the business used to be done by working the "nicking" machine with treadles. By the modern method, a barrel—

somewhat like that of a barrel-organ, but pierced with holes, instead of being stuck over with upright bits of wire — resolves slowly, so that every row of holes is brought under the line of a cleaver, which descends to make the cleft across the heads of the screws in a row beneath. It is the business of the steam-engine to turn the barrel, and send down the cleaver: it is that of the women to stick the screws into the holes in the barrel, — as they would put pins in rows into a pincushion. They do this with quickness and dexterity, as the empty holes come up; and the notched screws fall out by their own weight, on the other side, as it descends with the revolution of the barrel.

This is all very well, as far as it goes: but the shank is still plain and blunt, and perfectly useless. The grand operation of "worming" remains. This also is women's work; and we may see one hundred and twenty women at a time busy about it. The soap-suds and oil are still dropping upon their fingers and their work; and the job looks anything but a tidy one, while we regard the process alone. But it is different when we stand aside, and survey the room. Then we see that these six score women are neatly dressed; hair smooth, or cap clean — handkerchief or little shawl nicely crossed over, and fastened behind; faces healthy, and countenances cheerful. These women are paid by piecework; and they can easily earn ten shillings

per week. Their business still is to feed the machinery—to present the heads of the screws to a vice which seizes them, and carries them forward—then back again, and again forward—as often as is necessary to have the worming made deep enough. As the shank is pressed, in its passage forward, against the cutter which grooves out the steel between the “thread,”—which, in other words, “worms” it,—the filings curl away and drop off, like so much wood, or rasped cheese-rind. It is wonderful to see this rasping of steel. But we were informed that there will be something hereafter more curious still to be seen. On these premises, there is at work now some machinery which is shut up from prying eyes, by which the shank is picked up, wormed, and dropped, without being touched by human hands: and strange it must be to see the screw, not a quarter of an inch long, picked up by a metallic gripe, and the largest—massive and heavy as they are—carried onward, again, and again, and again, as the depth of their worming requires.

After this comes the cooking in sawdust; and the drying and bolting (as a Miller would say) of the finished screws in sieves; and the counting, and the packing. They are counted by weight, of course. The packing is a pretty affair. A nimble-fingered woman throws down half-a-dozen or more screws, according to size, on a square paper, the heads lying all one way; and then the same

number, with the heads lying the other way, and the shanks falling between the first. Then the same number are laid across; and so the pile is built up into a square, which is kept compact by the wall of round heads on all the four sides. The paper is folded over, and the square packet is passed to a neighbour, to be tied up. With a dexterous twist of the string she fastens on a specimen screw, ties the knot, and passes on the packet—to be sent to Germany, or almost anywhere in the world where men are screwing anything together—always excepting the United States. Very few are sent there; for, as we were again told here, America rivals us, or, as would be said across the Atlantic, “America flogs the world” in screw-making. There are eight houses in Birmingham employed in this manufacture: and this was all we could learn of the amount of production. No one seems to know how many are made in England; for no one can tell what proportion the produce of the little manufactories bears to these larger ones.

Seeing whole bins full of steel filings, and copper, and brass, we inquired what became of them. They are sold; the steel being worth little, and the brass much. The brass comes in at the cost of ninepence per pound; and the refuse goes out, as filings, at fivepence per pound. After the noise and dirt of the earlier processes—the oily wheels, the greasy candles in dark places, the smutty forge, and the yellow dropping from the

cans, there is something pleasant in the aspect of the last stages; — the barrels of shining brass filings; the quiet light room where two or three neat women are fingering polished screws, surrounded by drab and brown paper, while behind them are compartments completely covering the wall, filled with their square drab packets.

As we turned away from the hundreds of women thus respectably earning their bread, we could but hope that they would look to it that there was no screw loose in their household ways, that the machinery of their daily life might work as truly and effectually as that dead mechanism which is revolving under their care, for so many hours of every day. It is much to see dead mechanism producing strength and convenience, in a flow as constant as that of the stream from the cavern in the rock: but it is much more to see vital comfort and beauty issuing from an intelligent daily industry, which works on behalf, not of vanity and wasteful pleasure, but of home.

WANTED, AN ORGANIST!

THE church organ had, for years, been the great musical anxiety of the parochial district of Twirlington. It was a "Father Smith;" had seen its best days; and, to use the idiom of Captain O'Sullivan, bothered the organist entirely. If he played on the full organ, people complained that the shrill

sesquialtra drowned their voices. If he played on the diapasons, or the choir organ, people could hear nothing, and could not follow the tune. If he used the swell, it jerked the people into the middle of the next verse. One half the congregation said the organ wanted power; the other half thought it too loud. The first half thought there was too much music in the service; the second half declared that the Litany and responses ought to be chanted, as at St. Bell's Church, Oxford Place, Cambridge Street. The only matter they agreed in, was in worrying the organist, and in determining not to spend a shilling on the organ to make it better.

After some seven or eight years of badgering, the organist gave up his situation, very much impaired in health, and reduced in spirits to a state of chronic melancholia. The vicar had contrived to get the parish into debt, for certain repairs and alterations of the church by a contract, the terms of which few of the rate-payers understood; and, having made a sort of composition with a wealthy tallow-chandler for the settlement of the contract, the tallow-chandler's daughter was quietly inducted into the vacant situation. Nobody understood anything about the reasons for the choice, except that Miss Kidd was an indifferent pianist, and that her father was a sort of bill-discounter, and had a great deal of property, together with six votes in all parochial elec-

tions. Although the vicar's "set" were satisfied, people of taste became angry.

Matters, however, went on as usual. The vicar, the Reverend Prebend Shuckscuttle preached as heavily, and spent the same number of months in the country, as of old. The new organist's style was execrable, and her touch unsteady. She took a long time to forget that an organ was not a stringed instrument; and, instead of holding down the keys to sustain the sounds of the longer notes, brought out the fine old psalm tunes in short puffs of the most aggravating *staccato*. To increase the tortures of the Twirlington amateurs, Miss Kidd's brothers, sisters, and intimate friends, got up such a powerful choir, that while it advantageously drowned the organ, it bawled down the voices of the congregation. The service itself was neither cathedral nor parochial; but a clumsy medley of both. One set of psalms were chanted, and others read, without even a rubrical reason for the distinction. The choir, destitute alike of taste or training, sang the penitential and thanksgiving psalms with the same deafening, but unsteady, vigour. The whole performance, vocal and instrumental, seemed to consist of a series of jerks, which made people tremble for the organ case and the organ gallery. One beautiful feature throughout, was the compact uniformity of the whole service; for no one could detect the slightest variation in the import of the words, or in the character of the melodies.

The Reverend Prebend Shuckscuttle cared very little about things in general, and still less about music. He hated the pedal pipes at St. Doncaster cathedral, because they burred over his head while he dozed through the afternoon cathedral prayers; and he had an indistinct notion of the musical profession as being made up respectively of organists, of people who gave lessons, and of theatrical performers. Fog, the junior churchwarden, made a bother now and then, but he was afraid of the vicar; and Stegg, the senior, or vicar's churchwarden, never said anything but what the vicar said about anything.

Just about this time, the Reverend Epitaph Bronze threw the neighbouring parish of Foxglove-upon-Willows into a fearful turmoil, by suddenly turning to the East, cutting down his ample shirt collar to the even dimensions of a hoop, and opening an extensive account for wax candles with Mr. Kidd, senior. People began to draw invidious comparisons; and, it was soon currently reported that the Kidd family supplied both parishes with candles, and that their hearts turned towards Rome. Miss Kidd's supposed religion gave more offence than her bad playing; and the vicar stood attainted with the charge of bringing in a Roman

Catholic organist, to serve matters of private convenience.

But the Reverend Prebend Shuckscuttle was not easily put out of his way. He evaded the pertinent questions of influential individuals, and took care never to listen to those of the mediocracy. As to interfering with the organ, "he could not think of putting the parish to any expense."

At length, fortunately for the Twirlington parish, the Bishop of Smithering rewarded the Reverend Prebend Shuckscuttle for having a great deal of money, by giving him a great deal more, in the rich living of Duggenfield West. A successor was appointed immediately. This gentleman was an active and pleasant sort of man, liked things properly done, and began to remedy much of his predecessor's mismanagement. Miss Kidd troubled him sadly. He could not get rid of her, because the appointment was understood to be permanent; although a nominal re-election was kept up every Easter Monday. He was, moreover, too much the gentleman to interfere with a female under any circumstances. He, however, quietly cashiered the choir, and compelled Miss Kidd to content herself with the charity children.

But the Kidd family were bent upon singing somewhere; and, not content with appearing in the chorus of the Royal Society of Cecilian Amateurs, they transferred their vocal strength to an unmitigated and undisguised Ro-

man Catholic chapel in the neighbourhood, and with which the patriarch of the Kidds had recently made a most advantageous contract for wax lights. Miss Kidd suddenly discovered that she had been guilty of great moral impropriety in leading the psalmody of a Protestant Church, while her heart was in Rome; and, to quiet the pangs of a smitten conscience, she "went over" — but didn't return one penny of the Protestant salary she had been receiving.

Mr. Twirk, the musical authority of Twirlington, had just returned from the Continent, bringing with him several scores of Corelli, most beautifully transcribed by an Italian *maestro*, two violins of fabulous ages, and a plan and programme of the contents of about half the continental organ-cases. Being personally acquainted with the new vicar, the state of the church organ attracted his attention at once. A subscription was gradually opened. Meanwhile a violent dispute arose respecting the person to be elected to the situation vacated by the secession of Miss Kidd. Several candidates appeared, but three only had a chance of success.

Mr. Nicolas Newborn was the "favourite" with the evangelical ladies. He brought great recommendations for piety from two Dissenting preachers and one Church of England clergyman; but his musical testimonials were mostly from unknown members of the profession.

Mr. Thomas Brogue was a clumsy, thickset, ill-dressed man, whose chief recommendation appeared to be that he really did not want the situation. Good living, and the lazy ease enjoyed from a little private property, and in his office of secretary to the Twirlington Literary Institution, had produced an amount of gout which rendered him incapable of performing, except occasionally, at the church at which he was already engaged. His playing was of the heavy style, but without much dignity. He never touched the pedals, by reason of the gout; but groaned away upon the lower manual, till the melody was confused in his indistinct grovelling for correct basses; which he seldom found. His performances, in short, were a musical edition of his personal appearance — heavy and confused.

The third popular candidate was an "harmonious blacksmith." He was a quiet, sober, honest man, and made a fair living by shoeing horses, and other farrier's work. Few people disliked him; and he was known to possess an excellent ear for music. But his education was totally insufficient for the situation. He could play a mild extemporaneous voluntary with taste and some finish; and he combined the stops neatly. But of the Church services he knew little, and was not a safe "timist." He was largely a favourite with the plebeian portion of the community.

Canvassing, questioning, pro-

missing, declining, equivocating, "seeing about it," considering, persuading, regretting having promised — and all the other forms and ceremonies connected with election matters, were going on most actively. Plenty of spleen, endless ill-nature, invidious comparisons, personal allusions, and indirect sarcasms, were distributed with copious freedom in the parochial district of Twirlington. The vicar was tired of the matter, and, foreseeing that there was little chance of getting a good player, declined interfering. Mr. Twirk was in agonies.

Suddenly, circulars appeared, announcing that Mr. Sebastian Bach Schulze, sub-organist to St. Doncaster, intended contesting the election. He was a pleasant man of thirty, and seemed master of every instrument he touched. His popularity began to be great among the musical portion of the congregation. Twirl took him by the hand energetically, and introduced him to all the musical parties in the parish. The new candidate began to shake the confidence of the respective patrons in the other three. The system of "trial" determined on was as follows: — Each candidate was to perform the service for a Sunday, and they were then to play against one another on a certain day. After this, there was to be a fortnight's canvass, and then the "tug of war."

Sunday, and Sunday, and Sunday confirmed the now rising impression respecting the inefficien-

cy of the three previous candidates, and people began to be anxious for the new candidate's performance. On that auspicious occasion, Mr. Twirk accompanied Schulze into the loft, and offered to manage the stops for him. But Mr. Sebastian Bach Schulze knew his business too well for that.

In the Twirlington, as in most of Father Smith's organs, the diapasons and octave stops were clear, rich, and melodious; and the swell, which was of later addition, was — when properly managed — tolerably good. Want of bass was the grand mischief, and a single octave of pedal-pipes to GG, ill compensated for the unevenness of a manual bass in short octaves, running in the following whimsical rotation, GG, CC, CC sharp, tuned to AA, DD, and so on. The easy manner in which Schulze sate at the instrument, contrasted with the paroxysmatic jerks of the previous performers, would have satisfied any one that he was a master. Firm, marked, and distinct; faultless in time, mellow, and subdued in tone, his playing was at once artistic and church-like. His concluding voluntary developed powers that no one had believed could be elicited from the old, abused Twirlington organ. All the other players had cried out against the instrument, and made it bear the blame of their incompetency. Mr. Schulze said very little, but sketched out a plan of improvement.

The people of good taste or impartiality had made up their

minds to vote for the new candidate. But there were too many opinions in Twirlington, to allow merit to have an undivided influence. In the first place, a great number of people resolved to vote for Mr. Nicolas Newborn, because he was "a young man just beginning the world." A greater number did not scruple to designate Mr. Nicolas Newborn with the strong expression that he was a "sanctified humbug," and declared their resolution to vote for Mr. Thomas Brogue, because "they cared nothing about music, and had known him a long time." The farrier's large family was a prepossessing reason for the patronage of mothers; and, the sympathy in his favour was increased by his honest confession of the greater ability of the new candidate. Another set of persons resolved not to vote at all, to avoid giving offence, and another set voted for the old candidates, because they "didn't want the church turned into an Opera House."

Meanwhile Mr. Twirk had secured for his friend all the musical interest in Twirlington; in spite of a report, that if Mr. Schulze got the situation, the parish would be plunged into debt and bankruptcy to build a new organ. Another report was, that he was a German Roman Catholic; another, that he was a Calvinist; another, that he was going to be married to a public concert-singer; another, that he knew the Reverend Epitaph Bronze, and that he was going to introduce Gregorian

chants, and Puseyism in general. Fortunately, however, it came out that Mr. Nicolas Newborn had twice been in the county gaol at Slocumb-upon-Thames, for debt; and that his piety was a novelty, only dating from the recent epoch when he gave up skittles. This changed the old maids and Evangelical party, and brought a wonderful accession of strength to the collecting forces of Mr. Sebastian Bach Schulze.

At length the election-day came. The Brogue party made a last effort by calling upon the Twirlingtonians to oppose foreigners and Puseyism,—a call which gave much entertainment to its object and his adherents. Despite the hand-bills, squibs, reports, mis-statements of the poll, and other electioneering manœuvres, Mr. Sebastian Bach Schulze found himself successful. The farrier shook him by the hand, congratulated him with honest sincerity, and went home, a little disappointed, perhaps, but without a shade of ill-feeling.

A few weeks after, a vestry was called to determine on the steps to be taken for the repairs of the organ. Hawks, the upholsterer, declaimed against any such proceeding, because “the music cost too much already.” Shotts, the haberdasher, was for voting fifty pounds, when Mr. Twirk quietly announced that upwards of three hundred pounds had been subscribed by private parties, and that nothing but voluntary offerings were required. Grumbling

and opposition were silenced, and the malcontents relapsed into whispers of Popery, Puseyism, Papistry, Jesuitism, and the Seven Hills.

At last, despite all opposition, “a grand performance on the organ, re-constructed for Twirlington parish church,” was announced by Messrs. Green and Smith, and a large party of amateurs and idlers were assembled at their workshops, on the rough seats “run up” for their accommodation. Mr. Schulze gave a performance that showed not only the player, but the organ. Confining himself wholly to sacred music, he displayed, alternately the sweetness of the portions preserved from the old organ, and the power and scientific appliances of the modernized ones. People wondered when they heard the mellow old diapason pipes blending with the ponderous tones of the new pedal organ. They were surprised to find, that although the power was tripled, nothing seemed noisy. In a word, whilst a large portion of the organ was of some two hundred years’ standing, the superstructure grafted on the old foundation, seemed to have always stood there. Despite the number of couplet-stops, the pedals yielded easily to pressure, and spoke simultaneously with the touch. The pneumatic lever prevented the jerking and wavering of the wind in the pipes, and lightened the touch of the keys.

The Twirlington organ met with equal favour when it once

more appeared in the old gallery. Although it contained nearly double its former number of stops, no one complained of the noise; and although it was susceptible of every variety of change, no one complained that they could not follow its changes with the voice. But this was owing to the organist. Strict in making the instrument subservient to the voice, he made use of the fancy stops sparingly, and then made them serve to give the key-note; for which their purity and distinctness admirably qualified them. Nor did he make the perfect construction of the instrument an excuse for perplexing feats of skill. A quiet, regulated dignity; a judicious blending, not a violent contrast, of light and shade, was the prevailing feature of his playing, and the calm soberness of his style was only equalled by the quietness with which he occupied his seat. The musical services were infinitely improved without any one being bothered with out-of-the-way changes. The Brogue party felt that they had only placarded their ignorance, and kept silent in the vestry on subsequent Easter Mondays, when the reappointment of the organist was mooted.

The "harmonious blacksmith" often gets a quiet practice on the grand organ, by the sociable permission of Mr. Schulze, and often expresses his delight that the best player was chosen. Mr. Twirk is one of Schulze's best pupils, and is a greater musical lion than ever.

SUCKING PIGS.

As we both preach and practise Temperance according to the English signification of the word, and as we have lately observed with ashes on our head that one or two respected models of that virtue have been thrown into an ill-humour by our publication on Whole Hogs, we trust they will be soothed by our present reference to the milder and gentler class of swine: which *may* become Whole Hogs if they live, but which we fear are but a measly description of Pork, extremely likely to be cut off in their Bloom.

The accidental use of the foregoing flowery expression, brings us to the subject of our present observations: namely, that last tender and innocent offspring of Whole Hogs, on which has been bestowed the name of BLOOMERISM.

It is a confession of our ignorance which we make with feelings of humiliation, but when the existence of this little porker first became known to us, we supposed its name to have been conferred upon it in right of its fresh and gushing nature. We have since learnt, not without impressions of solemnity, that it is admiration's tribute to "MRS. COLONEL BLOOMER," of the United States of America. What visions rise upon our mind's eye, as our fancy contemplates that eminent lady, and the Colonel in whose home she is a well-spring of joy, we will

here make no ineffectual endeavour to describe.

Neither will we enter upon the great question of the Rights of Women; whether Majors, Captains, Lieutenants, Ensigns, Non-commissioned Officers, or Privates, under Mrs. Colonel Bloomer; or members of any other corps. Personally, we admit that our mind would be disturbed, if our own domestic well-spring were to consider it necessary to entrench herself behind a small table ornamented with a water-bottle and tumbler, and from that fortified position to hold forth to the public. Similarly, we should doubt the expediency of her putting up for Marylebone, or being one of the Board of Guardians for St. Pancras, or serving on a Grand Jury for Middlesex, or acting as High Sheriff of any county, or taking the chair at a Meeting on the subject of the Income-Tax. We think it likely that we might be a little discomfited, if we found her appealing to her sex through the advertising columns of the Times, in such terms as, "Women of the Borough and of Tooley Street, it is for your good that I come among you!" or, "Hereditary bondswomen of Liverpool, know you not, who would be free, themselves must strike the blow!" Assuming (for the sake of argument) our name to be Bellows, we would rather that no original proceeding, however striking, on the part of Mrs. Bellows, led to the adoption, at the various minor theatres and in the Christmas pan-

tomimes, of the Bellows Costume; or to the holding at any public assembly-rooms of a Bellows Ball; or to the composition of countless Bellows Polkas; or to the publication of a ballad (though a pleasing melody with charming words, and certain to become a favourite) entitled, "I should like to be a Bellows!" In a word, if there were anything that we could dispense with in Mrs. Bellows above all other things, we believe it would be a Mission. We should put the question thus to Mrs. Bellows. "Apple of our eye, we will freely admit your inalienable right to step out of your domestic path into any phase of public appearance and palaver that pleases you best; but we doubt the wisdom of such a sally. Beloved one, does your sex seek influence in the civilised world? Surely it possesses influence therein to no mean extent, and has possessed it since the civilised world was. Should we love our Julia (assuming, for the sake of argument, the Christian name of Mrs. Bellows to be Julia), — should we love our Julia better, if she were a Member of Parliament, a Parochial Guardian, a High Sheriff, a Grand Juror, or a woman distinguished for her able conduct in the chair? Do we not, on the contrary, rather seek in the society of our Julia, a haven of refuge from Members of Parliament, Parochial Guardians, High Sheriffs, Grand Jurors, and able chairmen? Is not the home-voice of our Julia as the song of a bird,

after considerable bow-wow-ing out of doors? And is our Julia certain that she has a small table and water-bottle Mission round the corner, when here are nine (say, for the sake of argument, nine) little Bellowses to mend, or mar, at home? Does our heart's best treasure refer us to the land across the Atlantic for a precedent? Then let us remind our Julia, with all respect for the true greatness of that great country, that it is not generally renowned for its domestic rest, and that it may have yet to form itself for its best happiness on the domestic patterns of other lands." Such would be, in a general way, the nature of our ground in reasoning the point with Mrs. Bellows; but we freely admit all this to be a question of taste.

To return to the sucking pig, Bloomerism. The porcine likeness is remarkable in many particulars. In the first place, it will not do for Mrs. Bellows to be a Budder or a Blower. She must come out of that altogether, and be a Bloomer. It is not enough for Mrs. Bellows to understand that the Bloomer costume is the perfection of delicacy. She must further distinctly comprehend that the ordinary evening dress of herself and her two eldest girls (as innocent and good girls as can be) is the perfection of *indel*icacy. She must not content herself with defending the Bloomer modesty. She must run amuck, and slander in the new light of her advanced refinement, customs that to our

coarse minds are harmless and beautiful. What is not indicated (in something of the fashion of a ship's figure-head) through the tight medium of a Bloomer waistcoat, must be distinctly understood to be, under any other circumstances, absolutely shocking to persons of true refinement.

What is the next reason for which Mrs. Bellows is called upon, in a strong-minded way, to enrol herself a Bloomer? Tight lacing has done a deal of harm in the world; and Mrs. Bellows cannot by any possibility leave off her stays, or lace them loosely, without Blooming all over, from head to foot. In this will be observed the true Whole Hog philosophy. Admitting (what, of course, is obvious to every one) that there can be no kind of question as to the universality among us of this custom of tight lacing; admitting that there has been no improvement since the days of the now venerable caricatures, in which a lady's figure was always represented like an hour-glass or a wasp; admitting that there has been no ray of enlightenment on this subject; that marriageable Englishmen invariably choose their wives for the smallness of their waists, as Chinese husbands choose theirs for the smallness of their feet; that portrait painters always represent their beauties in the old conventional stays; and that the murderous custom of tight whale-boning and lacing is not confined to a few ignorant girls here and there, probably under the direction of some

dense old woman in velvet, the weight of whose gorgeous turban would seem to have settled on her brain and addled her understanding; — admitting all this, which is so self-evident and clear, the next triumphant proposition is, that Mrs. Bellows cannot come out of a pair of stays, without instantly going into a waistcoat, and can by no human ingenuity be set right about the waist, without standing pledged to pantaloons gathered and tied about the ankles.

It further appears, that when Mrs. Bellows goes out for a walk in dirty weather, she splashes her long dress and spoils it, or raises it with one hand and wounds the feelings of Mrs. Colonel Bloomer to an insupportable extent. Now, Mrs. Bellows may not, must not, cannot, will not, shall not, shorten her long dress, or adopt any other mode that her own ingenuity (and she is a very ingenious woman) may suggest to her of remedying the inconvenience; but she must be a Bloomer, a whole Bloomer, and nothing but a Bloomer, or remain for ever a Slave and a Pariah.

And it is a similar feature in this little pig, that even if Mrs. Bellows chooses to become, of her own free will and liking, a Bloomer, that won't do. She must agitate, agitate, agitate. She must take to the little table and water-bottle. She must go in to be a public character. She must work away at a Mission. It is not enough to do right for right's sake. There can be no satisfaction for Mrs. Bellows, in satisfy-

ing her mind after due reflection that the thing she contemplates is right, and therefore ought to be done, and so in calmly and quietly doing it, conscious that therein she sets a righteous example which never can in the nature of things be lost and thrown away. Mrs. Bellows has no business to be self-dependent, and to preserve a quiet little avenue of her own in the world, begirt with her own influences and duties. She must discharge herself of a vast amount of words, she must enlist into an Army composed entirely of Trumpeters, she must come (with the Misses Bellows) into a resounding Spartan Hall for the purpose. To be sure, however, it is to be remarked, that this is the noisy manner in which all great social deeds have been done. Mr. Howard, for example, put on a shovel hat turned up with sky-blue fringe, the moment he conceived the humane idea of his life, and (instead of calmly executing it) ever afterwards perpetually wandered about, calling upon all other men to put on shovel hats with sky-blue fringe, and declare themselves Howardians. Mrs. Fry, in like manner, did not tamely pass her time in Jails, devoted with unwavering steadiness to one good purpose, sustained by that good purpose, by her strong conscience, and her upright heart, but restlessly went up and down the earth, requiring all women to come forward and be Fryars. Grave Darling, her heroic action done, never retired (as the vulgar

suppose) into the solitary Lighthouse which her father kept, content to pass her life there in the discharge of ordinary unexciting duties, unless the similar peril of a fellow-creature should rouse her to similar generous daring; but instantly got a Darling medal struck and made a tour through the Provinces, accompanied by several bushels of the same, by a table, water-bottle, tumbler, and money-taker, and delivered lectures calling on her sex to mount the medal — pledge themselves, with three times three, never to behold a human being in danger of drowning without putting off in a boat to that human being's aid — and enrol themselves Darlings, one and all.

We had it in our contemplation, in beginning these remarks, to suggest to the troops under the command of Mrs. Colonel Bloomer, that their prowess might be usefully directed to the checking, rather than to the encouragement, of masquerade attire. As for example, we observe a certain sanctimonious waistcoat breaking out among the junior clergy of this realm, which we take the liberty to consider by far the most incensing garment ever cut: calculated to lead to breaches of the peace, as moving persons of a temperament open to aggravating influences, to seize the collar and shake off the buttons. Again, we cannot be unmindful of the popularity, among others of the junior clergy, of a meek, spare, large-buttoned, long-skirted, black

frock coat, curiously fastened at the neck round a smooth white band; two ordinary wearers of which cassock we beheld, but the other day, at a Marriage Ceremony whereunto we had the honour to be bidden, mysteriously and gratuitously emerge during the proceedings from a stage-door near the altar, and grimly make motions at the marriage-party with certain of their right-hand fingers, resembling those which issued from the last live Guy Fawkes whom we saw carried in procession round a certain public place at Rome. Again, some clerical dignitaries are compelled (therefore they are to be sympathised with, and not condemned) to wear an apron: which few unaccustomed persons can behold with gravity. Further, Her Majesty's Judges at law, than whom a class more worthy of all respect and honour does not live, are required on most public occasions, but especially on the first day of term, to maintain an elevated position behind little desks, with the irksome consciousness of being grinned at in the Cheshire manner (on account of their extraordinary attire) by all comers.

Hence it was that we intended to throw out that suggestion of possible usefulness to the Bloomer forces at which we have sufficiently hinted. But on second thoughts we feel no need to do so, being convinced that they already have, as all things in the world are said to have, their use. They serve

To point the moral and adorn the tail of Whole Hogs. In the lineaments of the Sucking Pig, Bloomerism, we observe a kind of miniature, with a new and pleasant absurdity in it, of that family. The service it may help to do, is, to divest the family of what is unreasonable and groundlessly antagonistic in its character—which never can be profitable—and so to strengthen the good that is in it—which is very great.

THE GARDEN OF NUTMEG TREES.

JANZS LEYDEN was as happy and jovial as it was possible for any ordinary Custom-House clerk to be, in the sea-girt, sunny isle of Ceylon. The sleepy, apathetic peons were perfectly taken aback as they watched the ebullition of Dutch mirth that gushed from the person of the little chief clerk. The oldest Custom-House underling did not remember to have seen so much jollity within the dark, dusky walls of that strange, straggling old building; no, not since they were little boys, and first learnt to enjoy betel. Janzs was so elated, that he made a very poor day's work of it, in his large, solitary, prison-like office: he pretended, once or twice, to be deeply immersed in some tables of exports; but it wouldn't do: one column of figures danced about before his eyes, with its *vis-à-vis*, and the totals at the bottom went up the middle and

down again, to the merry country dance, which he could not leave off whistling. When he began a letter, he got to, "It having come to the knowledge of the authorities that certain kegs of brandy have"—he suddenly remembered that the man he was addressing, was hanged for smuggling last October. At last, after nibbling one or two pens, and un-tying and re-tying a few bundles of very neglected and extremely dusty papers with faded red-tape, he gave up the idea of being busy. The truth was, that Janzs was about to be married; that day week was to be the happy period, and as that was the first event of the kind in his life, he conceived himself privileged to be elated, and not altogether fit for office work.

Finding an excuse for closing the Custom-House at an unusually early hour, the chief clerk saw that the establishment (two subordinates, and three peons) had departed and left the old office in proper order; and then, leisurely turning the huge key in the old iron-bound door, gave it to the head peon to deliver to the collector, who was, of course, quietly smoking his pipe in his own verandah. The sentry was seen to, a word exchanged with the corporal of the guard, and Janzs strutted out from under the huge dark archway, which led from the strong fort of Point de Galle towards the suburbs, where many of the better class of burghers then resided. In those days, even the

chief clerk of a public department could not afford to keep a carriage. None, indeed, but the very highest colonial officials could venture on such a piece of extravagance. This may be readily understood, when I mention that the whole of the money salary received by Janzs in one year, did not amount to more than some twenty pounds of our English currency. It is true, there were additions in the shape of fees, and allowances of oil, wood, beef, salt, and other perquisites. Nevertheless, it did not on the whole amount to more than a very decent living for a young single man.

Such being the state of affairs, it cannot be matter for surprise that Janzs should have felt certain doubts about the future rising amidst his happy dreamings, as he wended his way home to his humble low-roofed bungalow; and thence to Katrina, who dwelt with her father not far away on an old Dutch farm.

If Janzs had been happy before, how much was his delight increased when the old Dutchman, his future father-in-law, pointed out to him a fine piece of pasture-ground and woodland which he intended to give him on the wedding-day. Money he had little enough of, but he had some rich land, and the young couple were to be put in possession of some thirty acres, which might, one day, be made to yield a comfortable addition to the clerk's little income. Here was a field for Katrina and Janzs to build hopes

upon. Thirty acres of forest and pasturage! The thing appeared almost too extensive to contemplate in imagination. The Fort of Galle occupied but twenty acres, and was it possible that he, a poor Custom-House clerk, should become the proprietor of half as much more land than was spanned by that sturdy, rambling, old fortress?

The next day, Janzs engaged a canoe to take them both to the identical spot; and after duty — as soon as cargoes of rice, salt-fish, and coir-rope could be hurried through the usual official routine — he hastened from the old dark office, and conducted Katrina to the bank of the river that flows from the lofty mountain peaks, past the Fort of Galle, into the Indian Ocean. Half an hour's navigation, by means of poles, took them to the scene of their speculations. They passed many a pretty retired nook, many green paddy fields and palm topes; many deep shady dells, overtopped by clustering bamboos and towering arekas, where the echo of the cool splashing waterfall was only broken by the low, soft, note of wood-pigeon, or chattering voice of the monkey. They were delighted beyond their fondest expectations with the spot. It was so near to the town; it was so delightfully situated; it was so nicely timbered; why, there were sufficient trees upon it to build half-a-dozen bungalows, and still leave enough for pleasant shade and firewood.

And then the soil! Janzs, it is true, did not understand quite so much about agriculture, as he did of entries and bonds, and registers: but Katrina declared it was magnificent. She had never seen such soil; why, it would grow anything. In short, they both arrived at the conclusion that a handful of copper *challies*, flung broadcast upon the ground on any showery morning, would take root before night, and grow into rix-dollars. Returning home, they indulged in all sorts of wild speculations about the future. Katrina, naturally of an imaginative turn, ventured to hint at a regular farm, cows and all; and Janzs afterwards declared that she even went so far as to suggest a flock of goats; but little Katrina always denied the charge most stoutly. They were to cultivate everything that would be wanted for food or raiment, from chillies for curry up to cotton for dresses. In short, they were to have a little Eden of their own making, where discord and care should never enter; where only sweetest blossoms and flowers and richest fruits should be found; where nothing that was bad, where everything that was good, should be seen. It was to be a bright spot that "Garden by the River."

Well, they were married and were happy, as all young married people are and deserve to be, and let us hope always will be. In Ceylon, amongst the Dutch descendants to this day, it is a common occurrence for young couples

to take up their abode for the first year or two of their married life under the roof of the bride or bridegroom's parents. It may be that economy sometimes renders this prudent; or it may happen that the young wife does not feel quite experience enough to undertake housekeeping all at once, and prefers a little further schooling on many points of domestic details. Be this as it may, it was a common custom in the days I am writing of; and since Janzs was an orphan, they took up their residence with old Lourenz, his new parent. The week of feasting and festivities, and congratulations over, they settled quietly down at the paternal farm, as contentedly and as happily as though it were all their own. The little stream at the bottom of the long lawn that wound round the shrubbery so coaxingly and silently, did not run more smoothly than the current of their new-found existence. Janzs toiled harder than ever at export and import duties, and occasionally expressed regret to the head store-keeper, an old white-headed Malay, that there was not double the quantity of shipping entering the port. At his new home the clerk had little to complain of. Many a sacrifice did old Lourenz make to the comfort of the young couple. Janzs had free and unlimited access to his tobacco-store and his dozen or two of venerable meerschaums. Janzs was allowed one of the oldest and most valuable drinking-horns for his own especial use;

and, moreover, Janzs was permitted to sit, in the cool of the evening, under the same wide-spreading mango-tree, and then, pipe in mouth, fall gently asleep, while Katrina sang an old scrap of a Dutch song, or plied her needle, or drove away the mosquitoes from her father and husband.

Yet with all this, Janzs occasionally felt not quite at ease, and was ungracious enough to vent his restless mood in presence of the father; who heeded not his desire for a little more independence, but quietly refilled his pipe, and settled the question with the unanswerable argument—pooh! pooh! Sometimes the thoughts of that sweet spot of wood and dell by the river-side came across the minds of the young people, and they sighed as they thought of the remote chance of seeing it as they had once hoped. Now and then Janzs thought of raising money upon it, to cultivate a portion at least, and erect a small bungalow; but a stranger to such proceedings, he fancied the scheme was far too wild and visionary for a clerk upon twenty rix-dollars a month to entertain. Each time he sighed, and gave up the idea.

Katrina had observed that her father had of late been absent from the farm more frequently, and for longer intervals, than was his custom; and that, moreover, he smoked more pipes and disposed of more schiedam during the evening, under the mango-

tree, than she ever remembered him to have done at any time of her life. This state of things lasted for a few months. Janzs longed more ardently than ever for emancipation; Katrina sighed for a farm of their own, and the father plied more potently at pipe and dram.

At length old Lourenz told his children that he had a mind to go and see how their little piece of land was looking, and if they would go with him, perhaps they could contrive amongst them all to plan something to be done with it. No second bidding was needed. A large covered canoe was prepared with cushions and mats, and the party started on their visit, taking with them Katrina's younger sister and brother. It was near the end of January—of all months the most agreeable in Ceylon; the evening was so calm, and soft and fragrant; the air appeared to be as though poured down from some other and purer sphere, wafting with it songs of rich melody, and scents of rarest flowers. Nature seemed hushed and wrapped in sweetest peace. The monsters of the forests were at rest. The mountains far away flung their deep, saddening shades o'er many a league of plain: and even restless man looked forth and felt subdued.

Their light and well-manned boat went boldly up the stream, caring very little about the huge trunks of trees that at this time of

year are met with in most Indian rivers, as thick as pebbles in a mill-pond. Torn from their birth-places by inundations, they float down the rapids; until, arrested in their course by some trifling obstacle, they get embedded in the course of the river. The topes and dells and groves appeared to Katrina and her husband more beautiful than ever on that soft evening; and, had not their own loved spot been before them, they would gladly have landed a dozen times, to walk about and admire the romantic scenery. At last a bend of the river took them suddenly to where a rising wood-clad field told of their little domain.

But that could not be their land. Why, it had a beautiful little bungalow on it, and one of the sweetest gardens round it that could be imagined; all fenced and quite complete. There were outhouses, too, and a huge pile of firewood, and a nice winding path right down to the water's edge. Neither Katrina nor her husband could at first believe that they had not halted at the wrong spot: yet there was the huge Jack tree at the landing-place, and there were the yellow bamboos and the green arekas by the little stream that came tumbling down the hill-side like a child at play. Well, they both declared they had never seen such a fairy transformation: it was like a story in some Arabian book — only a great deal better; for it was all true, and would not disappear at daylight,

as many of such things were said to do.

There was no end to the discoveries made by Katrina and her sister, in their rambles over the place; and though all was in a very primitive form, there was the foundation for a thousand comforts, and as many pleasures besides. Old Lourenz seated himself very quietly under a huge bread-fruit tree, and enjoyed his pipe and the contemplation of the happiness he had stealthily bestowed. Labour costs but little in the East; and most of the materials for the building had been found on the spot. Houses are seldom built of brick in Ceylon, even for government use. The best are usually made of "Caboock," a ferruginous clay easily cut from the hill-sides. It is quite soft when found; but quickly hardens on exposure to the air; and in time becomes more solid and enduring than any cement. Much of the work had been performed by the neighbouring villagers, for a little rice or tobacco; so that a great deal had been done for a very little outlay. It seemed, however, to Janzs, as though a little fortune must have been spent upon their land, and he was altogether lost in the contemplation of so much valuable property.

The following week saw them in actual possession, and Janzs taking lessons in farming from Katrina; who assured him that if he worked hard enough, and lived long enough, he would make an

excellent cultivator. By small degrees, and with many kindly helps from friends and relations, the young couple found they had a tolerable establishment growing up in their charge. The clerk, at the risk of blistering his hands, toiled in the open air, morning and evening, whilst Katrina overlooked a brace of coolies, who laboured through the heat of the day. It was quite wonderful to see how things grew and prospered round and about them. No one in the district of Galle produced such delicious plantains as they grew; their poultry was allowed to be remarkably the finest in the valley; their butter the sweetest in the province, and as to bees, none thrived so well as did those of Katrina. What was better still, Janzs had, about this time, an increase to his salary of five rix-dollars a month; so that, on the whole, it might, with truth, be said that they prospered; and indeed they deserved to do so, and no one thought of envying them their humble, quiet happiness.

In this pleasant way a year rolled past. At that time a vessel came into harbour, from one of the Eastern islands, noted for its fine plantations of nutmegs; a cultivation then highly remunerative, but which the jealousy of the Dutch Government rigidly "protected," by carefully reserving it to themselves. The commander of this ship had brought up with him, in a very careful manner, many hun-

dreds of young nutmeg plants, at the request, and for the especial benefit, of the Receiver of Customs at Point de Galle. These were brought on shore in barrels of earth as ship's stores, and left in charge of Janzs; who, shortly afterwards received orders to despatch them to the country-house of his superior. One barrel was presented by the collector to the chief clerk; who, well aware of the great value of the nutmeg tree, conceived himself to be at once on the high-road to fortune.

It would be difficult to paint the satisfaction with which he knocked out the head of the barrel, on its reaching the door of his little bungalow, and feasted his own and Katrina's eyes on the sight of a hundred young nutmeg seedlings. It appeared to him as though a hundred little guardian angels had suddenly condescended to pay him a visit, to take up their abode with him for the remainder of his natural life. But what were they to do with them? Plant them, of course. Yes, but how, and where? Katrina was, for once in her little life, most completely at fault on a point of agriculture; and, it turned out on inquiry, that old Lourenz knew about as much of the proper treatment, agriculturally, of the nutmeg tree as did Janzs, or any of his office peons, or the old bald-headed Buddhist priest who lived across the river.

Great was the satisfaction of the chief clerk and his active wife

to find that one of the sailors of the vessel, which had brought up the plants, understood the mode of culture, and was willing to come out to their farm and put them thoroughly in the way of rearing fine nutmeg trees. Leave was obtained from the skipper, and the sailor was soon installed as hired cultivator under Katrina's own inspection. When Janzs arrived home after the first day's operations, he was astonished to find a number of moderately sized pits dug throughout his best ground, at regular and distant intervals. He was with difficulty persuaded that these gigantic holes were necessary for the reception of the Lilliputian plants. The sailor assured him that unless the holes were made at least five feet deep, and as wide as the outer branches of the future tree were expected to cover, the plant would not thrive. The roots were of the most delicate texture; and, it was only by forming for their reception a roomy bed of light generous earth that they would be enabled to arrive at the vigour necessary for the full nourishment of the tree, and the perfection of abundant crops of fruit. Janzs held up his hands in pure astonishment; but he supposed it was all right, when the two coolies flung basket upon basket full of surface soil, and river mud, and dead leaves and weeds, into these holes; and when the sailor — gently as a nurse with a young infant, placed two seedlings in each hole, a few inches apart, filled in

some more rich loamy earth around them, pressed them softly down, and then finished the ceremony by a copious baptism of river-water from a cocoa-nut shell — Janzs was so pleased with the imposing appearance of the new plantation that he did not heed the sailor's reason for placing the little seedlings in pairs; it was to ensure a sound, healthy plant, the strongest of the couple being left, whilst the more delicate plant was pulled out at the end of the first six months.

This, however, was not all the care that was needed for the young plants. A score of contingencies had to be guarded against. There might be too much sun, or too much wet, or the wind might loosen them and injure the roots. Cattle or wild animals might get at them, and browse on their tender leaves, which would be fatal to them. Insects might prey upon the young shoot or the new bark. So that although, as Katrina was assured, when the trees did survive all these dangers they would be certain to yield a lasting and golden harvest, it would not be without a long trial of watchfulness and care. But she was not easily daunted; the prospect of the future cheered on her little heart against all misgivings. She made the sailor-planter show her how they fenced in the nutmeg trees at Penang and the Moluccas: how they sheltered them from the scorching rays of the noonday sun, and how they protected them from the nocturnal attacks of por-

cupines and wild hogs, by weaving prickly boughs around them on the ground. Katrina felt quite sure that she could manage the whole plantation, and bring every tree to full bearing; and the sailor took his leave, loaded with thanks and homely gifts. Janzs thought himself the luckiest and happiest of Custom-House clerks, to possess such a wife, and such a garden of nutmeg trees.

Years rolled on in Ceylon much as such portions of time are in the habit of doing in other places. They brought with them changes in men and things at the little sturdy fort of Galle, not less than elsewhere. Few changes, perhaps, were more apparent than those which were perceptible in the nutmeg plantation I have described. The little white-washed bungalow had spread forth wings on either side, and front and ends were shadowed by jessamines and roses. Topes of waving cocoa, and sago palms, and broad-leaved bananas flung a grateful shade over the lawn, and the sweet flower garden, and the path to the river-side. The Lilliputian seedlings were no longer there, but in their places rose, proudly and gracefully, a whole forest of bright-leaved, flower-spangled nutmeg trees: and amongst them might be seen, if you looked in the right place, Katrina, still busy, and smiling, and happy, with Janzs by her side, and a group of little rollicking children revelling on the soft green grass. Unwearying care and watchfulness had

wrought wonders with those delicate nutmegs; and now the time had arrived when they were about to reap the rich reward of perseverance and industry. Janzs considered himself, as well he might, a man of some substance. In a year, two, or more, all those beautiful trees would be in full bearing; and if, as they gave promise to do, they bore two or three hundred nuts each, there would be a little fortune for him; a larger yearly revenue than was enjoyed by his superior, the collector of Customs, and all the clerks and peons together.

Fate, however, had decreed that all this was not to be. Those richly promising trees were doomed to an early and sudden death.

I mentioned how the collector had obtained a vast quantity of these young nutmeg plants. There were several thousands of them, and their cultivation had cost him some money, and more trouble. But whether it was that he selected bad land, or had them planted improperly, or neglected them afterwards, there is nothing on record to tell. Certain it is, that his large plantation became a complete failure, much to his vexation. This was no whit lessened, when he learnt, and afterwards witnessed, the entire success of his subordinate Janzs with his little garden of nutmeg trees.

Van Dort, the collector, was a small-minded, mean-spirited creature, as you will soon see. He

brooded over his disappointment for many a long day; until at length, in the very abjectness of his low heart, he thought that if he could not succeed, neither should Janzs. He knew right well that there was an old order in council, forbidding any one in the States-General possessions in the East Indies to cultivate spices, save and except in such islands as they declared to be so privileged; namely, Ceylon for cinnamon and pepper, and the Moluccas and Penang for the nutmeg and cloves. Confiscation and imprisonment for the first offence were the mild consequences of infringing this law. What the second offence was to be visited with, was not exactly known; but better lawyers than Janzs, were haunted with an indistinct vision, that in such a case was made and provided nothing short of the gallows. Now Mynheer Van Dort was well aware of the existence of this severe order when he planted his large piece of ground; but he had reckoned on being able to sell his plantation and retire to Europe before the authorities at Colombo could hear anything of the matter; for, in all probability, there were not three persons in the island who knew of the existence of such stringent laws. It occurred to him that, as he had failed and nearly all his trees had died, he might turn the success of his clerk to good account on his own behalf, by informing the Governor of the bold infraction of the laws by Janzs.

In those quiet by-gone times there were but few events of importance to call for any exercise of power by the highest authority in the colony. It was therefore with no little bustle that the Governor summoned his council to consider and determine upon the contents of a weighty despatch received from Point de Galle. This was the letter of Van Dort the collector, informing them of the high criminality of his subordinate. It did not require much deliberation to settle the course to be pursued. The forbidden trees were ordered to be forthwith cut down, the property confiscated, Janzs to be imprisoned for five years, and the zealous collector to be rewarded with promotion on the first opportunity.

Turn once more to the quiet, bright spot, the garden by the river. Janz was home as usual from his daily duties. It was evening. Katrina had given her last orders to the gardener and the stock-keeper. The children were gambolling on the green-sward under the large mango-tree. The favourite nutmeg trees were heavy with blossom; the sun was still lingering amongst the topmost branches of the jambo trees. Everything gave promise of one more of those many happy evenings so prized and loved by Janzs and his little wife, when a canoe dashed heavily against the river-bank, and forth from it sprang the fiscal of the district, attended closely by a half-dozen of sturdy, grim looking Malay peons, armed

with swords and pikes. The officer of the Crown knew Janzs well; and, though inclined to be friendly towards him, had no alternative but to tell him, in a few words, the purport of his visit, and the cause — those bright-leaved trees waving to the breeze, and alive with merry blossoms. The poor clerk could be with difficulty persuaded of the reality of the sad news. A sight of the Governor's warrant, however, settled all doubts, and Janzs shortly afterwards staggered to the boat, between two peons, like a drunken man. Katrina saw him to the water's edge, and bade him be of good cheer, for all should yet be well; though her sinking heart gave the lie to her lips.

The work of destruction did not occupy much time. Four peons, with sharp axes, made but a small matter of those young and delicate trees; and, in about half the time that was usually spent in watering them, they were all laid prostrate on the ground. The clicking of those bright axes fell sadly enough on Katrina's ear; each blow seemed to her to be a deadly wound aimed at herself, and as the last of those long-tended and much-loved trees fell heavily to the ground, her courage and spirits fled, and she gave vent to her feelings in a flood of tears.

Next morning she left that once loved spot, sad and spiritless; and, taking her little ones with her, placed them in safety with her father. She then sought her husband in his prison, to comfort

and console him, as best she might. None there knew whence the blow came: so little, indeed, did the sufferers dream of how matters stood, that, a few days after the catastrophe, Katrina waited on the collector, and besought him, for the sake of Janzs' long service, to intercede for him, and obtain a remission of the cruel sentence.

Weeks passed away, and it appeared that there was small chance of any pardon from the Governor, who viewed with the greatest displeasure any contravention of the Imperial laws. Janzs abandoned himself to despair: his friends considered him a lost man. All but Katrina gave up hoping for him. She never for a moment lost sight of any chance which seemed to promise success. Night and day she sought for some friendly aid to carry out her plan. That scheme was to present a petition to the Governor, in person: he was reported to be a just man, though despotic in the administration of the laws. Katrina felt certain that he knew not all the facts of their little history, though the collector had assured her everything had been told him. Amongst others whom she sought for advice and aid, was the minister of their little church, who listened to her with the patience of a child. He knew a good deal of their history, though not aware of the facts connected with their possession of the fatal nutmegs. He heard Katrina tell her sad story, pitied her, condoled with

her, bade her to be of good cheer, and finally sent her away, full of faith and hope.

The good old minister saw at once the wickedness of the collector, for he knew who had laid the charge against Janzs. He went boldly, though carefully, to work: satisfied himself of the fact of Van Dort having planted nutmegs on a larger scale than his clerk, though unsuccessfully: drew up a petition to the Governor, obtained the signature of Janzs, and then proceeded with it to Colombo, and laid it with his own hands at the feet of their ruler. The good man was heard patiently, and in twenty-four hours after perusal of the petition, instructions were sent off to Galle to the Commandant to institute the most searching inquiry into the whole case.

It only remains to relate how the wicked collector was detected, and dismissed the service. Janzs was not only restored to the possession of his lands, but received the appointment of collector of Galle, as compensation for his imprisonment. And so all went well. None was more delighted than Katrina, who, however, would not be satisfied until they were once more quietly settled on their pretty farm, by the river side. There, for long years afterwards, they lived in the enjoyment of health and ample means, which were, after all, brought them, indirectly, by their nutmeg plantation: and though none of those ominous trees were any longer growing, there were hundreds of

others, which yielded ample stores of luscious grateful fruit, and flung a cool and balmy shade o'er streams and flowers, in many a quiet nook of sweet that garden by the river.

LIFE AND LUGGAGE.

WHILE our system of light-houses, light-boats, and beacons, and the matchless judgment, skill, and daring of our boatmen, on many parts of the coast, are the admiration of all, whether natives or foreigners, who have any opportunities of experiencing or testing their merits, there has at the very same time existed the fact, that the preservation from shipwreck of a man's portmanteau receives, as a lawful demand, a proportionate reward — and the preservation of his human trunk, nothing whatever. As if to make this inhuman anomaly perfect, — when a boatman picks up a dead body and brings it safe ashore, he receives, for this important service, five shillings; but if there be a spark of life in it — nothing. Does not this really look like a premium for murder, or a quiet knock on the head of an insensible person just out of the water, by way of “settling the difference?”

A ship is on a shoal, crowded with passengers. Never mind the lives, but look out for the luggage! To this systematic and inhuman teaching of our statutes, what is the practical answer of the brave coast seamen of England?

What answer do the Deal boatmen — the Yarmouth boatmen — the Yorkshire boatmen — the Broadstairs boatmen, make to this? There is scarcely a single occasion of shipwreck on any part of our coasts which does not furnish abundant proofs of the self-devotion and generosity of the boatmen; all of whom, on these dangerous expeditions, are generally volunteers. They preserve lives whenever it is possible: and it frequently occurs — owing to the short time that elapses between a vessel striking and going down, or falling to pieces — that for every life they save, there is some loss of property, in which, if preserved instead, they would have derived some benefit.

There is another very striking feature in this question. The courageous self-devotion of our coast seamen has produced a corresponding impulse in many other minds; so that while there were not above half-a-dozen, if as many, models of boats or crafts for the special preservation of property from shipwreck, there were, we believe, in the Great Exhibition, some two hundred models of life-boats and other apparatus, specially invented and constructed for the preservation of human life. We have examined upwards of sixty of these, and there was not one that did not display a certain amount of earnest consideration and effort to accomplish this single object. The models and plans of life-boats sent in to compete for the prize of one hun-

dred guineas, patriotically and humanely offered by the Duke of Northumberland, amount to the extraordinary number of two hundred and eighty, many of which were included in those exhibited in the Crystal Palace. Almost all of these were good. The committee appointed to examine the models were men of practical knowledge and ability in maritime affairs; and, after long deliberation they settled upon no less than a hundred special points as necessary to constitute a *perfect* life-boat. No competition of this kind has ever occurred before to call out the skill and energy of our ship and boat builders; yet the winner of the prize has succeeded in giving to his model eighty-four of these special points; fourteen competitors have accomplished between seventy and eighty of the points required, and, yet more surprisingly, none are below sixty. The highest number received the prize announced; and the two next, we hear, prizes also. The Committee give a list in their Report of the whole two hundred and eighty models, with general descriptions, and large folded drawings of most of the best boats; thus showing due appreciation, and giving due publicity to their estimation. The forethought, justice, openness, and handsomeness of the whole proceeding is a good rebuke to our Government-way of managing these matters. Would it were likely to be a profitable lesson!

It is painful to think of the

length of time the people of any country, but especially England, will remain apathetic to the most dreadful evils, because they are "everybody's business," but no one's in particular; except that of the sufferers, who are seldom listened to, if they survive. This seems to continue until some startling event attracts public notice — followed by a clear and alarming statement of facts — and followed also (for all these things are requisite) by the energetic and well-informed efforts of some influential individual. That there is a loss of property, by shipwreck on our coasts, to the extent of about a million and a half every year, we leave to be discussed at Lloyd's. The public is accustomed to regard all this as matter for insurance calculations; but we doubt whether the most stolid individual can hear unmoved, that there is also a loss of life, on our coasts, amounting to between seven and eight hundred human beings every year — few of which can be "insured," but most of which leave behind them widows, mothers, sisters, and orphans.

Last year, six hundred and eighty-one English and Foreign vessels were wrecked on the coasts, and within the seas, of the British Isles. Of these, two hundred and seventy-seven were total wrecks; eighty-four were sunk by leaks or collisions; sixteen were abandoned; and three hundred and four were stranded, and damaged so as to require them to

discharge cargo. As nearly as can be ascertained, seven hundred and eighty lives were lost. In the disastrous gale of the 13th of January, 1843, one hundred and three vessels were wrecked on the shores of the United Kingdom. In the gale of the 31st of August, and 1st of September, 1833, no less than sixty-one British vessels were lost on the east coasts. In three separate gales which occurred in the years 1821, 1824, and 1829, there were lost on the east coast, between the Humber and the Tees, one hundred and sixty-nine vessels. In the single month of March, 1850, not less than one hundred and thirty-four vessels were wrecked on our coasts, or an average for the month of more than *four a day*. The number of wrecks, be it remembered, is only taken from official reports; no doubt, many occur which never appear in Lloyd's lists or other public records. They are lost at sea with every soul on board.

We find, from the report of the Committee, that the whole number of life-boats on the British coasts was last year under one hundred, and of these at least one-third were in an unserviceable condition. In Ireland, with one thousand four hundred miles of coast, there are only eight boats, nearly all of which are out of repair, although the coast of Wexford is one of the most dangerous and fatal of the whole frontier of the United Kingdom. In Scotland, with a seaboard of one thousand five hun-

dred miles, there are also only eight boats; but there is not one upon the west coast from Cape Wrath to the Solway Firth, an extent of nine hundred miles; nor is there a single life-boat for Orkney and Shetland. Of the English boats, forty-five are on the east coast. On the Northumberland coast there are seven boats, or one for every eight miles; at Shields, three; fifteen on the shores of Durham and Yorkshire, or one for every ten miles; in Lincolnshire, four boats, or one for every fifteen miles; and Norfolk and Suffolk have ten boats, or one for every five miles. There are also boats at Broadstairs, Aldborough, and Harwich. These are the parts of the island best supplied. In other parts there is a shameful deficiency, especially on the Scotch and Welsh coasts. On the south coast, from Dover to the Land's End, a distance of four hundred and twenty miles, there are seven life-boats, but none at Penzance, *where most needed*. At the Scilly Isles there is one inefficient boat; the same at St. Ives and Bude; and little better at Padstow. "So that" (we quote from the report of the Committee) "from Falmouth round the Land's End by Trevoze Head to Hartland Point, an extent of one hundred and fifty miles of the most exposed coast in England, there is not a really efficient life-boat! In the Bristol Channel, the North Devon Association maintains three life-boats in Bideford Bay. There is a new life-boat at Ilfracombe, and one

at Burnham. On the south coast of Wales — from Cardiff round to Fishgard, a distance of two hundred miles — there is one life-boat only, at Swansea, and that is unserviceable."

The great annual loss of life, and the utterly inefficient condition of many of the comparatively few life-boats possessed by so extensive a line of coasts — some of the most dangerous of which have not a single boat — has at length aroused the energies of the National Shipwreck Association, and during the last two or three years they have given great attention to the subject. But the final blow which has caused the Duke of Northumberland (the President of the Association) to bestir himself so effectually, is a lamentable and unprecedented disaster, by which no less than *twenty* of the best pilots out of the Tyne were drowned. It is thus narrated in the report: —

"At South Shields, on the 4th December, 1849, the life-boat, *manned with twenty-four pilots*, went out to the aid of the 'Betsy,' of Littlehampton, stranded on the Herd-sand. There was a heavy sea from the eastward, but little wind, and a strong ebb tide. The boat had reached the wreck, and was lying alongside with her head to the eastward, with a rope fast to the quarter, but the bowfast not secured. The shipwrecked men were about to descend into the life-boat, when a heavy knot of sea, recoiling from the bow of the vessel, caught the bow of the boat, and turned her up on end, throwing the whole of the crew and the water into the stern sheets. The bowfast not holding, the boat drove in this position astern of the vessel, when the ebb tide running rapidly into her stern, the boat completely turned *end over end*, and went ashore bottom up. On this occasion, twenty,

out of twenty-four of the crew, were drowned under the boat. On seeing the accident, two other life-boats immediately dashed off from North and South Shields, saved four of the men, and rescued the crew of the 'Betsy.'"

It was justly considered that an accident like the above to any life-boat should be rendered impossible. The Committee, therefore, drew up, after long deliberation, the list of one hundred points requisite to constitute a perfect life-boat.

When the models for competition were sent in, the committee divided them into five classes. The first is that of boats formed on the pontoon principle; the second, of boats formed on the raft or catamaran principle; the third, belong to the type of the troop boat, or broad flat paddle-box boat; the fourth, are described as partaking chiefly of the north-country coble peculiarities; and the fifth, as composed of modifications of the ordinary boat in every-day-use; these modifications generally bringing it, to a greater or less degree, within the denomination of those which are commonly known as whale-boats. The flat paddle-box boat comes principally from the coal ports of the North, and the best sailing craft of the whale-boat species from Deal and the coasts of Norfolk and Suffolk, in which localities wrecks generally take place on outlying sands, rendering it necessary for the rescuing boats to make their way to the scene of disaster under canvas. The coble form comes from Yorkshire and

Northumberland. The committee consider boats of this class excellently adapted for launching or beaching upon a sandy coast in "not very stormy weather;" but they are low in the stern, and otherwise so built as to be liable to be swamped by the curl of a following sea, when running before the wind. Another class of craft is formed by boats, which, without being properly life-boats, are yet safe and handy vessels in a tolerably heavy sea-way, and very fast both in sailing and pulling. These appear to have been formed upon the model of the galley used by the Kentish boatmen for summer service amid the Goodwin Sands, and are invaluable for certain localities. The difference of localities is very judiciously kept in view by the committee, though their aim has been to obtain as perfect a life-boat as possible for general use.

The collection of life-boat models in the Great Exhibition — most of which were competitors for the prize — has afforded us materials for many interesting reflections. No such boats, as the majority of these are, could have been produced by any incitements of a sudden call, or mere question of lucrative demand, in so short a period. The objects they are intended to accomplish must have long occupied the minds of most of the inventors, and must be the result also of innumerable experiments, each bringing with it some conviction, some correction, or some additional care, provision,

and improvement. Several of them present a very extraordinary appearance.

Mr. J. Francis exhibits a boat, in shape not unlike an elongated gourd; or an hour-glass cut in half. This shape is occasioned by large air-cells fore and aft, which must give great buoyancy. Mr. H. Bell, of Millbank, has invented a very clever nest of boats for emigrant or troop ships; one fitting into the other, so as to occupy little more room than a single boat. The invention of Mr. Gilbert Bromley, of Sheerness, seems chiefly to consist of adding to an ordinary good sea-boat, a circulating air-case, like a great black snake, lying coiled all round the inside of the boat just beneath the gunwale. There is a boat by P. van der Bosch, of Osterhout, in the Netherlands, which resembles the body of a black fish, and seems almost as buoyant and pliable. It is both water-tight and air-tight; and in it are seated three men in water-proof dresses, united, as it were, to the deck of the boat; which is quite covered over, so that the whole boat seems of one piece, with the upper half of three men sticking out of the uppermost part. They are each provided with a strong canoe-paddle, having a double blade. It is evident they could live (boat and men) in any sea. The provision for saving life consists of a strong cord, which passes along each side of the machine, formed into a number of loops or divisions, for shipwrecked persons to hold

on by, or to which they might be fastened. For any short period this would be excellent, but if there was a high sea running, it is to be feared that many might be drowned upon the surface, from the total absence of all protection. The boat by the Messrs. Harding has a curious cradle-like appearance. Mr. John Robinson, of Stepney, exhibits a twin-boat; consisting of two boats coupled together by a copper bar, which allows of a little "play," but no separation. We should think it impossible to be capsized; and we take it for granted that the twain contain air-cells, which would preserve the boats from going down if filled with water, though we did not observe this provision in their construction. The Messrs. Gale, of Whitby, have provided a net, as an addition to their life-boat apparatus, by which a knot of drowning persons may be fished up altogether in cases of extremity; and Mr. G. H. Gale, of Swansea, has exhibited a hydrostatic apparatus for life-boats, ships, &c., made of gutta serena. Mr. Harland, of Scarborough, has invented a cylindrical life-boat; and Mr. J. Drury, of Hartlepool, exhibits a model and plan of a ship and shore life-boat, made of sheet iron, which will right herself if upset. Mr. A. Wentzel, of Lambeth, has invented a boat, the sides of which curve inwards so as almost to form a deck, leaving only a narrow space for seats in the middle. But if nearly impos-

sible to "ship a sea," it would be equally impossible to get the water out, unless there be some provision of valves for the purpose, as we find in the boat of Mr. W. Paterson, the valves of which have the additional advantage of being self-acting.

Some of these models are furnished with cork bricks and wedges stowed about the bottom, or fixed outside the gunwale, answering the double purpose of obtaining buoyancy, and acting as fenders. One of these latter has nearly half the sides made of cork. There are several of the barge build, but so constructed in their air-cells as to float when the inside is full of water, up to the seats; in fact, the bottom of these boats is nothing but a grating open to the sea beneath. One of the boats exhibited is made of Indian rubber, "so thin that," as its American inventor says, "it may be folded up, and put into the pocket." The pocket must belong to a very considerable "great" coat, we fancy. But the Cloak-Boat of Mr. Matthews, of Charing Cross, has been proved, by a trial instituted at the request of the Royal Humane Society, to be a practical thing. It is a very good waterproof cloak, which, by inflating a cylinder, is convertible into a boat in less than one minute; and its weight is only eight pounds. Mr. Matthews has also exhibited a life-boat, made of his water-proof fabric, which lies in a collapsed or flat and cloth-like state, yet can be inflated ready

for use in three or four minutes.

The boat to which the Northumberland prize has been awarded, is by Mr. James Beeching, of Yarmouth. It comprises, as previously stated, eighty-four of the points proposed by the committee; the chief of which are its merits as a rowing and sailing boat; its buoyancy; that it ballasts itself; empties itself; rights itself; is roomy for passengers; is of moderate weight for transport along shore, &c., &c. A rival boat of similar form, combining strength with elegance, is exhibited by Mr. W. R. Hawkes, of Whitby. The Messrs. Plenty, of Newbury, exhibit also several excellent life-boats; nor must we omit the boat of the Messrs. White, of the Isle of Wight. It is built of mahogany, with sides sloped in a way to let the sea run freely in and out. But this does not matter, as she has air-cases along each side, and at both ends, each in separate compartments, so that the destruction of one will not injure the other. The rowers sit up to their knees in water; the water she ships and retains being, in fact, her ballast. A rope passes down the middle from stem to stern, so that if her bottom were clean stove in, or ground away upon rocks, it would little matter; the rowers keeping their seats, and the passengers clinging to the rope going down her middle. One of these boats is now at Broadstairs. In the Exhibition we have also observed a prodigious number of

models of rafts, air-tubes, air-bags, air-belts, bulbs, and cushions, with apparatuses of cork, Indian rubber, gutta percha, caoutchouc, &c., all with the single-minded aim of preserving life, and all quite independent of the numerous efforts in the same direction, called into prominent notice by the announcement of the Duke of Northumberland. We should not omit, that the Duke has set the noble example of preparing to fit out, at his own expense, a life-boat, and a life-boat station, at every dangerous point of the Northumberland coast.

This greatly increased consideration for human life, will, we trust, awaken the legislature to the necessity of an alteration in the laws respecting salvage. Very recently a gallant fellow who had been instrumental in saving no less than seventy lives with his own galley, was lost in a storm off Dungeness, and his wife and family are thrown upon the public for a charitable subscription! The subscription is most right and kindly in itself; indeed, nothing else remains to be done, under existing circumstances; — but let us only suppose that he had saved, instead of the lives, some portion of seventy cargoes of bear-skins, rabbit-skins, mole-skins, deer-skins, boar's-bristles, horse-hides, cow-hides, and other peltry — how very different would have been the circumstances of his widow and family! Some very earnest suggestions on this point

appeared lately in an able article in the "Atlas" newspaper.

"Why not give a man who has saved life, at the risk of his own, a pecuniary claim upon the preserved person? Why not, in fact, treat life as property? Why not give salvage for life? If brave men are ready to risk their existence gratis, the more the reason that they ought to be paid — and highly paid — for their daring. We may be told that the individuals rescued may be poor — may have, in fact, lost in the wreck their means of paying any such claim, and that it is impossible to value lives like market goods. Our answer is ready: — Affix a premium to each person saved. Let a trifle extra be charged, upon ordinary insurance principles, over and above the fixed fares, so far as passengers go — and let a trifle be deducted from the wages of seamen, or, if it be thought better, imposed as a rate upon every British ship, coasters paying the largest proportion; and, from the fund thus accumulated, let there be ample life-boat accommodation provided, and ample remuneration bestowed upon any boat's crew instrumental in saving life." This is, no doubt, a move in a good direction, though we should object to any deduction for the purpose being made from the wages of seamen; — first, because they are by no means overpaid for the hardships and perils of their habitual lives; and, secondly, because such a deduction would instantly make the whole thing un-

popular throughout the crews of the merchant service. But that a fund should be raised somehow, we have never for an instant doubted; and that the Government should not be allowed to slink out of all further care, by saddling the entire burthen upon the men most likely to need assistance (which would, in fact, be a grievous tax, in addition to their evil chances), we think almost equally obvious, and we believe that the voice of the country will, before long, be heard in a demand for the adjustment of this important question of salvage, so that a man's life should be considered, at least, as valuable as property in his portmanteau.

THE HEART OF ENGLAND.

(Suggested by seeing a venerable Oak in Warwickshire, which is supposed to occupy the exact Centre of England.)

A JOY stirs through thy branches, Ancient Tree,
Exulting, waving in thy verdant pride;
Free, o'er the mighty heart, whence circles free
A swift and generous tide!

Rear high the honours of thy leafy spoil!
O'er the broad Land thy goodly branches wave!
Strike deep thy roots within the kindly soil
That may not bear a slave!

The heart of England Thou! but not the heart
Of distant lands that own her widening sway;
For, as from her, Day's cheering beams depart,
They flush to meet its ray!
Household Words. X.

Wave green! fit emblem of the constant mind,
The patient courage, the enduring will,
That onward, ever, bears her sons to find
New paths — new homes to fill.

And ere they fill new graves, to leave a trace,
A land-mark, on the way where they have been;
They toil — the firm, unconquerable race, —
Sons of the Ocean Queen!

Look o'er the Land, thou Ancient Warder, still!
What of the night, Old Watcher? Thou canst speak
Of times when first above the dusky hill
Thou saw'st the morning break;

Of times when Truth, impatient of the gloom,
Rejoicing like the strong man in his might,
Arose, the darkling nations to illumine,
And run its race of light.

Wave proudly! Thou hast marked the gradual ray,
From old heroic ages dimly caught,
Expand to Freedom's pure and perfect day
Of Action and of Thought.

And yet the thoughtful eye may trace where lies
A cloud, that if no larger than the hand,
In gathering blackness casts through summer skies
A shadow o'er the land!

When shall some soul arise, in fervent truth,
To banish from our Heaven its dark presage,
And yearn, in Christian love, o'er untaught Youth,
And unenlightened Age?

When will they learn to know — our Country's Chiefs —
What works the poor man's woe — the poor man's weal;
Look on his homely joys, his lowly griefs,
And feel what Peasants feel?

Oh! be it ours to put the evil thing
That lurks within our Israel's camp —
away;
Then every year will brighter blessings
bring,
And every coming day

Will break in richer glory o'er our sky,
When LIBERTY and PEACE their
palm-crown wreath,
Where none unpitied live — unsuccoured
die, —
Where all are free, that breathe!

CHIPS.

A ZOOLOGICAL PROBLEM.

ON the third day of October, 1851, and towards the hour of evening, one of the Boa Constrictors in the Zoological Gardens of the Regent's Park received a present of two live rabbits for his supper. It is a painful thing to contemplate any process of killing; but the boa constrictor would not eat rabbits if they were dead, and then he would die himself of starvation, so that it comes to a question of serpent's life or rabbit's life; for if you keep one, you must sacrifice the other; and no doubt the serpent thinks, if he thinks at all on the subject, that since rabbits must be killed by somebody, he, who is to live by them, has as much right to kill rabbits as any one else. On the other hand, however, it is a blessed provision of nature, or circumstance, that these home-bred rabbits have no comprehension of their destination, no sense of what a serpent is. They skip about in the inside of the great glass case,

quite at their ease; they often approach close to the serpent's nose, and even touch it with their own — on which occasion both serpent and rabbit draw back with a little start. When the weather is cold, the rabbits continually nestle themselves between the folds of the serpent, for the sake of the warmth, remaining there until he suddenly bethinks himself of devouring them; and they have often been found asleep in a coil of the serpent's tail, with the serpent's head remotely watching them.

On the evening, then, as previously stated, a boa constrictor has two lively rabbits given him for his supper. As he has not had any food for some weeks, it is supposed that the rabbits will be a very acceptable present for his Serene Lengthiness. The cool air of autumn is tempered by a warming apparatus in his saloon, but in case he should wish for a still greater degree of heat, a blanket is given him to creep under, or in the folds of which he may enroll himself at his pleasure. It is not a fine household blanket, but a thick, rough, railway blanket-wrapper of the largest size. All his comforts being thus attended to, the keeper of the Serpent-house bows and takes his departure for the night.

At it is an almost infallible test of temper and general condition of mind and body, how an individual, of whatever age, deports himself on being awakened suddenly — some children, and grown-up people, always awa-

king "cross," and others, smiling — we cannot but think it would be very interesting to anybody fond of a practical study of natural history, to go through all the dens, cages, and cases of a large collection of animals, during the night, by way of noting the very different receptions he would meet with from different species of creatures thus aroused from their slumbers. Such an opportunity is continually enjoyed by the fortunate individual who holds the office of watchman in the Zoological Gardens, who goes the rounds of all the "houses" and other receptacles every night with his lantern.

In the course of the night of the 3rd of October last past, the watchman as usual entered the Serpent-house. Walking round, and holding up his lantern to the different cases, he perceived that the boa constrictor's "supper" was hopping about the case in a very unconcerned manner; but, on turning from the rabbits to their proprietor, what was his dismay at perceiving that the serpent had seized upon one corner of the thick, rough blanket, in preference, and was drawing it down his distended throat!

Away ran the watchman to call up the head keeper. The head keeper left his bed directly, and, huddling on a few clothes, hurried to the Serpent-house. The statement of the watchman was but too true; and, by this time, the boa constrictor had contrived

to draw down more than half the blanket. The head keeper, knowing it would be in vain to endeavour to get the blanket back, after "matters had gone so far," hoped that the serpent would disgorge it of his own accord, if left to himself quietly, as soon as he found that he had made a mistake in the food he had chosen. Both head keeper and watchman, therefore, went away.

It is the opinion of Mr. Mitchell, the secretary of the Zoological Society, who is constantly studying the habits of animals, that the serpent has no palate; and, that in the night he had made a dart and a snap at one of the rabbits; but, missing it in the darkness, had caught a mouthful of the blanket, and conceiving it to be a very good rabbit (but with rather a loose skin, we should suppose), had never troubled himself with any further considerations.

In the morning, when the head keeper went to the Serpent-house, in a very anxious state of mind as to the result, there he saw the two rabbits sitting up by the side of the serpent's water-pan, washing their faces, to be nice and tidy for the day, — and the last two inches of the thick railway blanket just going down the serpent's throat!

Since this event, the serpent has never shown any signs of having discovered his blunder, or any disposition to disgorge his bedding. The thing is, of course, quite indigestible. Had he swallowed two or three bullocks' hides, his work would have been on sure grounds of decomposition;

but as to this coarse piece of manufacture, what hope can his friends have? The serpent, however, lies torpid, as usual after a good meal; drinks more water than he drinks in general; and perseveres, with full reliance on his wonderful powers and peculiar organization. The blanket can be seen to have moved several feet down his body. It is now about the middle (October 28th). Will he manage it somehow, or will he die? That is the problem.

TRIBUNALS OF COMMERCE.

ONE does not care to ask a tailor his opinion of the price of figs, and a very good judge of the law in English Courts, may be a bad judge of the equity in English trade. The life and spirit of our whole body of European commerce lies in the principle of strict mutual confidence established among merchants. Every trade has its technicalities and its usages which regulate its movements. To evade these, is to be dishonest in one's calling, although it may be a proceeding not demonstrably dishonest when enveloped in the technicalities of law. Commercial questions between merchants, traders, bankers, and others, concerning buying and selling, dishonoured bills, interpretation of engagements, frauds in imitating trade-marks, and such matters, do not want to be confused with mysteries, delays, and quibbles, as the ordinary course of law con-

fuses them; they do not want to be tried before men who have to receive from witnesses the most elementary principles upon which they can found a judgment. These questions arise between men, the life of whose business is undeviating probity, and they ought to be tried simply, and on their honest merits only, before men who are themselves also engaged in commerce, and are versed in all the usages of which they treat. The extent to which law backs men who will study its windings for the purpose of commercial fraud, by bill-manufacturing, and by a dozen other ways, is so great, that appeals to "justice" only tend to weaken the reliance upon honour, which is the mainspring of European trade. So merchants, here or there, daily suffer loss or wrong from others, and submit to it, rather than be also wrong-doers to themselves by going to the lawyers for a remedy.

Wherever merchants are, the want is felt, or has been felt, of an upright and competent Tribunal of Commerce, before which commercial disputes might be brought, and tried without legal equivocation, upon their own merits, by men acquainted with the principles of trade. By the *Conseil des Prud'hommes*, the want has been supplied in France; it has been supplied also in Italy, Spain, Belgium, Hamburg, and Sardinia. It will very shortly be supplied in North America. In England it is felt, but it is not supplied.

With the important aid — in fact, under the presidency — of Lord Wharncliffe, with the support of Lord Brougham, never failing in any cause which promises to lessen the great burden of a complex state of law — an effort is now being made to obtain the establishment of Tribunals of Commerce in this country. The judges desired are to be men of high rank in the various departments of commercial life — men who find time to act as directors of many companies, and who would cheerfully find time, as paid judges, sitting on certain days, to give the benefit of their experience for the solution of disputes among commercial men. The justice of a case is soon arrived at in this way. The Tribunals of Commerce in France settle more cases in one day than all the civil tribunals together get through in a month. In our own Stock Exchange, for more than fifty years, all questions are brought before a tribunal of this nature, from whose decisions no appeal has once been made.

On the 8th of May last, a meeting, called by the Lord Mayor at the request of more than a thousand merchants, first thoroughly submitted to the public this question of Commercial Tribunals, of doing in England what has been done already in other commercial countries. Lord Wharncliffe, at that meeting, said that “he, for his part, would lend every assistance in his power to aid the movement, for he regarded the

improvements in the machinery requisite for settling commercial differences in a moral rather than a material point of view. He looked upon it not merely as an arrangement for settling questions between individuals, but as giving tone to the entire commercial world.”

The details of the question cannot find place in our pages; the principle we have plainly stated, and commend heartily to all whom it concerns.

BUILDING AND FREEHOLD LAND SOCIETIES.

WE said, in our article on Combinations,* that we assented heartily to the whole principle upon which Freehold Land and Building Societies have been established. We reserved, however, a packet of cautions, which we now proceed to open. We feel no captious objections, or indirect opposition. Our simple object is, to help on the movement by making it more fully understood.

The number of Building Societies at present registered is said to exceed two thousand and fifty; and the total yearly amount paid into them by the middle and working-classes is perhaps equal to four millions sterling. New societies of this kind are continually being projected and commenced. Let us now add, that of the societies existing, and of

* “The Good Side of Combination,” page 104 of the present volume.

those proposed, not more than about one in twelve is conducted upon principles that will enable it fairly to fulfil the promises which it holds out to its supporters. We do not mean that they are often fraudulent in their intention; very far from that. We mean that such institutions require to be based on better calculations than their projectors generally can supply. They are too frequently established empirically, by men erring in innocence; because they do not know the delicacy and the difficulty of the question with which they undertake to deal. The consequence is not, indeed, ruinous to the multitude of industrious men, out of whose acquired habits of providence this large amount of money grows: they do not lose the bread that they have cast upon the waters; but it comes back to them after too many days. Their money returns to them with increase; but it is an increase vastly less than had been promised, and a good deal less than might have been obtained out of a system of Mutual Benefit Investment, placed upon a safe and cautious footing.

Freehold Land Societies and Building Societies are not identical, but brother schemes. One brother is much older than the other; and, in the present state of the law, the elder is the safer one to open an account with; that is to say, there is no cobweb of legal doubt hanging at present over the proceedings of a Building Society, while the operations

of a Land Society are mystified a little by the texture of the law.

They came across the border out of Scotland. Hard-headed Scotch labourers first struck out the idea, perhaps assisted by their parish clerk. Their idea was as follows: We think it very expensive work to hire house furniture, or carts, or ploughs, paying their value perhaps several times over in our lives, without ever possessing them. Is it not equally extravagant to hire our houses? The money we pay year after year in rent for the mere right of occupation, is enough, in no very long time, to buy the houses or the cottages outright, and make them ours for ever. The landlord, liable to empty houses, and such accidents, may not, indeed, get ten per cent.; but ten per cent. is what we pay upon his outlay. Let us join together, and contribute from our weekly earnings little sums that will enable us to build ourselves cottages; be landlords to ourselves, and pay into our own purse the landlord's profit. So thought the villagers who in the year 1815 formed themselves into a club at Kirkcudbright, and established the first Benefit Building Society, under the auspices of the Earl of Selkirk.

Their reasoning was sound, and their resolve was prudent; nevertheless, of course, these villagers are not a type of all house-occupiers. There are many men whose pursuits in life, or tastes, may lead them to make frequent changes of abode; and for all such

men it is cheaper to rent houses than to buy them. But for any man, whatever his class in life, who is able to take occupation of a house or cottage, and remain permanently in it, there can be no doubt that it would be a much more economical proceeding to make the abode his own, than to pay rent for it. Want of capital alone stood in the way, and the humble labourers of Kirkcudbright first suggested the solution of that difficulty. Their example spread, in Scotland first, and then to Manchester and Liverpool. After the year 1830, the increase of these societies became so rapid, that they forced themselves on the attention of the Legislature. No unbiassed man could fail to perceive how greatly they promoted careful prudent habits, and how much more likely it was that men, who had saved money from their earnings to purchase a little property, and have a "stake in the country," were to become orderly and honest citizens, even if ever they had been otherwise disposed. Accordingly, in 1836, an Act was passed for the Regulation of Benefit Building Societies, because, says the preamble, "it is expedient to afford them encouragement and protection." Building Societies were, by this Act, made legal within certain limits. The first section enacts that "it shall be lawful for any number of persons in Great Britain and Ireland to form themselves into and establish societies, for the purpose of raising, by the monthly or other

subscriptions of the several members of such societies, shares not exceeding the value of one hundred and fifty pounds for each share; such subscriptions not to exceed in the whole twenty shillings per month for each share, or stock, or fund; for the purpose of enabling each member thereof to receive out of the funds of such society the amount or value of his or her share or shares therein, to erect or purchase one or more dwelling-house or dwelling-houses, or other real or leasehold estate, to be secured by way of mortgage to such society, until the amount or value of his or her shares shall have been fully repaid to such society with the interest thereon," &c.

Pausing now to reflect a little upon this clause of the Act, we have to observe, that its terms fail to include visibly, and can only be strained to imply, the form which had been assumed by a large number of Building Societies, even so long ago as the year 1836. Between 1815 and 1836, as we have said, the idea spread; and it spread not only by a multiplication of the number of societies, but by an extension of their principle. The first idea was to build cottages; then there was added the notion of buying them ready built, and lending money, for the purchase on mortgage of the property, to members who desired to buy at once. Such members paid, in weekly sums, five per cent. interest upon the loan, with something towards repayment of the principal; so that their whole

debt came to be wiped off gradually, within a fixed number of years, at the end of which the borrower became free master of his little property. This was as much as the Act recognised; but the extension of the principle had not stopped here. By constant investment of the capital subscribed, it yielded to the subscribing members compound interest; and many working men or tradesmen to whom it was not convenient to buy a cottage or a house, desired to have the advantage of a Building Society as a mere place of investment — a place for the increase of scanty savings, or petty sums of idle cash. Others, who did not wish to buy a dwelling, saw means of using capital to their advantage, in trade or otherwise, which they would like to borrow of those who would take repayment in the shape of small monthly instalments. To the wants of such men — the wants of their own members — Building Societies had begun gradually to respond, and they had become, in fact, Mutual Benefit Investment Societies, already in 1836, as they now all are; facility for the purchase or erection of buildings being only one of the advantages placed at the option of their subscribers, and included in a much more comprehensive scheme. The framers of the Act being, perhaps, insufficiently acquainted with the real nature of the institution for which they proposed to legislate, worded their clauses with a view to the wants of

Building Societies, in the strict sense of the word. Room was made, therefore, for doubts concerning the legality of a society worked upon more comprehensive principles, until several decisions of the judges showed that it was their determination to assist the spirit of the enactment, by interpreting its clauses very liberally. In the same way, from the wording of the first clause, there arose a doubt whether it would be legal for the same man to hold more than one share in a society; and one of the judges expressed a strong extrajudicial opinion that he could not. Afterwards, however, decisions were given, founded upon a more liberal interpretation. The Building Societies Act, for several reasons, will have to be revised within a few years, and then it will be highly desirable that the full principle should be acknowledged, that the name "Building Society," which no longer expresses the true thing, shall be put aside, and Mutual Benefit Investment Society, the proper name, be fairly substituted.

The act further provides, that the rules proposed for each society are to be transmitted to the barrister appointed to certify the rules of Savings Banks, together with a fee of one guinea, and by him to be certified. Until they have been thus certified and duly enrolled, Building Societies do not receive protection from their Act; and all their public doings render them subject to the

laws affecting Joint Stock Companies. These laws forbid any society of men "to make public, whether by way of prospectus, handbill, or advertisement, any intention or proposal to form any company for any purpose," unless the promoters shall first register certain particulars at the Joint Stock Company's Registration Office. That is an expensive operation; its omission is also expensive; for it costs a fine of five-and-twenty pounds. The consequence of this oversight is, that a check is put upon those discussions which are necessary before a number of men agree to co-operate in a fixed way for any purpose. All discussions of that nature must be strictly private, and no announcement can be made until the rules are ascertained and have been certified. A hinderment of this kind was not, of course, designed by the Legislature; it is one of those pieces of clumsy working which sometimes arise out of the friction of two ill-made laws against each other.

But the most important oversight which has to be corrected in the Building Societies Act, is the omission of all means of control over the money scales adopted by each club. The law itself ought not to fix a scale, because that would impose restraint on any tendency to improved methods of adjustment. But it is absolutely impossible that the ordinary promoters of a Building Society should possess that knowledge of

the higher branches of arithmetical reasoning which is necessary to the formation of sound principles in that most vital part of the society, upon which all its property has to depend — its money tables. Such tables should in no case be used until they have received the approbation of an actuary skilled in matters of this kind. No Insurance Company among men of the highest class would trust its directors, however clever they might be, with the responsibility of making out its scales of payment; and we trust that, although the law permits them to be rash, the members of no Building Society will accept from their directors a money-plan, until it has been pronounced safe by some more competent authority.

Let us now come closer to our point, take the example of a Building Society, and investigate its mode of operation. We will look at it first from its original point of view, as a society to promote the purchasing of dwelling-houses. These associations are now largely supported by professional men and tradesmen, as well as by the working class. In their government, however, each man counts as a man, whatever may be his money. A member who holds ten shares has the same vote as a member who holds one share only. That is a wise arrangement. In pointing out the working of a society, then, we may draw illustrations indifferently from members of any class. We will suppose,

if you please, a tradesman who desires to buy the house he lives in, and proposes to do so by the instrumentality of a Building Society to which he has not hitherto subscribed. He looks out first for a permanent society, which has a safe scale, and then makes a proposition. Upon the mortgage of the house, when purchased, it is not to be supposed that the club will advance its full purchase-money. It is able, however, because the repayment begins at once to advance three-fourths of the value; where, in the ordinary way of mortgaging, only a half could be obtained. Let us suppose, therefore, that the house which our tradesman desires to purchase is worth four hundred pounds, and that he has in hand a capital of one hundred. In that case, he purchases immediately, provided that the attorney to the society reports the seller's title to the proposed property to be good, and the surveyor reports the property itself to be worth the price that will be given. The three hundred pounds are then advanced, and added to the tradesman's hundred; the house is bought, and legally made over to him, afterwards being mortgaged to the club. The attorney's costs are limited to a contract price; and the deeds enjoy the privilege of exemption from stamp duty.

The tradesman having bought his house, becomes a member of the club for the purpose of repayment by monthly instalments of

the capital advanced, with interest (constantly diminishing, as capital is constantly repaid) at a fair per-centage. According to his own knowledge of his means, he makes his own election of the rate at which he will repay, whether in five, eight, ten or fourteen years. He is fined for unpunctuality with his small monthly payments, and if he altogether fail to pay, the society, of course, must be indemnified by seizing the security. The terms are, however, the easiest that can be accepted by a man in business without capital, and a very small extra payment to the Law Property Assurance and Trust Society will secure, for the borrower, an undertaking that all payments which become due after his death, until the property shall be redeemed, if it be not redeemed during his lifetime, shall be made by them; so that his family may be insured against the burden of all future charges. If our tradesman has no capital, at first, it will be necessary that he should subscribe his monthly payment, as investor in a Building Society, until his share has acquired the value necessary to make up the difference between the value of his house, and the amount that he can borrow for it upon mortgage. The house which he would buy for four hundred pounds, he would probably be occupying at a rent of thirty-two pounds yearly. By the payment, in instalments, of forty-four pounds a year to a Building Society, the house would in four-

teen years become his own freehold, without further payment of any kind. He would in that case have paid his rent as usual for the fixed term of years, and one hundred and seventy pounds more; so that he would, in fact, by a process spread over those fourteen years, have become possessor of his own house at less, to him, than half its value. In the case of cottages, of which, on account of greater risk, the rent bears a much higher proportion to the actual value, the advantage resulting to the working man or labourer is even greater than that enjoyed by a professional man or tradesman. The same principle that we have applied to the purchase of a house, already built, would, of course, apply equally to the erection of a freehold.

Purchase of house property, however, not being the only use to which men put their money, Building Societies, as we have said, are made available for the supply of other wants. Perhaps an opportunity is seen in trade, or otherwise, of obtaining out of capital more than the per-centage paid for borrowing. Then, if the borrower can give the requisite security, upon real property, he can obtain an advance from the Building Society, which will not press in a great lump upon his future, but be repaid insensibly by small instalments. Again if a man's — he can pay the small instalments due upon a share in a society of this kind. Since every penny, from the moment it is paid,

will begin to increase at five per cent. compound interest, a sum of money can in this way be laid up for the future. Nor, in such investment, is there risk of any forfeiture at all. If ever a day comes, when the servant out of place, or the mechanic out of work, is unable to continue payment, she or he may, at any moment, stop and receive all that has been paid up to the time of stoppage, with the compound interest to that date, upon giving a short notice. The money can be used when earnings cease; and then, directly earnings recommence, subscriptions may again be paid into the Building — or, as it should be allowed to call itself, the Mutual Investment Club. Men who desire to lay by sums for the apprenticing of children, the portioning of daughters, or for meeting any future debt, can do so with the greatest ease by making such periodical deposits in a Building Club, as shall, at the expiration of the desired time, attain, with compound interest, to the desired amount. To the provident of all classes, in fact, whose circumstances oblige them to deal with money on a small scale, these societies, when well conducted, are a resource of the most valuable kind.

When well conducted! But we now desire to draw the attention of those who have, or propose to have, a money interest in these establishments, to a few words of necessary explanation. Advertisements extracted from a Sunday newspaper by Mr. Scratchley,

into his book on Building Societies, herald the

"Immense success of Mr. So-and-So's Building and Investment Societies. £70 for every £30 subscribed in a Fixed Term of Ten Years. — NOTICE. The Members of the — BUILDING AND INVESTMENT SOCIETY may now (the second year having terminated) receive the whole amount of their subscriptions with 18½ per cent. per annum interest thereon. By order of the Board."

Another is headed: —

"Important to Persons desirous of Purchasing House Property. — £1000 will be offered for sale at the second Meeting of the — BUILDING AND INVESTMENT SOCIETY, on THURSDAY Evening, the 9th of May, 1850, at half-past 7 o'clock. Interest payable by the Borrowers from 1 to 5 per cent. The whole amount of the purchase-money and law charges advanced by the society. No arrears to pay. Fixed to close in Ten years certain. Subscription 5s. per share per month."

Absurd as this proposal will appear to many of our readers, it is one made in sincere good faith, and there are hundreds more or less like it constantly advertised. Under it lies some of the most dangerous fallacies attendant upon Building Clubs. In the first place, this advertisement proposes that members, who contribute to the Society five shillings a month, or three pounds a year, for ten years, shall receive seventy pounds for their thirty at the expiration of that period, being interest at about eighteen per cent. This society is of the kind called "terminating;" it is the old form of Building Society now falling, most properly, into

disuse. Its defects are great. The above club, for example, is to terminate in 1860, for all members. Members who enter at the beginning, pay five shillings a month, but after two or three years, any new members who would enter, must pay, of course, more than five shillings monthly, or else buy a share by payment upon entrance of the following in one sum; namely, the money that they would have paid in instalments from the opening of the club to the date of their admission, together with the eighteen and a quarter per cent. interest. Few can afford this; few, therefore, enter. In the same way, every year that passes, makes the time shorter which remains for those who would borrow to repay in. Repayments, after the first year or two, must be by large sums; they also then cease to be convenient. The money of the club, therefore, is not borrowed. It lies at the bank, or elsewhere, getting three-and-a-half per cent. interest, possibly, towards the eighteen promised to investors. When money is not borrowed, it is usually the practice to compel, by ballot, a sufficient number of investors to draw out the stagnating cash, by receiving back the value of their shares. In this way, the cash in terminating societies perpetually stagnates, and from that cause alone, if there were no other sources of mishap, it becomes impossible, in ten years, to produce the return that had been promised. In the case mentioned above, investors would have to go

on paying their five shillings a month for full twice ten years, before the seventy pounds could be paid to them. In many instances, two, three, or four years, have to be appended to the limit, during which, borrowers and investors have to go on paying, beyond the term of their contract, before the mutual service can be made complete. Great disappointment is the result, and the invested money comes back, after all, with two per cent. rather than eighteen for its interest. The defects of terminating societies have, however, been found out, and few of them are now established.

Let us now look back to our advertisement. The society is of the terminating kind, and we have seen some of the errors therein implied; in the next place, observe the golden promise it holds out, both to investors and to borrowers. Those who invest are to get eighteen per cent. for their money, but those who borrow it are to pay only from one per cent. to five. And yet, the only source of increase for the money of investors, is the interest paid on it by the borrowers! The operation described as the sale of a thousand pounds, takes place in this way. Money is in the hands of a society — and woe to a Building Society when it *has* money in its hands! — in order, therefore, that the cash may not remain and stagnate, it is lent out by a sort of auction. For example, the loan of thirty pounds is to be sold; thirty-three pounds is bid for it. That is to

say, the bidder for receipt of thirty pounds now on a fit security, will repay thirty-three pounds in instalments spread over ten years. In other words, he will pay one per cent. interest. Another then bids thirty-four pounds ten shillings; that is to say, one-and-a-half per cent. interest. Forty pounds ten shillings, perhaps, it is knocked down at — three-and-a-half per cent. — or forty-five pounds, which would be five per cent.: and yet the people who pay in this money to be invested for their benefit, are told that they shall get eighteen per cent. for it. The thing is ridiculous, because impossible. The profit of the investors can only be made out of the borrowers; and, if every shilling invested be not borrowed, that is so much loss to be deducted from the calculations of the compound interest. For this reason, a society can only flourish in a district where cottages are being built; or where, in other ways, there are investments open which attract small amounts of capital, and induce people to borrow at six or seven per cent. with the certainty of making ten. The most delicate operation in the conduct of a Building Society is to keep up a correct balance between the members who invest, and the members who borrow. Every pound paid in, and not lent out immediately, disturbs any calculation of gain which roughly estimates at compound interest the whole receipts of the society;

since, therefore, it is impossible that small amounts for short periods should not lie frequently idle, it is necessary to make an abatement of perhaps one per cent. on this account in all estimates of profit. This is not often done. Then, again, the society requires paid officers. The attorney and surveyor, upon whom the directors depend for their freedom loss in lending, ought to be fairly well paid: there is a secretary, there is a room, and there are coals and candles. It is a strange fact, but a true one, that in many Building Societies, deduction is not made on this account; or it is said roughly that fines, entrance fees, and a few small charges to borrowers contingent on a loan, cover these items; but they do not. It will be seen, therefore, that if the lenders, or investing members, receive through the medium of their society, five per cent. compound interest, the borrowers have to pay seven, or seven-and-a-half — say compound interest. Do not forget that a man who borrows one hundred pounds at five per cent. pays five pounds every year, and at last has to raise the whole money again for repayment. A man who borrows one hundred at seven per cent. on the instalment principle, pays, in the first month, at the rate of seven pounds; but in the second month, the whole sum due being lessened, there is less to pay interest upon. After awhile he is paying seven per cent. on fifty pounds, — three pounds ten shillings only. Therefore, although he pays, and must pay, a high interest on the Mutual Benefit plan; yet, because the borrower begins repayment immediately, and the amount that he pays hire for dwindles constantly, the result is in his favour. This fact, together with the saving effected in the way of law charges, and the great convenience of the method of repayment, makes the borrower's position advantageous. Every instalment as repaid by him is immediately lent out again elsewhere. No cash remains idle, and the investors, by this method of uniting small resources and supplying mutual wants, may be exceedingly well pleased with the fact that they get compound interest for their money at five per cent. If they claim more, either they do not get it, or they get it from their borrowers; but if they ask too large a price for the accommodation of their money, there will be few candidates applying for it; most of it will lie idle, and the society will disappoint the hopes of all. Investors must so manage, that it shall be worth their neighbours' while to borrow, and borrowers must so pay, that their friends shall find it worth while to invest. For this reason, a well-constituted Building Society will not be able to do more than promise the investing members a good, but reasonable interest; and will be quite unable to profess that borrowers shall obtain money for less than will enable the investors, after payment of

the society's working expenses, and a margin left for provision against losses, to derive out of them the necessary profit. A reserve fund must be retained, for security against losses, and whenever this reserve accumulates unnecessarily, it is divided usually among the investing members, in the shape of a bonus; thoroughly to carry out the mutual principle, it would be better that this surplus should be divided among members of both classes.

Building Societies are now ordinarily of the kind called *permanent*. This is the form to which they must all come at last, the only form in which they are trustworthy. The permanent society being established for indefinite duration, does business as it can, and business grows with age and increase of connexion. In a permanent society, whoever pleases may assume a share, and without liability for back payments, may arrange to pay instalments during any term of years for the receipt of their value, at the end of that term, when the compound interest is added. If the instalments at any time cannot be paid, any member can withdraw the value of his share. On the other hand, borrowers can go when they please, and obtain money on the requisite security, agreeing to repay by instalments, spread over a length of time selected by themselves. Business of each class is always coming, and a just and safe scale having been established, whether the whole amount of

business done be small or great, the society keeps all its promises, and is completely safe, as long as the directors hold the balance evenly between the borrowers and lenders, and as long as the attorney and surveyor do their duty, in seeing that loans are made on good security. If the attorney be guilty of neglect, he is liable for damages; and for the few stray losses that occur, a well-regulated society has provided so far with its reserve fund, that they do not affect the percentage payable to members.

Let us here not omit to draw a broad black line between the Building Societies, of which we have been speaking, and the Loan Societies abounding in large towns. There is nothing mutual in a Loan Society; it is a purely one-sided affair, established not to aid the provident, but to make money by the desperate.

We have left but little space for the last portion of our subject — Land Societies. That does not matter very much, because a few words will dismiss them. In principle, they resemble Building Clubs, and in all those points of resemblance they are good. They are not of old standing, though they are increasing fast. They were established, it is well known, in 1847, for the purpose of creating county voters. Money is invested in them precisely as in Building Clubs, and the profit consists not (so far as the land question goes) in lending it out elsewhere, but in using it for the

purchase of land in large quantities, and dividing it then into parcels, selling it to members at the wholesale (or almost half) price. With this plan, the general principles of Building Investment Clubs have been very usefully combined. In the first scheme, the parcels re-sold were to be of such extent as to be worth at least a rent of forty shillings a year; a freehold of that value giving title to a vote. A court of law has emphatically decided that this motive is legal. We do not touch on the political side of the matter, but as a matter of prudential investment, thousands of men would find a "forty shilling freehold" dear, even at half-price. The political motive creates a fictitious position also for the scheme. For example, Land Societies can by no strain of law be made to come under the Building Act. They are Building Societies in a great part of their constitution, and in right of that part they can enroll themselves. But they cannot purchase land, and for this part of their operation are obliged to depend upon some party who, professing independence, purchases land for the society in his own name, and legally upon his own responsibility. For a political motive it is easy to find men who will take this risk upon themselves; but when the people shall have begun to convert Land Societies, as they are already doing, into sources of investment irrespective of all politics, they will begin more and more to have only

themselves to trust in; and the want of legal cover for all the operations of a Freehold Land Society may then begin to be felt very inconveniently. There can be no doubt that such societies are good, that they will spread, and that the law will one day pull its blanket over them; at present, however, they lie just so much exposed as to make it certain, that where nothing is desired beyond the prudent investment of small earnings, they are much inferior to the Permanent Building Societies, which we have already described.

For the descriptions we have been able to give, we are indebted to the perusal of two books published in the present year, (1851), which we urge upon the study of all those to whom is entrusted the responsibility of taking active part in the formation or management of Building and Land Societies. The law, as it affects the question, will be found fully detailed in Mr. Stone's volume on Benefit Building Societies. For the finance and all the minute details which go to the full practical understanding and management of these undertakings; for a distinct marking of the rocks and shoals that lie in the projector's way, and for the tracing of his proper track, we refer to the second edition, now published, of a work on "Industrial Investment and Emigration," by Mr. Scratchley, Actuary to the Western Assurance Society.

THE FIRST TIME, AND THE LAST WAY, OF ASKING.

THE readers of this publication may not be aware of the existence among them of an Association that very industriously circulates its prospectus. Its existence is a fact. I, the writer of this, don't choose to identify myself with myself; but the existence of the Association which I shall presently mention, is A FACT.

Put a case. My name is Damon. Now I, Damon, want to take you — put a case you are a spinster — to have and to hold. I'm a man of nineteen, lightly built, considering my years. Never mind that, at present. I shall hand you my description presently. If you are in the habit of carrying half-pence about in your pocket, and will pull them out and look among them, I dare say you will find stamped upon one of them the name of the weekly paper I take in. There I saw that all the letters in the alphabet, and all the names of females in the dictionary, were corresponding with the editor, and asking him to get them husbands, so I went in with all the other letters in the alphabet, and names of males, to join in begging of the editor to find us wives. I saw there were correspondences in every stage of love-sickness, and notes of gratitude to the editor from married couples, for having brought them together; those notes being doubtless accompanied with pieces of wedding-cake, which were inserted only in

the editor's œsophageal column. (I beg to say that I spelt that long word out of the dictionary, so I am sure it's right.) Well, I went in one Sunday, "Damon, a gentleman of nineteen, having a small salary, with great hope that it will increase, being five feet four, and light complexioned, seeks a sympathising woman with black hair and a shop not previously married." That was what I put into the paper, and the same day that it appeared I looked among the applications from the lady correspondents. Unfortunately most of them wanted their husbands to be six feet long, and stained mahogany, I being neither. But there was one who said she preferred intellect to bodily appearance, and having capital of her own, sought nothing but worth in her life's partner. She signed herself "Lily." I replied to her, and, through the editor, obtained her address, with leave to call and introduce myself — at No. —, Berkeley Square. She proved to be the cook, and a very large person. She had saved wages. Our interview was short, not unmingled with a proud disdain on her part, which I attributed to the caprice of wealth, and, perhaps, in her own opinion, beauty. I left not without hope, but in a few days a note was transmitted to me, by which I found that I was declined, for a reason which I have not yet been able to understand, — that I was a trumpery wiper-snaber. The solitary answer to Damon was from a young lady,

who proved to be 'only eleven years old; I did not then know what difficulties were before me; I therefore respectfully declined her overtures.

I need not trouble you with the history of my defeats during a struggle of some months, carried on through the medium of the public press. I underwent the degradation of being dismissed by two ladies to whom I went for inspection, as a "tallowy boy." At length I yielded to despair, and gave up taking in my paper. Cut off from temptation, ignorant of the matrimonial markets, I galloped my horse about London in a frantic manner — I assist Mr.***, the eminent butcher — and endeavoured to forget my grief. I saw the hearts of sheep and bullocks daily bought with money, while mine, a man's heart, was refused even when offered as a gift!

Despair overcame me. I lost flesh. Wandering with thoughts pre-occupied, joints frequently were stolen from my tray. I should have lost my situation, if an event had not occurred which suddenly threw energy and life again into my operations.

My dear friend, William Smith, — a name so honourable why should I care to conceal? — had retired with me, for a friendly game at chuck-farthing, to the mews behind our shop. Our evening had passed off very agreeably, when my friend — who is out-door assistant to a skilful surgeon — opened his basket, and there, among the bottles of me-

dicine which he had kindly consented to postpone delivering until the ensuing morning, lay two papers, which he drew forth with a roguish look: a look in which my friend excels. "Damon," he says, "I intend to commit matrimony." "That's rather a bold thing for a man to do at thirteen, Bill," I answered; "is that your license, and who's the happy one?" "No," says he, "it's a paper what I found in the kitchen, and it tells one how to get a wife, and have the pick of a whole file on 'em where there's a first-rate stock to be disposed of." That news fell upon me as a spark falls upon tinder, and now, thought I, we shall not have to wait long for the match.

We took our seat, therefore, upon the nearest substance able to afford us that accommodation, and were proceeding to inspect the papers, when we were accosted by a mutual friend, Mr. Thomas Brown. Mr. Brown is a scholar upon a charity foundation, a most estimable man and full of wit, although, at the same time, a compelled eccentricity about his leggings renders him to a disagreeable extent the cause of wit in others. We admitted our friend Brown to our councils, and proceeded to inspect the paper.

I beg to assure you, Sir, that the fond hopes which dawned upon me out of the prospectus which I am now about to lay before you, were not based upon a phantom. I was not the victim of a hoax, and I enclose you, herewith, copies of

the documents issued from a house in London, which, at the moment of which I am now speaking, gave a fugitive sense of delight to me, and Mr. Brown, and Mr. Smith. Smith read as follows: —

“ ‘MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE ASSOCIATION.’ ”

“Very good,” said Mr. Brown, “there’s nothing like the principle of combination. People who want to get married, ought to co-operate with one another. Go on, Smith; very good.”

“ ‘MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE ASSOCIACION.’ ”

“Bravo!” said I, “Matrimony unites folks, Alliance unites folks, and Association unites folks; so that’s what I consider an emphatic title.”

“Hold your tongue,” said Mr. Smith, “and let me go on reading, will you?”

“ ‘Established as a Medium for the introduction of Parties unknown to each other, who are desirous of entering into Matrimony.’ ”

“That’s your sort,” said Brown, in his sarcastic manner. “I see at once that the writer of that is thoroughly well up in his materials. Parties unknown to each other, always are the sort who are desirous of being united in the bonds of Matrimony. If they knew a little more, they’d think a little longer. Go on Smith.”

“ — conducted on the system so successfully adopted in New York and Paris.

“ ‘The most INVIOABLE SECRESY being SECURED to both sexes.

“ ‘The Application of the System is not confined to one Class of Individuals, but presents equal advantages to the TRADESMAN as well as to the PEER.

“ ‘All Forms of Application, being duly and properly filled up with particulars, to be enclosed in a Double Cover, addressed to the Secretary, numbered 1 and 2 — No. 1 being the Form filled up with Initials and Address, (real or nominal) with other particulars, for the Secretary: No. 2, to contain real Name and Address (under sealed cover), which will only be opened when the proper opportunity arrives, and matters appear propitious. But if from any circumstance it may not be required, it will be returned (unopened) as per Address, real or nominal, as contained in Form No. 1. — thus securing secrecy and honourable conduct.

“ ‘FOR EXAMPLE: — Any lady or gentleman may receive the Form of a likely candidate, for perusal, and who approve the same, but decline a personal interview, can forward their PORTRAIT to the Secretary —’ ”

I was glad at hearing that, for it was then not a week since I had procured myself to be cut out in a black profile by an artist who occupies a tent in the Blackfriars Road. I rejoiced now, therefore, over that well-invested penny. Smith continued reading —

“ ‘(prepaid), who will show it

only to interested parties; after which the same will be returned at any time when required.

“As soon as all preliminaries (through the secretary) are adjusted, interviews can be arranged between candidates.

“This Association being conducted on the most honourable principles, no party can be treated with, unless respectable.”

“Quite right,” said Mr. Brown. “All I can say is, they wouldn’t get *me* to join in, if it warn’t respectable.”

We all agreed that this was one of the best features of the scheme, and my friend went on reading.

“Private personal interviews with the secretary — in town, daily, charge five shillings; or in the country, on a moderate scale of charges. Parties desiring further information, prior to registration, must enclose stamps for answers, or no reply can be made.

“Registration Fee, 5s. which must accompany the letter of each applicant, payable to the secretary, at Post Office, Strand, London.

“Office hours, from Ten till Four o’clock.”

Then comes the name of the secretary, who signs himself “Esquire,” and the address of the establishment.

I told my friends that I wouldn’t mind going half-a-sovereign for a rich, handsome, young wife, of noble family. Our friend Brown said that he regretted that he

would be unable to go more than fourpence. Our medical friend would prefer making his investment after Boxing-day. I therefore took immediate possession of Form No. 1, and the same evening filled it up as follows. The answers, of course, being mine, *all the rest is literally the printed form.*

“APPLICATION FORM.

“Candidate’s Name, or Initials. Damon.

“Residence — Real or Nominal. Nominal — the Ocean Wave.

“Business or Occupation. Assistant Butcher.

“A Native of what Country. A true Briton.

“Age. Nineteen.

“Complexion. Blonde.

“Height. Five feet four inches.

“Slender or Robust. Never mind.

“Are you of Healthy Constitution. I should hope so.

“What are your Habits. Beaming.

“Are you fond Society (*sic in orig.*). Just let her try me.

“If any accomplishments, say so. Imitations of animals, chuck-farthing, horsemanship, and the Jew’s-harp.

“If a Widow, how many Children, and respective ages. Not a widow.

“If a Widower, ditto ditto. Nor a widower.

“What are your Prospect. Marrying well.

“Supposed Income — by Business, Property, or Annuity. Income by trade, ten pound a year — by

chuck-farthing, say three pound; total, say thirteen pound.

"Would you give References in the event of a successful Interview. Yes. Mr. Smith, the surgeon, and an eminent scholar, Mr. Brown.

"The Description of Person you want, or would appreciate for a —, and the Prospects, Fortune, or Capital required, if such is desirable. A beauty of noble birth, with good prospects, large fortune, and a capital house in town.

"I aver the above statement to be the truth,

"(Signature or Initials).

DAMON."

That, Mr. Conductor of Household Words, was the Form I sent in, properly filled up; and I was told that there were a number of lovely candidates upon the books, of various positions in society. I suppose my form is circulated among them; but, if so, why haven't I had an answer? If you will be kind enough to publish my Application Form in your widely-circulated publication, you will confer an inestimable favour on your most obedient servant.

AN ARABIAN NIGHT-MARE.

It came to pass, some years ago, that I went to the fair of Nishin, Novogorod, which is in the land of the Muscovites, who are unbelievers, and worship the pictures of created things. And, lo! I took to the fair fur caps and cloaks from Thibet, and woollen

garments from Cashmere, and also the dates of Bokhara. And our Lord the Prophet, whose tomb I have visited (and whose name is blessed), gave me a ready sale for my merchandise, so that I had soon a girdle full of roubles, which are coins of the Muscovites. And, behold! I made acquaintance with one of the unbelievers, whose name was Demski, and who had brought to the fair garments of white fur and garments of seal-skin. And, of a truth, before the fair was over, I was greatly troubled in my body by reason of the noise and the crowd, and the anxieties of buying and selling; and also by reason of the unwholesome food, wherewith the Muscovites (may God enlighten them!) are wont to fill themselves. And I was afflicted with a great trembling of the limbs, so that walking fatigued me — although I am one who had journeyed to Mecca (the riches of which place may God increase). And whereas, when I was in Khiva, my girdle caused a shortness of the breath, and a constriction of the ribs: it would now have fallen over my waist, if the good roubles, whereof our Lord the Prophet had permitted me to despoil the Muscovites, had not kept it in its place. And when Demski saw that I walked with difficulty, and was even as a peeled wand for thinness, he said. "Verily, oh Hamet! the way to Khiva is long, and the motion of camels, I have heard, is an affliction to the limbs: it were better for thee to go with me and

my merchandise unto Berezow, which is a town on the river Obb, in the province of Tobolsk; for though the winter is long and cold; yet, when we roll thee up in furs, and give thee the warmest corner of the stove, and cause the pores of thy skin to be opened by means of the sweating-house, thou wilt not think of the snow or of the long night." And I said, "Of a truth, oh my friend! the words of the poet are exemplified in thee, saying,

'In a brother I have found no love, but a stranger hath shown me affection. And a stranger has been to me more than the son of my mother.'

But he answered, "These are foolish words! When I come to Khiva, thou wilt prepare the kabobs and the pilaff for me. And now, oh Hamet, make ready thy goods; for on the second day we shall harness the horse to the sledge."

And on the second day Demski loaded his sledge with merchandise, even with dried meat and fish, and with brandy, and with stewed pears (may Allah confound them and exterminate them!), for of such things do the Muscovites eat. And he spread fur cloaks upon the merchandise, and we sat thereon, and he struck the horse with a whip having three lashes, and we went like the horses of the Kurds, and like the camels of the Bedawee.

And, lo, the journey was long; but the novelty thereof sustained me, for from my youth up, I have loved to see strange places, and

to hear of the people who dwell therein. And when we came to Berezow, we found there Petrovna, the wife of Demski, and Alexandrovitch, their little son, and I gave to her a handkerchief of bright colours, and to him a tarboosh of red cloth; so that they were glad to see me, and I abode with them during the winter. And, verily, I saw a strange thing; for the sun appeared not for the space of five months. And when I saw this, I said, "Of a truth this is a land forsaken of God. And it is because the people thereof worship the pictures of created things."

And I abode much in the house, going only from the stove to the sweating-house, and from the sweating-house to the stove. And in the sweating-house they took from me my clothes, and set me on warm stones, and poured water on stones heated in the fire, until the house was filled with the steam thereof, and beat my body gently with the twigs of birch, until the perspiration ran from me; and indeed this is of great convenience in so cold a land. And in the house we talked of the countries we had seen, and of the wonderful works of God: and Demski taught me the game of chess, and I taught him that of Ahama, which I had learned of an Osmanlee when I journeyed to Mecca, (which may God establish!)

And, lo! one evening I noticed that Alexandrovitch, the son of Demski, was cutting out the bits of bone wherewith the game of

chess is played, and fashioning them into the images of created things. And I saw that the bone wherefrom he was cutting them was that of a large animal; and I said, "Oh Demski! whence is that bone? for I have seen here no animals whose bones are of such a bigness, but only a few hares and foxes, with white fur. For in this accursed land, God has withdrawn the light of his countenance from the animals, and there is no colour in them." And Demski told me that the bone was found in the ice; and that also whole animals were found therein, with the hair and flesh on them; and that amongst them were the bones of the elephant, and even entire elephants, which are animals that I have seen in the land of the Mogul, where the inhabitants (may Allah instruct them!) worship cows. And I said, "Oh Demski! how came these animals in the ice? for they are animals that inhabit hot countries, and could not live in this cold place, which causeth the blood to stand still, and maketh the fingers like those of dead men." And he said, "Thy question is that of a man of understanding; and verily there was a learned man here, whom the Czar (whom God preserve!) sent to us, a man of the nation of Franks, who examined these bones, and looked at the creatures as they lay in the ice, and said to me and to others, that this land had once been warmer and fit for such creatures, and that these frozen rivers and seas had

once flowed like the great rivers and the ocean which thou hast seen." And I said, "Oh Demski! this is but foolishness; and God will confound these Feringees, who pry into the origin of things. For these are works of Eblis and of the Jân, and these creatures are shut up here by enchantment, even as Gog and Magog were shut up by Iskander, in the mountains near the Caspian Sea. And Gog and Magog are always digging through the mountain to get out; but cannot, by reason of the strong enchantment wherewith they are enchanted; nor shall they, because they cannot say, 'Inshallah!' which means 'God willing.' But one day there shall be a boy amongst them, called 'Inshallah;' and one of them shall say to him, 'Inshallah, I will dig through the rock;' and straightway they shall dig through the rock, and overspread the world, and Dejjal shall come forth to lead them. And who knows but these creatures are shut up here by like enchantment, and will one day come forth?"

And Demski and Petrovna, and Alexandrovitch, their son, allowed that I had spoken wisely, and praised me much; so that when supper came I was elated, and eat of the dried meat and of fish, and of stewed pears, which I had never before tasted (may Allah confound them!); and drank of the brandy until I shouted and sang, as one should not shout and sing who has travelled to Mecca — (may God establish it and maintain it!). And, behold, when I

lay down on the stone to sleep, I was much pleased that I had spoken so wisely about Eblis and the Jân, and Gog and Magog, and Iskander; for it beseemeth a schereef to instruct the ignorant, and one who hath wisdom to impart it to one who hath not. So I slept.

But about the middle of the night I felt a heavy hand upon my breast, and I awoke; and, lo! when one of the evil ones stood by me, even a Jin, having the face of a bull, and a hand like the foot of an elephant, and his hand was upon my breast. And he said, "Oh Hamet, arise and go with me!" And I answered, "Oh Bull Face! whither?" And he said, "Unto the shores of the Frozen Sea, and to the palace of Eblis, and to the abode of the enchanted creatures of whom thou spakest before supper."

Then said I, "Now are the words of the poet accomplished, for he said: —

"Speak no evil of the Jân, for they are always about thee,
And one of them shall carry thy words to
the rest in the palace of Eblis."

And the Bull Face grinned. And I arose, and went with him out of the house; and he took me by the hand, and we ran swiftly, like the Mahry, on which the Tonarick rides forth to plunder. And when I saw that he meddled not with Demski, nor with Petrovna, his wife, neither with any of the people of Berezow, I said, "See, now! what it is to worship the pictures of created things; for the

Jân regard these people as brothers." And the Bull Face snorted. And by this time we had come to the shores of the Frozen Sea; but the ice was not all of equal strength, nor was the sea covered by it; but great shapes of ice sailed down it, which were of a blue colour, by reason of the moon. And the Jin would have carried me over; but when he essayed it, I was too heavy for him; so that he said, "Of a truth, this wretch must have some holy thing about him, that I cannot lift him." And I remembered with joy that I had on my heart a piece of cloth wherewith I had touched the Holy Stone at Mecca, and I repeated the verses: —

"Keep holy things about thee, and gird thee with sacred spells: that thy wickedness may be forgiven for the sake of that thou wearest."

And the Jin struck the ice with a stone, and made it crack; and, lo! I heard it cracking and splitting all across the sea, until the sound thereof was louder than that of thunder. And the Jân who were in the palace of Eblis heard it; and straightway three of them, having the faces of hawks and the claws of eagles, came flying to us. And the Bull Face said: "Oh Hook Noses! Eblis sent me to bring this wretch to him, but he is too heavy for me, by reason of some holy thing which he hath about him. Help me to carry him." And they took me in their arms, and flew. And when I felt the swiftness of our motion through the air, and reflected

that the evil ones might let me fall on the ice, or into the cold sea, I resolved to entreat them courteously; and I said to one of the Hook Noses who bore up my right shoulder, "Wherefore, oh my aga! doth my lord Eblis abide in this desolate place with creatures forsaken of God?" And he said: "Not choice, but necessity, brought us hither, thou abandoned one; for Eblis was once lord of the morning star, and God had given him a brightness well nigh equal to that of the sun, and permitted his star to be seen of men, even till the third hour of the day; but Eblis wished that his light might be greater, and that his star might be seen of men all the day long; wherefore God banished him from the morning star, and shut him up here with forsaken creatures; and as for us, we are even as he is." And the Bull Face and the Hook Noses howled for grief, and I was sorry that I had questioned them, for I thought, they have a sore burden to bear, and I have reminded them of it. And now they flew down to the land, whereon the palace of Eblis stands; and, verily, it is a land of ice, for there are neither trees nor plants in it, nor any living herb, nor any running water, but only great rocks and columns of ice; even pillars like those of Tadmor, which Solomon built in the desert. And in these columns I saw what will scarce be believed; for I saw all manner of animals, entire and perfect, even elephants bigger than any that I

ever saw in the land of the Mogul, and great deer, and crocodiles, such as live by the Nile. These were all shut up in the ice, as flies and straws are enclosed in the amber of the merchants; and the expression of their countenances was that of animals which have died in pain. And I said to them who were with me, "Oh Jân! how came these creatures here?" And one of them said, "Of a truth, this was once a land with rivers of water, and with trees and plants, both great and small, and these creatures lived therein; but when God sent Eblis hither, he caused the Sun to shine on other parts of the world and not on this, so that these creatures were all frozen up here, and the breath went out of them."

Then thought I, "Lo! now this is what the Frank said to Demski and to others. Surely God has cursed these Franks, for they speak like the Jâns." But though there was no sun in this land, there was a light, such as I never saw before or since; for it proceeded from no visible cause, but resembled the reflection of a lamp upon a wall; and verily the ice was luminous, and I saw pale flames on the top of every rock and pillar of ice, and they resembled the mist which surrounds the moon when rain is about to be sent. And the flames were everywhere, even in the ground whereon I walked, and in the air which I breathed; but there was no heat in the flame. And, lo! we came into the hall where Eblis sat, and

it was all of luminous ice, and the inhabitants thereof were of ice also; and as I looked at the Jân who had brought me, behold! they were all of ice, and pale flames were around all their heads, and at the ends of all their fingers, and their bodies were luminous, so that I could see their hearts beat. And Eblis sat on a frozen throne, and his body looked like a pure opal without flaw, and his face was like unto a milk-white cornelian. And there was no light in the palace, or in all that land, but that which came from the ice, and from the inhabitants thereof.

And they set me in the midst. And Eblis said, "What present has my servant Hamet brought to his lord?" And I answered, "Nay, my Sultan; I was taken in the night, and have brought nothing, and, moreover, I am not the servant of my Sultan; but if he will send me back to Berezow, to the house of Demski, I will give him, as a present, fur caps of Thibet, and woollen garments of Cashmere, inasmuch as he needeth them sorely." And thereat the men of ice laughed, until their joints cracked horribly. And Eblis said, "Yea! but thou hast served me often; even at the fair of Novogorod, when thou didst sell fur caps for two roubles, that were not worth one; and again, no later than last night, when thou didst drink brandy and eat stewed pears." And I said, "Of a truth, the fur caps were not good, and the stewed pears are an accursed

food; but I am a poor man, and my Sultan will take a small present from me." And he answered, "Yea! I will take even what thou hast with thee;" and turning to a blue Jin, who stood near him, he said, "Take from him the girdle of roubles which is about his waist." And when I heard this, I thought, "It were better for me to die than to let these accursed ones have my roubles; a man can only die once, but poverty is an abiding affliction." So I took courage, and cried, "Oh! Frozen Ones, accursed are your mothers and your sisters; but my roubles ye shall not have." And I held up my garments and ran; and the men of ice ran too, and slid round about me on the ice, and caught at me with their slippery hands, and chilled me with their icy breath. And the rocks, and the pillars, and the frozen ground, shot out pale flames at me as I passed; and the creatures in the pillars, the expression of whose countenances was that of creatures which had died in pain, writhed themselves in the ice, and grinned at me horribly. And all the men of ice shouted, "Hamet! Stop, Hamet! Thy roubles, Hamet! Thy roubles!" And their words struck against the rocks, and ran along the frozen ground, and along the surface of the sea, until all that desolate place repeated "Hamet! Stop, Hamet! Thy roubles, Hamet! Thy roubles!" and my foot slipped. And as I strove to save myself from falling, behold! I was

on my back on the stove in the house of Demski, and he and his wife and their son were shouting to me. And they said that I had slept long: but how I escaped from those frozen ones, I know not; but I suppose the bit of cloth, with which I had touched the Holy Stone, redeemed me from them, even from the power of the Jân; by which one may see that it is good to go to Mecca, and that Mohammed is the Prophet of God.

And when the spring came I departed from Demski and his wife, and returned to Khiva, both I and my roubles, whereof those evil ones had wished to rob me.

A FREE (AND EASY) SCHOOL.

BE kind enough to look at the following prospectus of "Queen Elizabeth's Royal Free Grammar-School," at Thistledown. Dr. Laon Blose, head master, seeks private pupils, who are to bring with them silver forks and spoons. He wants pupils at forty guineas, with extras, on the usual terms. Be kind enough to look at the first paragraph of the prospectus.

"At this school, founded by Queen Elizabeth, there are only seven foundation or free boys, who attend as day scholars, not at all interfering with the private pupils." A Free Grammar-School master advertises the free boys as of no consequence at all! To be sure, you

say — an every-day occurrence. So it is.

Here is an educational register for the year of our Lord 1851. It contains a list of what are humorously called Free Grammar-Schools, one hundred and eighteen pages long. There are in this country two thousand four hundred endowed schools, and in two thousand of them there are not four hundred free pupils! The endowment of some of these establishments is small; a scanty stipend for a clergyman, but a fair stipend for a trained village schoolmaster. In others it is large; but, small or large, it very rarely is made serviceable to the children of the poor. Here, for example, if we look into the register, we find one Grammar-School, founded, like that of Thistledown, by Queen Elizabeth, free to sons of parishioners. It is respectably endowed. If we look into the advertisements bound up with the same register, we find the reverend headmaster of this school informing us, that "the course of instruction pursued, comprises theology, the Greek and Latin classics, as preparatory to the universities and public colleges, geometry, algebra, French," and a great deal more. Every boarder who comes hungering for knowledge must bring with him "a silver spoon and fork." Again, another school, endowed with a good house, a few acres of field, and two hundred and eighty pounds a year, in order that it might be "free to boys born in the parish,"

looks abroad for patronage, and advertises to the public that "the system of education is adapted to prepare young gentlemen for Addiscombe, Woolwich, Sandhurst, and the examination required at the Horse Guards, as well as for the public schools and the universities." Why is it so adapted? Is it a custom at the Horse Guards to examine curly-headed ploughboys? Does Lubin sigh to be a wrangler?

That is all very well, you say, and very stale. You know all about Free Grammar-School abuses, and the children of the poor, despoiled of their inheritance. But you are tired of dry statistics, and vague generalities. Something distinct and tangible would suit you better. Will I go and visit one of these Free Grammar-Schools; walk into the school-room: see the boys at work; catechise the head-masters; look over the building, and bring back a report of what is to be seen? Will I? Of course I will. Take the Royal Free Grammar-School of Thistledown, of which I have just seen the prospectus. Dr. Laon Blose confesses to the usual partiality for silver forks. He teaches German, drawing, dancing, music, on the usual terms. He prepares younger boys for Eton. His course of study is comprehensive. He has seven foundation boys who do not interfere with his arrangements. "At Midsummer and Christmas all the pupils are examined, and prizes are awarded by the trustees and governors." You wonder

whether the foundation boys ever have prizes given to them. I will go and ask. Of this school, at present, beyond its prospectus, I know nothing whatever. It seems to be like others of its class. Let us accept it as a specimen. I know no more than you do, what we shall find when we get there; but we will run over to Thistledown, and look about us. What we see we will report quite faithfully; we will not feign even the minutest incident, and not invent a syllable of dialogue, but bring back a true picture of this Royal Grammar-School, and of the way in which they manage it, falsifying only the names of places or of persons.

You put on the coat of Fortunatus, as a railway wrapper, and go with me as invisible companion. A sentence brings us to our journey's end. We pass through the little station-house, and scorning the small fly at the door, which has blown itself into a railway omnibus, we march upon the high-road to Thistledown. That little country town is not far distant, as we see by the grey tower of its church, which peeps over the trees on yonder hill.

It is a dull October afternoon; no blue whatever in the sky, no wind whatever in the trees. On each side of the broad high-road, the fields are puffed up into notice by a series of undulations, as if it were determined that no effort should be spared to make the greatest possible display of melancholy oaks, and red and yellow copses, and every variety

of autumn foliage which Nature has just now on hand. Dulled as we are by the dulness of the atmosphere, and little cheered by the dead leaves which make our path untidy, yet our London eyes are brightened at the first sight of a veritable five-barred gate, framed in blackberries. But blackberries, again, are melancholy things; they take our thoughts back to the days of trustful childhood, when we could crop those little joys by the wayside, and did not know that they are only safe while they are sour, and that the oversweet have constantly a maggot coiled within. Alas for the experience of life! There goes the omnibus-fly: a country girl inside, and on the box the little midshipman who was our fellow-traveller! He has lost no time in lighting a cigar, and has already recognised a man and a brother in the coachman. He sits upon the coach-box as an emperor upon a throne, much happier, and quite as proud. The railway train is tearing on over the distant country. The chaise, which lounges homeward in advance of us, lags with the slowness of a disappointed vehicle, after trotting briskly to the station for a master who has not arrived. Really, if we were epic poets, we should picture a colossal shadow of despondency, sitting with bowed head on yonder little hill, the genius of the place, and hear her sighing through the stillness of the air.

Now the road, which was not the main road after all, but a mere

tributary to the stream of travellers, has led to the main current. A procession of three carts laden with manure, is all by which that current is at present indicated. A large white house, labelled "Seminary for Young Ladies," faces us. We wonder, first, why girls should go to seminaries, boys to academies; next, we wonder which way shall we turn to Thistledown. Then, we remember the position of the grey church-tower; we see certain railings also, and we turn, therefore, to the right with confidence. The railings! Nobody would believe that we had been to Thistledown at all, if we came back and never named that very striking feature. It would be the return from Egypt of a traveller who has not seen the Pyramids. Thick wooden railings on each side of the road, and the ascent of a hill, indicate that we are coming into Thistledown. The wonder of the railings is their wintriness. Some of the posts evidently have, at a remote period, been dressed with tar; others, show trace of nothing but the green paint employed by nature. The whole effect is gloomy, but the top rail on each side all the way to Thistledown, is made resplendent with white lead, conveying to the eye immediately some notion of a heavy fall of snow. Next, we decide that it is paint; that Thistledown is not a wealthy borough; that its corporate funds having been spent in painting the top-rail, it is resolved to stop and breathe a bit before proceeding

to the second. This top rail, in the meantime, is the lion of the place, carved over with initials and dates, and names of distant places.

Little cottages and little gardens, and a broad street, presently, with little houses on each side. A load of coals going to somebody; or rather not going, but standing still. The driver is in conversation with a listless-looking individual, who lifts up his smock-frock to put his hands into the pockets of his corduroys, and wears portentous yellow gaiters. The conversation closes, and the yellow gaiters lounge very heavily down hill. The horse, after a preliminary struggle, (which the driver regards philosophically,) proceeds to pull the coal cart up hill. Those are the first natives of Thistledown with whom we meet, but we observe now three or four more in the street. Here is a clean little commercial inn, its floors well hearth-stoned, bearing a right ancient commercial sign, "The Woolpack." Here is the huge stuccoed front of a hotel, with its paint peeling off. A tremendous iron bracket hangs over the door, but no sign swings from it. We feel no doubt that its despondent owner is miserably drinking weak tea in some dull back room, over a fire containing five or six live coals. Yonder are two large houses of white brick, with handsome shop-fronts. You guess them to belong to a general store dealer and a draper. Of course you are right — you always

are. There are some wooden houses; and this block, which stands, like our own cockney Middle Row, in the centre of the road, tells of a number that have been pulled down to better the highway; so, once upon a time, there was improvement here. There is the old church, crumbling to pieces, with a smooth brown dab of restoration plastered over half a wall; the churchyard, very small and very full. We have not yet passed the grammar-school. Here, to the right, is another street; we will seek, there, the object of our journey.

A few people out. Prosperous-looking general store shops; prosperous-looking butchers; some large inns, including a tremendous Dragon, and a long straggling hostelry in a deep hollow by the road-side, offering "good entertainment for man and beast!" Pleasant houses, with trimmed shrubs in front; a green, with diverging roads, and trees, and a pond, and geese, and pretty little residences on the skirts of it. But, still we see no grammar-school. Let us turn back and ask the Dragon to direct us. Men in smock-frocks sit in the bar of the Dragon, one of whom comes out to us. We ask our question. "Dr. Blose's?" he inquires, and we assent. He points to a white house by the church, and bids us journey to the right of that; so we retrace our steps. The chemist, with a plaster man and horse struggling together in his window, seems

himself to have got the fore-horse by the head. The bookseller and stationer maintains a good shop; but finds that he thrives better by combining toys and china with his other articles of trade. There is, of course, the local slopseller, with a gigantic red hat, of a very rural pattern, hung out as his sign. The ironmonger has a very well-stocked shop, and there's a carriage stopping at the door of it. The milliners inhabit little houses, with their names hung upon labels in the windows. There are multitudes of little houses, and the road between them is familiar with hob-nailed shoes, that kiss its face with lingering caresses. Nothing seems to be done rapidly in Thistle-down. We saunter in our pace, lest people throw their windows up and think that we are walking for a wager. Here is the white house by the church again; there is a taste in this churchyard for deal planks adown the whole length of the graves, recording briefly who is set beneath. There are a few little headstones, of the common garden-label pattern, indicating what seed has been sown below, for immortality.

The school. An old wall, pierced with two doors side by side; "Dr. L. Blose" painted on one of them, assures us that, at length, we have found the object of our search. Behind the wall an antiquated little building of plain brick, with a round tower on each side of it, and queer little windows, the whole luxuriantly overgrown with ivy, is the Free

School as it was built in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

We open the door glorified by the Doctor's name, and enter a small court-yard. The two doors, side by side, lead into the same court: perhaps one is consecrated to the silver fork, the other to the Free School. The door closes behind us, and, as it shuts out even the little world of Thistle-down, and leaves us in the quiet court alone, before the ivied walls of the old school-house, the sad October spirit seems to have led us back among the ghosts of things belonging to a former century. A handsome greyhound issues from an outhouse, and offers us his nose in a most friendly manner. There is not a breath of air stirring the ivy. While we still stand, patting the greyhound's head, and looking at the worn face of the quiet little building, our eyes are attracted by the movement of a child, who glides in at the school-house door. It must be the dull sky, and the dead leaves, and the old ivied walls, into whose inner life the figure passes, that have made the little child appear so ghostly. It had perhaps come out to drink, but we had not heard its quiet movement until it was near the door — a little pale child passing in with a worn look, and not one glance of curiosity towards a strange face in the court-yard. There is another door which, probably, is that pertaining to the house; the figure of the little child — perhaps it was hallucination, or a guiding wraith, for children

do not often glide so silently — at any rate, the figure — has informed us where to seek the school-room door. We go to it, and in a minute we are standing in the midst of the assembled school.

Down drop all preconceived ideas founded on the silver fork. A powerful surprise arrests our progress; we stand still, endeavouring to shake off the dreaminess of our impressions. A school-room, built in the old days of Queen Elizabeth, not at all large, but tolerably lofty, with little windows high up, and bare whitened walls, and twice as many beings in it as it ought to hold. Against the walls, a few maps; the desks and forms at which the children swarm — or seem to swarm, so narrow is the compass of the school-room — are undoubtedly the very desks with which that Royal Free Grammar-School was furnished when it was first built for the uses of the poor. Worm-eaten they look, and more than worm-eaten — child-eaten — bitten about with large holes, and covered with a network of infantile carvings. Pale as maggots, in unwholesome-looking clothes, the children swarm, heavily busy at their work; no look of joyous curiosity, no wide bright eye of wonder rests upon us; we have interrupted nothing; we have fallen on another dream. A tall, dirty youth, or man, dressed seedily, and garnished with moustaches, bends over a form covered with small weary-looking children; our entrance does not cause him to lift up his head. There is

a loud voice of a man busy somewhere; but the little place grows large before us in the mist of sickliness which its rough walls enclose; our eyes can rest on no detail. We have yet to recover from the shock of an unexpected and oppressive picture.

And as it is in some dreams where the grotesque scene works itself out before us, and all the actors seem unconscious of our presence, so here, for a brief space, the work of school goes on. The pale young man in the moustache is the French master. We move as if we would address him, and that breaks the spell. He dives into a group of children, and produces out of it a large man with a pasty face, who comes, still silently, towards us. We do not hear the big voice now, but the puny hum, a spectral imitation of the hum of school, continues.

“Doctor Blose?” we say, and look this latest portion of our vision in the face. That face has almost the complexion of an apple-pudding; black hair mats over it untidily. This is Thursday — not to him, or to the boys apparently, a clean-shirt day — he still wears last Sunday’s linen. He is stout, but every limb betrays his laxity of fibre; his coat is fluffy; his hands are unclean. He evidently lives in an unwholesome atmosphere. “Dr. Blose?” we say. He mutters a few syllables, bowing assent. We stand now in the middle of the school. “A gentleman in London, who has seen one of your prospectuses,

desired me to run down and ask you a few questions."

Dr. Blose illuminates the whole of his face in honour of my arrival. "Most happy to see you; will you walk into the drawing-room?"

Come with me, invisible companion, as I follow Dr. Blose! We leave the school-room by a private door conducting into the house. We cross odd little dark passages, then climb a steep, worm-eaten old stair; cross a room into another room, and sit down opposite the doctor.

It is a wonderfully low-pitched room, of which the ceiling seems to weigh heavily upon our spirits: the queer little windows, out of which we peep abroad through the old ivy, let little life in from the sombre day outside.

Abruptly I resume the conversation — "Chiefly it was desired that I should ask you questions about the number of your pupils, and how you manage with the free scholars?"

"O, they *have* been rather a difficulty; but I have made arrangements — which, indeed, I shall carry out next week — to turn my parlour into a school-room; and then I shall keep my own boys perfectly separate from the free school and the day-scholars."

"You would teach your private pupils separately — have, in fact, two distinct schools?"

"Yes."

"But how would you attend to them? Would there not be some difficulty?"

"Why, I might possibly need another assistant; my wife, too, might teach the youngest children. I might attend to the foundation boys when the French master was in the parlour."

"I understand. How many private boarders have you?"

"Sixteen. My number is five-and-twenty, if I can make it up."

"And day-scholars you have?"

"Yes, I take day-scholars; but there are only six or seven. I might have more if I would; but when they are too rough, I refuse to take them. The foundation boys, of course, are a rough lot, and I must take whoever is put into a vacancy. But I pick my day-scholars."

My friendly shade, you sit by, looking rather grim. As for the shade of Queen Elizabeth, I hope she does not hear that the rough — even with money in their hands — are warned off from the Free School door, lest private pupils be offended by them. Grim as you look, I do somewhat relent, now that we have gone so far, and do compassionate poor Dr. Blose, who sits here uttering the secrets of his prison-house. Yet do we intrude upon no private confidence. Free endowed Grammar-Schools are public property. I ask no question of Dr. Blose, his answer to which the public has not a commanding right to hear. If I said how large an ear was open for his information, he would never give it me. I tell him, therefore, nothing of my motives; not a word more than the absolute and

very simple fact, that a gentleman who had seen his prospectus wished me to ask him questions. On that hint he speaks; and I, remembering my delicate position, ask for no information that does not immediately concern the position of foundation boys in a Free Grammar-School.

"Your own pupils, then, will not be taught with the foundation boys? And the prizes? How do you arrange about the prizes?"

"The trustees examine the whole school once a year, and prizes are then given to the boys whom I point out. The other half-year I give prizes myself, and on each occasion I generally manage that one prize should go to the best boy on the foundation form."

"You are superintended, I suppose, by the trustees?"

"Yes; generally the clergy of the parish. May I ask for whom you are inquiring?"

"No. You may, perhaps, hear more upon the subject. I must be gone now, for I have exhausted all my stock of questions."

"Will you come up and see the bed-rooms?"

"No, thank you — no; it is not my purpose to look into domestic arrangements."

But I am urged to ascend, and am not sorry to wander through the worm-eaten old school-house. Dr. Laon Blose points out a little garden at the back. "I mean," he says, "to make a play-ground there, for my own boys, where they may be when the free scholars are in front. It is necessary to watch

against intimacy between them; for though it doesn't matter in the case of pupils who come from a distance, it is very awkward in the case of boys whose parents live in the vicinity." I look a little puzzled. "Because," said the Doctor, "after they leave school, the rough acquaintance is apt to be continued."

So the silver forks are parted from the wooden spoons. Declining hospitable offers, we turn to depart. As we wind down the old staircase, the doctor asks us from behind, "Don't you think, now, that it is a good plan to part the two schools?" We murmur, "Yes," for, certainly, we think at present the poor children are overcrowded. But as a return catechism appears likely to commence, I tumble down a step or two, and turn the doctor's breath into a current of apology for his extremely awkward stairs.

So, being let out at the private door, I stand again with my old friend the grey-hound, and look back at the ivy-covered school; the little school with its two dwarf crumbling towers. I wonder how the doctor, and his household, and his five-and-twenty pupils, can be stowed away therein. My wonder is not at the doctor. It is not he who is an abuse; he is but one among four thousand men, whose lot is cast among these rotten places. Educated men and clergymen are named as masters, with salaries below their expectation. They are distinctly told to help themselves, by taking private pu-

pils; and what they are distinctly told to do, they do. It is a part of the contract made with them when they accepted office. The consequences of putting such men, upon such terms, into these places, follow naturally. A vivid and a painful picture of them is presented here at Thistledown.

The afternoon has waned, and the October gloom has deepened; and the gloom which we have brought with us out of that mouldered tomb of charity, strengthens considerably the October influence. We walk back to the railway station; there will not be a train for an hour. Let us walk on three miles to the train's next place of stoppage, and wait there.

So we walk on through the dead leaves that bestrew the narrow lanes, and having passed, a little village, presently, we see a mob of children round a cottage gate; an adorned cottage, larger than the grammar-school we left, and like it clad with ivy, but with clematis as well. Is it another school? No, but a whole school is waiting at the gate; children of all sizes, labourers' children evidently — bits of the rough lot — but cleaner far, and very far more child-like than the weary little crowd at Thistledown. Four or five little imps are racing with each other, and give us as they pass a joyous grin; a little philosopher of five years old walks alone, singing, and fires smiles at us out of his big eyes as we go by. Around the cottage gate are children of all sizes, from two feet

to five, and a gentleman with whom they seem all to be on loving terms, is asking, "Whose turn-out" a cart may be, whose red and yellow horse travels in leading-strings. Free and fearless childish looks, and kindly childish laughter play about us as we travel through this sunny little cloud of life.

And we go on, and presently, by the way-side, there is a cottage with nasturtium and monthly roses blossoming about its windows, and a woman — not young — neatly dressed, leans over the gate, her head upon one hand, and she is looking up the lane pleasantly, pensively, her eyes upon the little multitude. Very coarse her neat dress is, very refined the look of love toward the children makes her face to seem; to see her, in passing, lean over the gate before her roses, tempts one to look back upon the quiet picture; and then we see, built up against her cottage, the clean little school-house with its windows open, so we know she is the village schoolmistress. And we pass on, and presently an iron torrent pours us back into the depths of London.

ENGLISH SONGS.

WHEN Bishop Percy published his "Reliques," in 1765, he found it necessary to make an apology for introducing them to a "polite age." The century was too artificial, too "elegant," to be expected to like anything so

natural. We now recognise these barbarous remains to be full of the finest and most genuine poetry. "Sweet William and Fair Margaret," as preserved in its old form by the graceful-minded Bishop, is an infinitely finer production than the "Margaret's Ghost" founded on it by Mallet which the Bishop so highly eulogises. All this is part of what we may call the Second Revival, which began in the early days of Scott; which has resulted in the increased love for Shakespeare and Spenser; which has reprinted Herrick; and the essence of which lies in this, that it brought back heart into our literature. I often compare this movement of Europe to the return of the Prodigal Son. Europe sickened over its dry husks, and came back to its parent Nature. Let us glance here at the tracks of the wanderings of our native English mind, since the point where the tracks become clearly traceable.

Our old minstrels were undoubtedly a privileged class. They sang at the banquets of the barons, and were indeed the poets of their age; plucking forth and illustrating the beauty that lay in the acts of their generation. What the old barons did in their fighting, havoc-making lives — conceiving it their due occupation — these minstrels endowed with grace and attraction. It was pleasant, of course, for a Percy, or a Douglas, to hear the hunting and slaughtering adventures of his grandfather, recounted with

the magic of music, made look so bright by the light of poetic fire. The minstrel, with his gifts, was undoubtedly a welcome visitor; and, indeed, the great barons had minstrels of their own in habitual attendance on them. We cannot complain that our ancestors were without musical taste. They had "serenades," for example, in the days when our climate was worse than it is now. I have no doubt they were, what we should call, "coarse," rough, from the very vigour of life they felt. Yet, they had their refinements; they were extremely fond of perfumes, not delicate, etherial essences, but thick compounds, touching up the sense with a vengeance. Undoubtedly, they liked splendour and ornament — witness only their armorial ensigns — and generally must have loved the expression of beauty by their minstrels, who revealed the highest beauty to them, by the chant and the harp. We need only remember how Taillefer came singing up in front of the Norman line, at Hastings; how Blondel sang to the young knights under the walls at Acre; how the condition of the minstrels improved after the times of Richard the First. They remained a distinct body for many ages after the Norman conquest. They were, in fact, the literary exponents of life, as the chroniclers were the preservers of tradition; they did for the nationality of their countrymen, what the Church did for their religious belief. The Church had its singers of the deeds of

saints, while the minstrels sang the wars, adventures, and loves. We sing of imaginary pirates, imaginary loves, of sentiments notoriously contrary to the general feeling of society, about every conceivable subject. The first song was a winged fact; a kind of inspired history. I confess, for this reason, to a liking for the ballad of "Sweet William and Fair Margaret;" those "noble lovers," as the old titles call them. It is full of character, tenderness, prettiness — of truth, in short. The simple English village air breathes about it. The two lovers are sitting together, and William speaks: —

"I see no harm by you, Margaret,
And you see none by me;
Before to-morrow at eight o'clock
A rich wedding you shall see."

Of course, the artful villain "palts" in a "double sense;" but neither Margaret nor the "intelligent reader" (the fact is, *that* entity was not extant then) are supposed to see through it. You are to "shut your eyes," as the children say, "and wait what fortune sends you." Accordingly, in the very next stanza —

"Fair Margaret sate in her bower window,
Combing her yellow hair;
There she spied sweet William and his
bride,
As they were a-riding near."

It never seemed to enter Margaret's head that anything but death remained; accordingly it comes, and her spirit glides up to William's feet: —

"Are you awake, sweet William, she
said,

Or, sweet William, are you asleep?
God give you joy of your gay bride-bed,
And me of my winding sheet!"

William tells his bride of his bad dream; and in one momentary glimpse of that bride, we discern her to be a common-place and, probably, a disagreeable woman. I undertake to declare that Master William married her for money. He goes off to his Margaret's house, and, finding her dead, and that

"She has lost her cherry red,"

he himself dies of sorrow. Margaret was buried in the lower chancel, and William in the higher. A rose sprang from her breast, and a briar from his; and ultimately they joined, above the church-spire, in a true-love knot,

"Which made the people admire."

Bishop Percy gives, in his "Reliques," a final stanza, narrating how the clerk cut it down, which, as it is in rather a mocking tone, I incline to hold spurious — added by somebody personally hostile to clerks, and intended to bring the whole fraternity into ridicule.

The greater part of the genuine old songs which the people loved must have perished, as the Saturnian verses of Italy in old times did. By Queen Elizabeth's time, the minstrels had become "rogues and vagabonds," and were so declared in an Act of Parliament. The whole relations of the old life were altering. Poor-laws were coming on; and the then

"minstrels," we may suppose — if they went on *churming* over old stories, expressing a class of feelings which belonged neither to them nor their contemporaries — had become what we call "bores"; having lost all the heart and breath properly becoming their occupation, and being idle wasters of their own and the public time. Many a once noble order has degenerated into a gang of "rogues and vagabonds!" The feudal minstrel became extinct. Ancient literature, besides foreign contemporary literature, were flowing into England from the urns of the past, and from the courts and cities of the South. Warton remarks that "the revival of classical learning gave a temporary check to vernacular composition." Henceforth, poetry became part of literature, and literature is only itself a part of life. It would be a curious inquiry, how far the character of those orders of the people, to whom books were unknown objects for generations afterwards, was affected by the cessation of minstrelsy, and the confinement of poetic expressions to books. Even in our day, the people are only attaining — particularly in rural districts — to any mental food equal to the old ballads and songs of their forefathers.

One of the first effects of the classical studies must have been an increased attention to prose; and they had very soon a palpable effect on our language. The influence of ancient literature is

manifested by all English song-writers after this. But let us not forget, while speaking of this period, our earliest good drinking-song — one of the most national of all our songs — which first appeared in 1551. It celebrates the praise of ale, and was written by a bishop, John Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells. There is some honesty in an Englishman's writing in praise of ale. How can the public at large sympathise with the mere praise of wine? I quote one stanza from the Right Reverend Prelate's production:—

"I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I don't desire.
No frost, no snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold,
I am so wrapt and thoroughly lapt
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale
enough,
Whether it be new or old."

It would be superfluous to quote any of Shakespeare's songs; snatches of divine melody that rise here and there from his plays, like larks starting singing from a beautiful landscape. One is glad to know that he has quoted from the old songs of the country occasionally; fragments which roll down to us on the surface of his great river of fame from the heart of the old times. Desdemona's melancholy chant of "the Willow," and Iago's roistering verses, were both derived from old national ditties.

The song-writers who made

their appearance about the time of the extinction of the minstrels, and whose lucubrations were gathered into "Garlands," and into various collections with fanciful names, have a more conventional tone than the old singers. The school of classical-pastoral now makes its appearance — a school whose lucubrations haunt us down to the days of Shenstone, and beyond them. Corydon, Phyllis, and Amynta were imported into our landscapes, and stood shivering in them like so many foreign slaves exposed for sale. Every lover was a "shepherd;" but in our cold climate, these Arcadian transplantations will not grow. We must look for our best songs in the poems of original writers after this. The productions of what Dr. Johnson called the "Metaphysical Poets," read more natural, and look more honest, than the theatrical amorousness of the sham-pastoral writers.

The founder of that school of Metaphysical Poets, so well known to us from Johnson's "Life of Cowley," was Donne, born the year before Ben Jonson. Donne, whose biography by Izaak Walton is one of the most delightful books we have, was a pious, learned man, of great wit and intellectual subtlety. This is the peculiarity of the man, and was of the school. They were good loving men, like their neighbours. Old Donne made a thorough love-match; but when he celebrated the passion of love in song, he and his disciples

did so in their caps and gowns, and robes. When the heart of a "Metaphysical Poet" was taken by storm, the intellect — like Archimedes, when Syracuse was taken — remained employed in the subtlest exercise in the very heat of the capture. Fancy a lady being addressed thus. We quote from Donne. He is speaking of the souls of himself and his lady-love.

"If they be two, they are two so,
As stiff twin-compasses are two;
My soul the fixed foot makes no show
To move, but doth if t' other do.

"And though it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.

"Such wilt thou be to me, who must
Like t'other foot obliquely run;
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun."

In another poem he tells us that his affection had grown "corpulent," and he was obliged to limit it to "a sigh a-day!"

Donne was much admired, and by nobody more than by Ben Jonson. Of Ben's own songs, the famous one, beginning

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,"

is too well known to need repetition. The first great name of Donne's school was Crashaw — the pious wit who wrote of the holiest subjects in epigrams. But here are two very sweet little stanzas of song by him: —

"Well does the May, that lies
Smiling in thy cheeks, confess
The April in thine eyes;
Mutual sweetness they express

No April e'er lent softer showers,
Nor May returned fairer flowers.

* * * *

"We go not to seek
The darlings of Aurora's bed,
The rose's modest cheek,
Nor the violet's humble head;
No such thing; we go to meet
A worthier object, our Lord's feet."

Tennyson has, by a coincidence,

"April in her tender eyes,"

in his "In Memoriam." Crashaw was a gentle, saintly spirit. He abandoned the Protestant for the Catholic Church, without losing the veneration of his friends, and died at Loretto. Cowley wrote a beautiful poem on his death, and was, indeed, himself one of the same school.

Your Donnes and Crashaws, however, are too weighty writers to swim. They loaded their works with learning, wit, fancy, cumbrously. Their great reputations have gone down as the "Royal George" did, and only a few adventurers dive occasionally to bring something up from the wreck. We must look at more genial men; at Herrick, Waller, Suckling; the song-writers of the Civil War days. These were more men of the world; men of "wit and pleasure." Most of the song-writers in that century were Cavaliers; vivacious gentlemen, who, when the King's cause grew desperate, fell with redoubled energy on the bottle. Alexander Brome proceeded, instantaneously, to call on that old friend for inspiration and consolation, whenever the Royal party suffered a reverse.

Waller ranks, by general consent, among the earliest improvers of the music of our versification, and there is one song of his so charming that it appears in almost every collection of merit, from Campbell's "*Beauties*" downwards.*

"Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

"Tell her that 's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung,
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have un-commended died.

"Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

"Then, die! that she,
The common fate of all things rare,
May read in thee —
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wond'rous sweet and fair."

Herrick has signalised himself by the finest "Anacreontic" in our language. I mean the one beginning,

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may:
Old Time is still a-flying,
And the same flower that blooms to day,
To-morrow will be dying."

Here is a pretty love conceit.

"TO ELECTRA.

"I dare not ask a kiss,
I dare not beg a smile,
Lest having that or this,
I might grow proud the while.

* The latest collection of English Songs is that published in the National Illustrated Library, which is very generally accessible, on account of its cheapness.

"No, no! the utmost share
Of my desire shall be,
Only to kiss that air
That lately kissed thee!"

The most remarkable instances of the wonderful adroitness of his fancy are found in his little poem on Fairies. His fancy was redundant; he speaks of a "coy girl," who he says

"Strings my tears as pearl."

Herrick's "Hesperides" came out in 1648. There is a freshness about his strains which carries one back to the Shakespearean days. In his views of scenery, in his dalliance with flowers and love thoughts, his truthful poetry alternates between the dashing wit of "Mermaid" talk and the bright freshness of the country.

I scarcely know whether the following lines can be said to constitute "a song." I extract them from that part of the "Hesperides" which is devoted to religious subjects. The original edition of 1648, with its quaint type and spelling, and its dedication to Prince Charles (Herrick was a Royalist), is before me.

"THE ROSE.

"Before Man's fall, the Rose was born
(St. Ambrose says) without the thorn;
But for man's fault, then was the thorn
Without the fragrant rose-bud born;
But ne'er the rose without the thorn."

I pass by the songs, which we all know, of the great intellect of the century; the song which calls "Echo" from the haunts of the "love-lorn nightingale," &c; the song which summons "Sabrina

fair" from the "glassy, cool, translucent wave," wherein she shall be seen for ever. No one needs now to be told of them.

Dryden has not left us a good song in all his family of volumes. His songs are of the Sham-Pastoral School. Here is a very characteristic one by Sir John Suckling, the convivial, sincere, and stanch royalist, who raised a troop of horse for the King at his own expense. It represents very well the tone of his school — easy, flip-pant — not ungentlemanly, but not very exalted.

"Why so pale and wan, fond lover?

Prythee, why so pale?

Will, when looking well can't move
her,

Looking ill prevail?

Prythee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?

Prythee, why so mute?

Will, when speaking well can't win
her,

Saying nothing do 't?

Prythee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not
move,

This cannot take her;

If, of herself, she will not love,

Nothing can make her;

The devil take her!"

While Suckling and Dryden wrote, translations from the classics had been going on. Most gentlemen of literary tastes tried their hands at turning out versions of Anacreon, Horace, or Catullus. "Cœlia" and "Chloris" are the prevailing names of the period. And there is always visible the tendency to make wit take the place of heart, which cor-

rupts all writing, and that of songs particularly.

This tendency advanced. In Congreve, the song became a mere epigram. Parnell hammered away at "Cœlia" and "Anacreontics." The songs of Anne's time were not inspired melodies, like the old Shakespearean ones; deep fantastic love-rhymes, like Donne's and Cowley's; nor gay Pagan flights of Epicureanism, like the songs of the Cavalier days. They were wretched pieces of rhymed artificial sentiment. Gay's are witty enough, and his "Black-eyed Susan" has nature in it, as Gay himself had; but is an exception to his fellows. I doubt if that time produced a good song; except the above, and our homely, familiar friend, by Carey, "Sally in our Alley," which Addison admired. At last, the song, despite the easy melody of Collins, reached its final degradation in Shenstone; whose only decent poem is the least *Shenstonian* thing he did. Shenstone's "songs" are mere easy rhymes of feeble sentiment and feeble epigram; songs about "Fulvia" and "Daphne." From the Revolution, on through the greater part of the century, our most popular writers were didactic writers; men who stand on the opposite pole to singers. Our music, too, was at a low ebb. Our taste in that matter was overridden by the Italian Opera; of whose great musical authorities it becomes me to speak respectfully; but they did not inspire national song.

When we come to the days of Scott, and Byron, and Shelley, not forgetting, *en passant*, the "Toll for the Brave" of Cowper, too long for quotation here, we find no dearth of good songs. Scott's healthy chants; Byron's passionate or plaintive ones; the exquisite melody of such a song as Shelley's "Lines to an Indian Air;" — these, "with the genuine lark-notes of a Burns" (as Carlyle calls them), remind us, once more, that we are English.

Moore's great fame makes me not omit his charming "Irish Melodies." As musicians set words to music, he sets music to words. James Smith tells a friend, in a letter preserved in his *Memoirs*, that Moore declared that "his forte was music; that he was no poet apart from that sensation." Doubtless, the chief charm of his songs is their association with the music to which they were written. Separate them from that, they are merely fanciful, clever, pretty. Yet there are English songs, which are their own music, and which, do what you will, you cannot separate from melody. Pound their body (as old Anaxarchus the philosopher told the tyrant), you cannot pound their soul.

Dibdin, the naval song writer, gave us a body of songs, entirely national. It is true that the clever, witty, good Earl of Dorset (Dryden's friend and patron), who served in the Dutch war in Charles's days, as several young gentlemen then did — has left us his —

"To all you ladies now on land
We men at sea indite,"

which the courtesy of England admits into all collections of sea-songs. But this playful ditty was intended for the "ladies now on land," and for all sorts of idle brave lounging fellows about Pall Mall. It is not a sea-song: not racy, salt, and hard, reeking of the ocean like a lump of sea-weed, as Dibdin's songs are. Dibdin gives you a song picturing the man-of-war life — a homely, manly strain; which sets all the trusting, sturdy courage, the jolly companionship, and love of grog of the old-school sailors to a rough music; as if you had set their grog cans and their rude lower-deck furniture a-jingling! His are such songs as those rough storm-beaten tars sung in the night-watches; lying huddled up in their jackets in "the waist," on clear moonlight nights, when the ship was jogging quietly along, and there was no sail in sight. They intensify the nautical life; they make all sorts of teaching subservient to it; for, says Dibdin: —

"D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every
inch

All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world, not offering
to flinch,

From the moment the anchor 's a-trip."

This was the perpetual upshot of all Dibdin had to say. Jack had a complete creed and code of morals set to music. Dibdin's songs afford, as far as I know, the solitary case of a man creating a literature; they were to Jack

a whole literature — and about as much literature as Jack cared to have. Dibdin gave comedy, song, ethics and tragedy to him all in one. His "Helicon," like the ship's "coppers," held beef, vegetables, and pudding, in itself.

From the fo'castle to the drawing-room is a wide step; but we are compelled to take it. There was a time when sea-songs were the "rage;" they were fashionable: but within later years, a kind of drawing-room sentimental school made its appearance, and being well backed by composers, who rather love mediocrity, beat away on "the drum of the world's ear" with great success. We "never mentioned her," for example, for many a long night, till pianos groaned, and the heart of man grew sick. To this class belongs many a song still sung occasionally, alternating between prettiness and drivel. And yet our age has produced as noble songs as ever the world heard. Witness the "Bugle Song" from Tennyson's "Princess:" —

"The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow! bugle, blow! set the wild echoes
flying —
Blow, bugle! answer, echoes! dying,
dying, dying!

"Oh hark! oh hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
Oh sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying —
Blow, bugle! answer, echoes! dying,
dying, dying!

"Oh love, they die in your rich sky!
 They faint on hill, on field, on river;
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow for ever and for ever!
 Blow, bugle,—blow! set the wild echoes
 flying,
 And answer. echoes, answer! dying, dying,
 dying!"

These echoes will "roll from soul to soul" long after we have ceased to hear them.

We have seen how the characters of songs have varied in different ages with us. Nobody can doubt that we have numbers of beautiful ones. But the complaint at present is, that composers and song-writers have no harmony in their work. The songs circulated among the people are inferior to the tone of the country's thought and the English mind and attract chiefly by the jingle to which they are set.

A FASHIONABLE FORGER.

I AM an attorney and a bill discounter. As it is my vocation to lend money at high interest to extravagant people; my connexion principally lies among "fools," sometimes among rogues, "of quality." Mine is a pursuit which a prejudiced world either holds in sovereign contempt, or visits with envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness; but to my mind, there are many callings, with finer names, that are no better. It gives me two things which I love—money and power; but I cannot deny that it brings with it a bad name. The case lies between

character and money, and involves a matter of taste. Some people like character; I prefer money.

If I am hated and despised, I chuckle over the "per contra." I find it pleasant for members of a proud aristocracy to condescend from their high estate to fawn, feign, flatter; to affect even mirthful familiarity in order to gain my good-will. I am no Shylock. No client can accuse me of desiring either his flesh or his blood. Sentimental vengeance is no item in my stock in trade. Gold and bank-notes satisfy my "rage;" or, if need be, a good mortgage. Far from seeking revenge, the worst defaulter I ever had dealings with cannot deny that I am always willing to accept a good post-obit.

I say again, I am daily brought in contact with all ranks of society, from the poverty-stricken patentee to the peer; and I am no more surprised at receiving an application from a duchess than from a pet opera-dancer. In my ante-room wait, at this moment, a crowd of borrowers. Among the men, beardless folly and moustachioed craft are most prominent: there is a handsome young fellow, with an elaborate cane and wonderfully vacant countenance, who is anticipating, in feeble follies, an estate that has been in the possession of his ancestors since the reign of Henry the Eighth. There is a hairy, high-nosed, broken-down non-descript, in appearance something between a horse-dealer and a pugilist. He

is an old Etonian. Five years ago he drove his four-in-hand; he is now waiting to beg a sovereign, having been just discharged from the Insolent Court, for the second time. Among the women, a pretty actress, who, a few years since, looked forward to a supper of steak and onions, with bottled stout, on a Saturday night, as a great treat, now finds one hundred pounds a month insufficient to pay her wine-merchant and her confectioner. I am obliged to deal with each case according to its peculiarities. Genuine undeserved Ruin seldom knocks at my door. Mine is a perpetual battle with people who imbibe trickery at the same rate as they dissolve their fortunes. I am a hard man, of course. I should not be fit for my pursuit if I were not; but when, by a remote chance, honest misfortune pays me a visit, as Rothschild amused himself at times by giving a beggar a guinea, so I occasionally treat myself to the luxury of doing a kind action.

My favourite subjects for this unnatural generosity, are the very young, or the poor, innocent, helpless people, who are unfit for the war of life. Many among my clients (especially those tempered in the "ice-brook" of fashion and high life — polished and passionless) would be too much for me, if I had not made the face, the eye, the accent, as much my study as the mere legal and financial points of discount. To show what I mean, I will relate what happened to me not long since: —

One day, a middle-aged man, in the usual costume of a West-end shopman, who had sent in his name as Mr. Axminster, was shown into my private room. After a little hesitation, he said, "Although you do not know me, living at this end of the town, I know you very well by reputation, and that you discount bills. I have a bill here which I want to get discounted. I am in the employ of Messrs. Russle and Smooth. The bill is drawn by one of our best customers, the Hon. Miss Snape, niece of Lord Blimley, and accepted by Major Munge; whom, no doubt, you know by name. She has dealt with us for some years, is very, very extravagant; but always pays." He put the acceptance — which was for two hundred pounds — into my hands.

I looked at it as scrutinisingly as I usually do at such paper. The Major's signature was familiar to me; but having succeeded to a great estate, he has long ceased to be a customer. I instantly detected a forgery; by whom? was the question. Could it be the man before me? — experience told me it was not.

Perhaps there was something in the expression of my countenance which Mr. Axminster did not like, for he said, "It is good for the amount, I presume?"

I replied. "Pray, Sir, from whom did you get this bill?"

"From Miss Snape herself."

"Have you circulated any other bills made by the same drawer?"

"O yes!" said the draper, without hesitation; "I have paid away a bill for one hundred pounds to Mr. Sparkle, the jeweller, to whom Miss Snape owed twenty pounds. They gave me the difference."

"And how long has that bill to run now?"

"About a fortnight."

"Did you endorse it?"

"I did," continued the shopman. "Mr. Sparkle required me to do so, to show that the bill came properly into his possession."

"This second bill, you say, is urgently required to enable Miss Snape to leave town?"

"Yes; she is going to Brighton for the winter."

I have Mr. Axminster a steady, piercing look of inquiry. "Pray, Sir," I said, "could you meet that one hundred pounds bill, supposing it should not be paid by the acceptor?"

"Meet it?" The poor fellow wiped from his forehead the perspiration which suddenly broke out at the bare hint of a probability that the bill would be dishonoured: "Meet it? O no! I am a married man, with a family, and have nothing but my salary to depend on."

"Then, the sooner you get it taken up, and the less you have to do with Miss Snape's bill affairs, the better."

"She has always been punctual hitherto."

"That may be." I pointed to the cross-writing on the document,

and said deliberately — "*This bill is a forgery!*"

At these words the poor man turned pale. He snatched up the document; and, with many incoherent protestations, was rushing toward the door, when I called to him, in an authoritative tone, to stop. He paused. His manner indicating not only doubt, but fear. I said to him, "Don't flurry yourself; I only want to serve you. You tell me that you are a married man with children, dependent on daily labour for daily bread; and that you have done a little discounting for Miss Snape out of your earnings. Now, although I am a bill discounter, I don't like to see such men victimised. Look at the body of this bill: look at the signature of your lady customer, the drawer. Don't you detect the same fine, thin, sharp-pointed hand-writing in the words, 'Accepted, Dymmuck Munge.'"

The man, convinced against his will, was at first overcome. When he recovered, he raved: he would expose the Honourable Miss Snape, if it cost him his bread: he would go at once to the police office.

I stopped him, by saying roughly, "Don't be a fool. Any such steps would seal your ruin. Take my advice; return the bill to the lady, saying simply that you cannot get it discounted. Leave the rest to me, and I think the bill you have endorsed to Sparkle will be paid." Comforted by this assurance, Axminster, fearfully changed from the nervous, but

smug hopeful man of the morning, departed.

It now remained for me to exert what skill I own, to bring about the desired result. I lost no time in writing a letter to the Honourable Miss Snape, of which the following is a copy: —

“Madam, — A bill, purporting to be drawn by you, has been offered to me for discount. There is something wrong about it; and, though a stranger to you, I advise you to lose no time in getting it back into your own hands. — D. D.”

I intended to deal with the affair quietly, and without any view to profit. The fact is, that I was sorry — you may laugh — but I really *was* sorry to think that a young girl might have given way to temptation under pressure of pecuniary difficulties. If it had been a man's case, I doubt whether I should have interfered.

By the return of post, a lady's maid entered my room, profusely decorated with ringlets, lace, and perfumed with *patchouli*. She brought a letter from her mistress. It ran thus: —

“Sir, — I cannot sufficiently express my thanks for your kindness in writing to me on the subject of the bills; of which I had also heard a few hours previously. As a perfect *stranger* to you, I cannot estimate your kind consideration at too high a value. I trust the matter will be explained; but I should much like to see you. If you would be kind enough to write a note as soon as you receive

this, I will order it to be sent to me at once to Tyburn Square. I will wait on you at any hour on Friday you may appoint. I believe that I am not mistaken in supposing that you transact business for my friend Sir John Markham, and you will therefore know the enclosed to be his handwriting. Again thanking you most gratefully, allow me to remain your much and deeply obliged, JULIANA SNAPE.”

This note was written upon delicate French paper, embossed with a coat of arms. It was in a fancy envelope: the whole richly perfumed, and redolent of rank and fashion. Its contents were an implied confession of forgery.

Silence, or three lines of indignation, would have been the only innocent answer to my letter. But Miss Snape thanked me. She let me know, by implication, that she was on intimate terms with a name good on a Westend bill. My answer was, that I should be alone on the following afternoon at five.

At the hour fixed, punctual to a moment, a brougham drew up at the corner of the street next to my chambers. The Honourable Miss Snape's card was handed in. Presently, she entered, swimming into my room, richly yet simply dressed in the extreme of Parisian good taste. She was pale — or rather colourless. She had fair hair, fine teeth, and a fashionable voice. She threw herself gracefully into the chair I handed to her, and began by uncoiling a

string of phrases, to the effect that her visit was merely to consult me on "unavoidable pecuniary difficulties."

According to my mode, I allowed her to talk; putting in only an occasional word of question, that seemed rather a random observation than a significant query. At length, after walking round the subject, like a timid horse in a field, round a groom with a sieve of oats, she came nearer and nearer the subject. When she had fairly approached the point, she stopped, as if courage had failed her. But she soon recovered, and observed — "I cannot think why you should take the trouble to write so to me, a perfect stranger." Another pause — "I wonder no one ever suspected me before."

Here was a confession and a key to character. The cold gray eye, the thin compressed lips, which I had had time to observe, were true indexes to the "lady's" inner heart: — selfish, calculating, utterly devoid of conscience; unable to conceive the existence of spontaneous kindness; utterly indifferent to anything except discovery; and almost indifferent to that, because convinced that no serious consequences could affect a lady of her rank and influence.

"Madam," I replied, "as long as you dealt with tradesmen accustomed to depend on aristocratic customers, your rank and position, and their large profits, protected you from suspicion; but you have made a mistake in de-

scending from your vantage ground to make a poor shopman your innocent accomplice — a man who will be keenly alive to anything that may injure his wife or children. His terrors — but for my interposition — would have ruined you utterly. Tell me, how many of these things have you put afloat?"

She seemed a little taken aback by this speech; but was wonderfully firm. She passed her white jewelled hand over her eyes, seemed calculating, and then whispered, with a confiding look of innocent helplessness, admirably assumed —

"About as many as amount to twelve hundred pounds."

"And what means have you for meeting them?"

At this question, so plainly put, her face flushed. She half rose from her chair, and exclaimed, in the true tone of aristocratic *hauteur* — "Really, Sir, I do not know what right you have to ask me that question."

I laughed a little, though not very loud. It was rude, I own; but who could have helped it? I replied, speaking low; but slowly and distinctly: — "You forget. I did not send for you: you came to me. You have forged bills to the amount of twelve hundred pounds. Yours is not the case of a ruined merchant, or an ignorant over-tempted clerk. In your case a jury" (she shuddered at that word) "would find no extenuating circumstances; and if you should ever fall into the hands of justice,

you will be convicted, degraded, clothed in a prison dress, and transported for life. I do not want to speak harshly; but I insist that you find means to take up the bill which Mr. Axminster has so unwittingly endorsed!"

The Honourable Miss Snape's grand manner melted away. She wept. She seized and pressed my hand. She cast up her eyes, full of tears, and went through the part of a repentant victim with great fervour. She would do anything; anything in the world to save the poor man. Indeed, she had intended to appropriate part of the two hundred pound bill to that purpose.

She forgot her first statement, that she wanted the money to go out of town. Without interrupting, I let her go on and degrade herself by a simulated passion of repentance, regret, and thankfulness to me, under which she hid her fear and her mortification at being detected. I at length put an end to a scene of admirable acting, by recommending her to go abroad immediately, to place herself out of reach of any sudden discovery; and then lay her case fully before her friends, who would, no doubt, feel bound to come forward with the full amount of the forged bills. "But," she exclaimed, with an entreating air, "I have no money; I cannot go without money!" To that observation I did not respond; although I am sure she expected that I should, check-book in hand, offer her a loan.

I do not say so without reason;

Household Words. X.

for, the very next week, this honourable young lady came again; and, with sublime assurance and a number of very charming, winning speeches (which might have had their effect upon a younger man), asked me to lend her one hundred pounds, in order that she might take the advice I had so obligingly given her, and retire into private life for a certain time in the country.

I do meet with a great many impudent people in the course of my calling — I am not very deficient in assurance myself — but this actually took away my breath.

"Really, Madam," I answered, "you pay a very ill compliment to my gray hairs; and would fain make me a very ill return for the service I have done you, when you ask me to lend a hundred pounds to a young lady who owns to having forged to the extent of one thousand two hundred pounds, and to owing eight hundred pounds besides. I wished to save a personage of your years and position from a disgraceful career; but I am too good a trustee for my children to lend money to anybody in such a dangerous position as yourself."

"Oh!" she answered, quite unabashed, without a trace of the fearful, tender pleading of the previous week's interview — quite as if I had been an accomplice, "I can give you excellent security."

"That alters the case; I can lend any amount on good security."

"Well, Sir, I can get the accep-

tances of three friends of ample means."

"Do you mean to tell me, Miss Snape, that you will write down the names of three parties who will accept a bill for one hundred pounds for you?"

Yes, she could, and did actually write down the names of three distinguished men. Now I knew for certain that not one of those noblemen would have put his name to a bill on any account whatever for his dearest friend; but, in her unabashed self-confidence, she thought of passing another forgery *on me*. I closed the conference by saying, "I cannot assist you;" and she retired with the air of an injured person. In the course of a few days I heard from Mr. Axminster, that his liability of one hundred pounds had been duly honoured.

In my active and exciting life, one day extinguishes the recollection of the events of the preceding day; and, for a time, I thought no more about the fashionable forger. I had taken it for granted that, heartily frightened, although not repenting, she had paused in her felonious pursuits.

My business, one day, led me to the establishment of one of the most wealthy and respectable legal firms in the city, where I am well known, and, I believe, valued; for at all times I am most politely, I may say most cordially, received. Mutual profits create a wonderful freemasonry between those who have not any other sympathy or sentiment. Politics,

religion, morality, difference of rank, are all equalised and republicanised by the division of an account. No sooner had I entered the *sanctum*, that the senior partner, Mr. Preceps, began to quiz his junior, Mr. Jones, with, "Well, Jones must never joke friend Discount any more about usury. Just imagine," he continued, addressing me, "Jones has himself been discounting a bill for a lady; and a deuced pretty one too. He sat next her at dinner in Grosvenor Square last week. Next day she gave him a call here, and he could not refuse her extraordinary request. Gad, it is hardly fair for Jones to be poaching on your domains of West-end paper!"

Mr. Jones smiled quietly, as he observed, "Why, you see, she is the niece of one of our best clients; and, really, I was so taken by surprise, that I did not know how to refuse."

"Pray," said I, interrupting his excuses, "does your young lady's name begin with S.? Has she not a very pale face, and cold gray eye?"

The partners stared.

"Ah! I see it is so; and can at once tell you that the bill is not worth a rush."

"Why, you don't mean —?"

"I mean simply that the acceptance is, I'll lay you a wager, a forgery."

"A forgery!"

"A forgery," I repeated, as distinctly as possible.

Mr. Jones hastily, and with

broken ejaculations, called for the cash-box. With trembling hands he took out the bill, and followed my finger with eager, watchful eyes, as I pointed out the proofs of my assertion.

A long pause was broken by my mocking laugh; for, at the moment, my sense of politeness could not restrain my satisfaction at the signal defeat which had attended the first experiment of these highly respectable gentlemen in the science of usury.

The partners did not have recourse to the police. They did not propose a consultation with either Mr. Forrester or Mr. Field; but they took certain steps, under my recommendation; the result of which was that at an early day, an aunt of the Honourable Miss Snape was driven, to save so near a connexion from transportation, to sell out some fourteen hundred pounds of stock, and all the forgeries were taken up.

One would have thought that the lady who had thus so narrowly escaped, had had enough; but forgery, like opium-eating, is one of those charming vices which is never abandoned, when once adopted. The forger enjoys not only the pleasure of obtaining money so easily, but the triumph of befooling sharp men of the world. Dexterous penmanship is a source of the same sort of pride as that which animates the skilful rifleman, the practised duellist, or well-trained billiard-player. With a clean Gillott he fetches down a capitalist, at three or six

months, for a cool hundred or a round thousand; just as a Scrope drops over a stag at ten, or a Gordon Cumming a monstrous male elephant at a hundred paces.

As I before observed, my connexion especially lies among the improvident — among those who will be ruined — who are being ruined — and who have been ruined. To the last class belongs Francis Fisherton, once a gentleman, now without a shilling or a principle; but rich in mother-wit — in fact a *farceur*, after Paul de Kocks own heart. Having in by-gone days been one of my willing victims, he occasionally finds pleasure and profit in guiding others through the gate he frequented, as long as able to pay the tolls. In truth he is what is called a “discount agent.”

One day I received a note from him, to say that he would call on me at three o'clock the next day, to introduce a lady of family, who wanted a bill “done” for one hundred pounds. So ordinary a transaction merely needed a memorandum in my diary, “Tuesday, 3 P. M.; F. F., 100*l.* Bill.” The hour came and passed; but no Frank, which was strange — because every one must have observed, that, however dilatory people are in paying, they are wonderfully punctual when they expect to receive money.

At five o'clock, in rushed my Jackall. His story, disentangled from oaths and ejaculations, amounted to this: — In answer to one of the advertisements he oc-

casional addresses "To the Embarrassed," in the columns of the "Times," he received a note from a lady, who said she was anxious to get a "bill done" — the acceptance of a well-known man of rank and fashion. A correspondence was opened, and an appointment made. At the hour fixed, neatly shaved, brushed, gloved, booted, — the revival, in short, of that high-bred Frank Fisherton, who was so famous

"In his hot youth, when Crockford's was the thing,"

glowing with only one glass of brandy "just to steady his nerves," he met the lady at a West-end pastry-cook's.

After a few words (for all the material questions had been settled by correspondence) she stepped into her brougham, and invited Frank to take a seat beside her. Elated with a compliment of late years so rare, he commenced planning the orgies which were to reward him for weeks of enforced fasting, when the coachman, reverentially touching his hat, looked down from his seat for orders.

"To ninety-nine, George Street, St. James's," cried Fisherton, in his loudest tones.

In an instant, the young lady's pale face changed to scarlet, and then to ghastly green. In a whisper, rising to a scream, she exclaimed, "Good heavens! you do not mean to *that* man's house" (meaning me). "Indeed, I cannot go to him, on any account; he is a most horrid

man, I am told, and charges most extravagantly."

"Madam," answered Frank, in great perturbation, "I beg your pardon, but you have been grossly misinformed. I have known that excellent man these twenty years, and have paid him hundreds on hundreds; but never so much by ten per cent. as you offered me for discounting your bill."

"Sir, I cannot have anything to do with your friend." Then, violently pulling the check-string, "Stop," she gasped; "and, *will you* have the goodness to get out?"

"And so I got out," continued Fisherton, "and lost my time; and the heavy investment I made in getting myself up for the assignation; new primrose gloves, and a shilling to the hair-dresser — hang her! But, did you ever know anything like the prejudices that must prevail against you? I am disgusted with human nature. Could you lend me half a sovereign till Saturday?"

I smiled; I sacrificed the half sovereign and let him go, for he is not exactly the person to whom it was advisable to entrust all the secrets relating to the Honourable Miss Snape.

Since that day I look each morning in the police reports, with considerable interest; but, up to the present hour, the Honourable Miss Snape has lived and thrived in the best society.

AN ABIDING DREAM.

WHERE the mill-stream blindly rushes,
And the mill-wheel grinds the corn,
Like a fledgling softly chirping
From a thicket, I was born.

And the miller was my father;
Merry-hearted man was he;
But his eye was ever brightest
When it turned on home and me.

He was both my parents to me;
Mother I had never seen;
Oft I fancied, sitting lonely,
What her features might have been.

Only when I asked him of her,
Tears bedimmed his honest face;
And he faltered in his accents,
Turning tow'ards the vacant place,

Where, unoccupied and mournful,
Stood her old accustomed chair;
And I used to gaze upon it
Till I fancied she was there.

So I grew up better for it,
Speaking gently unto all;
For I reasoned, "Mother hears them, —
All the angry words that fall."

One there was I often talked with;
Often came she to the mill;
'T was the village baker's daughter,
Empty sacks to bring and fill.

And she told me of the people
Living in the village near,
And her idle prattle pleased me,
Falling sweetly on my ear.

Ah! I knew not that I loved her,
But whene'er she smiling came,
My full heart beat double measure,
And my cheeks were all a-flame.

Till she met me one bright morning,
Blushing like a damask rose,
Saying, that she might be married,
And a lady, if she chose.

'T was as if an icy finger
Froze the current of my blood!
Pale and speechless — pale and speech-
less,
Gazing on the ground I stood.

Riches proved too strong temptation,
She was dazzled by the glare;
And I turned me, broken-hearted,
To the old remembered chair.

All my daily toil was irksome,
And the rushing of the stream,
And the mill-wheel ever turning,
Only seemed a painful dream.

And my father marked my paleness,
And he took my trembling hand,
Saying, "I have met with losses;
Let us seek another land."

How I longed to leave the dwelling!
Everything of value there
Was exchanged to buy our outfit,
Save the roughly-fashioned chair.

Wild adventures, stern privations,
Struggles hard for life and food,
Turned the river of my fancies,
Changed the current of my blood.

And my father, growing aged,
Rested from his daily toil,
Leaving to my younger shoulders
To prepare the stubborn soil.

Proud was I of such an office,
Labouring with weary feet;
And my mother, in the evening,
Smiled upon me from her seat:

And his cheerfulness repaid me
All my diligence and care,
Till I found him, cold and lifeless,
Lying in my mother's chair!

Then I wept aloud for anguish,
Anguish I could not restrain;
"O my father! O my father!"
Cried I many times in vain.

For his lips were sealed for ever;
So I hollowed out the earth,
And I buried him afar off
From the land that gave him birth.

On the day that he was buried,
Breaking loose against my will,
Travelled back my wayward fancies
To the mill-stream and the mill.

I was sitting in the door-way,
As of old, and she beside;
She the idol of my boyhood,
Crown of all my youthful pride;

Whilst the crimson hues of sunset
Glowed in all the western sky,
And I thought I read an answer
In the softness of her eye.

And I found a sort of comfort,
Thinking what was left untold,
That she loved me ere her spirit
Yielded to the power of gold.

Wealth is won from many sources;
Wealthy farmer I became;
But my love for one who loved not
In return, remained the same.

KENDAL WEAVERS AND WEAVING.

IN Domesday Boke, there is mention of a church at Kirkby Candale; whereby we know that Kendal, as we call it now, was a centre to which the Saxon inhabitants of the Westmoreland Moors came for worship and religious comforts. And perhaps for other comforts too; for, by the church, dwelt monks, who, in those days, fed the helpless, and gave out the little knowledge that was free to the many. According to tradition, there lived the hermit, in a hut shaped like a beehive, and almost hidden by a double fence; and here and there, among the heathery hills which slope up from the river Kent on either side, were scattered the cottages of that time — thatched with reeds, and fit to yield only the rudest shelter to the shepherds, whose flocks were all abroad over the fells, and on the green margins of the nearer lakes. This church was to serve the whole population, from the foot of Helvellyn to the borders of Lancashire; and it probably served well enough; for though there were a good many sheep, there

were very few people. That there were so many sheep, and that they fed on hills covered with broom and heather, were the circumstances out of which arose afterwards the existence of a multitude of people, and the importance to which Kendal attained a few hundred years later. How came it that from these sheep being on these particular hills, we have seen, in our own time, upwards of half-a-million of people employed on the woollen manufactures of our island?

It happened thus. For two or three hundred years after the church of Candale was entered in Domesday Boke, the Flemings were the greatest woollen manufacturers in the world, and indeed almost the only considerable manufacturers. History states (we may please ourselves about believing it or not) that in the city of Louvain there were, in the times of the insurrection against Spain, one hundred and fifty thousand weavers, and four thousand woollen drapers; and that when the operatives were going home from work, a great bell was rung, to warn mothers to gather their little children within doors, lest they should be trodden down by the crowd in the streets. When political troubles broke up this mass of people, our English kings invited some of them over — or, at least, permitted them to come. Henry the First settled some of them in Wales; but the first who settled in England opened his manufacture in the reign of Edward

the Third. His name was John Kempe. Of all places in the island, he chose that little valley in Westmoreland, and that bend of the river, on which stood Kirkby Candale, for his abiding place. Of course, he had reasons; and it is pretty clear what they were. The sheep were one reason; and another was, no doubt, the abundance of the broom, called by the country people "woodas," which grew on the neighbouring wilds. At this time, and for long after, wool made thirteen-fourteenths of our exports; and foreigners sent us in return woollen cloth, dyed and dressed, and a dying material wherewith to dye the small quantity of woollen woven at home. This dye was woad. Indigo was not then known as a dye, and woad was the only blue. Now, blue is one half of green; and in the broom which grew near Kendal, Mr. John Kempe and his successors had the other half — the yellow; hence arose the famous Kendal green, which was renowned for centuries, even to within a hundred years, when it was driven out by the Saxon green. This Kendal green was the first celebrated English colour. The cloth, of the colour of the wool, was first boiled in alum water, and then in a decoction from this broom: which made it a bright yellow. Then, there was only to dip it in the blue liquor from the woad, and it was Kendal green. This was all! And now, in a shed which overhangs the same bend of the river, there is dyeing going on, for one establishment alone, which requires between forty and fifty elementary dyes; the compounds from which would be almost innumerable — woods, gums, acids, insects, earths; a vast apparatus for giving colour, compared with the simple broom and woad of John Kempe's time! The time and the man were held in vivid remembrance for several centuries. They were celebrated at the last Kendal Guild, in 1759, together with some times and persons which were a good deal older. After Jason, with his golden fleece, supported by a shepherd and shepherdess, and Bishop Blaise, attended by wool-combers, came Edward III., with a company of Shearmen dyers; and the English King, in armour, was followed by Minerva and Arachne, in honour of the weaving and spinning arts; and it is said that some of John Kempe's descendants were present. A feast, given within this week, seems at once a curious linking with, and a curious contrast to, that ancient celebration of the Guild. The rejoicing this week was on account of the honour borne by Kendal at the Great Exhibition, where prizes were gained by carpets of Messrs. Whitwell's manufacture. When John Kempe was setting up the Kendal manufacture, he dreamed not of carpets. In the royal palace, the floors were strewn with rushes, in which were only half hidden all manner of abominations; spillings of wine, lumps of fat, mire from unpaved streets,

and whatever it was convenient to throw away, that was not too offensive for the interior of a dwelling. It was a grand feature of the luxury of Becket that his dining-room floor was daily strewn with straw or hay in winter, and with green branches in summer, that the guests for whom there was not room at the board might sit on the floor, without soiling their clothes. The office of rush-strewer to the royal household was retained in name until lately; and every year we see rush-bearing processions in the small towns of the district, in memory of the time when the churches were dressed annually with fresh rushes. Probably many a child who is employed in filling spools for the modern carpet-weaving, carries a garland on the rush-bearing day, in honour of the ancient makeshift.

Whether John Kempe detained any of the best wool at home, there is no saying; but it seems clear that, in general, the coarser sorts locally produced were kept at home, and the finer sent to foreign markets. Yet, we know, by acts of Parliament, passed during successive reigns, that Kendal cloths — soon called Kendal cottons — were an article of commerce of considerable importance. The length and breadth of these "cottons" (supposed to mean "coatings") were settled by legislative acts; and corn, then forbidden to be imported, was permitted to be brought to Kendal from Ireland. Within a century of John Kempe's settlement, his

fabrics were originating at least one fair in the interior of the island. His woollens clothed a multitude of London people; and the Kendal men had no other idea than of carrying their ware to London. Now, a fair in London was no joke to the traders in those days. The journey was a dreary one, to begin with. The toll levied for the king in the market was heavy; but that, of course, was laid upon the price of the goods. The kings would not allow fairs to be held within a great distance, except at the places appointed by themselves; and no care was taken to shelter the trader from the weather; so that some dismal accounts of London fairs have come down to us. On one occasion, a Kendal clothier got wet — both he and his goods got wet — on his journey to London; and he stopped on the spot where since, as Stourbridge fair, more woollen goods have been sold than at any other place in Europe. His cloth being sadly wetted, he thought he had better sell it for what it would fetch, and go home. It fetched more than his London journey would have left him. He and some of his townsmen naturally came again, next year, with cloth in good condition. "So that," says Fuller, "within a few years hither came a confluence of buyers, sellers, and lookers-on, which are the three principles of a fair."

Perhaps this is not the only occasion of Kendal goods being intercepted in their passage to

London. The pack-horses which carried the "cottons" had to pass through districts where gentlemen of the road helped themselves to what they wanted from the stock of travellers. We are not referring to Robin Hood and his merry men, for they were cold in their graves before John Kempe set foot in England. The true date of Robin's adventures is now found to be the reign of Edward the First. Whether he and his band would have been dressed in Kendal green, if there had been such an article in his day, we may have our own conjectures. As it was, the old ballad tells us that King Edward borrowed garments of "Lyncolne Grene" from the outlaw's wardrobe. But Falstaff's enemies — the three who set upon him behind — were "in Kendal green;" a fact which that accurate narrator vouched for, though it was so dark that he could not see his hand. Kendal green was worn by knights of the road, it is clear; and they probably got it, as they got whatever else they wanted — by helping themselves with it *on* the road. Midway between the times of Prince Harry and his poet, the manufacture had reached its highest fame. The chroniclers tell us how the goods were spread over all the land; a local tradition relates how country weavers multiplied in every hamlet among the hills, and how fulling-mills might be found on every favourable stream. But the time had arrived when the woollen yarn was to be used for something else than Kendal cottons. We have mentioned the church at Candale. There is also a castle — (that is, the mere ruins of one). No one knows when it was built; but a young lady was born there, and brought up there, who was courted by a King sadly given to fall in love. His wives had not been the happiest in the world; but the young lady married him — becoming the last queen of Henry the Eighth. This King had been accustomed, like other gentlemen, to wear cloth stockings; but during his reign silk stockings were heard of from abroad, and Henry much preferred knitted hose to the ordinary awkward cloth. It appears that the Kendal folk were quick in taking a hint; for soon after this, there was a knitting of woollen hose proceeding in thousands of dwellings. This may seem like exaggeration; but if the local records be true, the quantity of stockings sold weekly at the Kendal market, one hundred years ago, was about three thousand pairs. The hosiers used to set out on their rounds at stated times; going to the principal markets to give out worsted, and to receive the finished goods. This amount of knitting may be more easily believed when we find that the number of pack-horses employed to carry out Kendal goods, before waggons were established, was above three hundred per week. One would like to know who, of all the people about the King when he came to Kendal Castle, examined his new

silk stockings from Spain, and gave out the idea from which sprang all this industry, and all the comfort that it spread through the northern dales.

Meantime, the Kendal cottons were going beyond sea. They had lost favour at home before they were sent to clothe the negroes in Virginia. Raleigh's tobacco was a fine thing for Kendal. The more tobacco, the more slaves; the more slaves, the more Kendal cloth wanted for their wear. It was the American war which stopped the manufacture at last. Before the war was over, Yorkshire had got the start in regard to quality, owing to the introduction of improved machinery. The "cottons" descended in dignity — being used at last for horse-cloths, floor-cloths, scouring cloths (sometimes called "dwiles"). At last, the manufacture was admitted on all hands to have sunk below that of the linsey-woolsey (mixed linen and woollen), which had been rising for some years. Cotton fabrics were as yet scarcely heard of; almost all the Welsh, and multitudes of the Scotch and English working-classes, were dressed in linsey-woolsey — as indeed they are still. Between three and four hundred weavers are at this day employed in Kendal, in the manufacture of linsey-woolseys — all, of the old patterns that were preferred hundreds of years ago. The patterns and colours are various; more than could be supposed possible without inspecting the manufacturer's pattern-book; more than

would be supposed possible in a material which is simply striped, and of which one pattern alone is required in any one locality. This local prevalence is the most curious feature of the case. The farmers' wives who wear the blue and black stripe, would not look at a pattern of the blue and red, which is exclusively worn a dozen miles off; and the neighbours who wear red and white, have a new red and white petticoat every three years or so, and will not hear of the red and black, which are the boast of the next county. The Glasgowsale is large; but it would stop at once if the good wives could have only the pattern which is worn on the shores of the Solway; and on the two banks of the Mersey, the linsey-woolsey are as distinct in their colours as the plaids of the Highland clans — without the same reasons — with no other reason than antique custom. There is something bewitching in this fragment of permanency, in the midst of the changes which are going on in everything but costume. The manufacturers, however, are shaking their heads, fearing that the Exhibition has "done them harm," by giving people the idea of new patterns. So the world marches on!

Change in abundance may be found side by side with this steady adherence to old custom. Railway rugs — a new article — are in great request, and the manufacture is increasing prodigiously. So is that of "trouser-*ing*." The

checked, and striped, and mottled trousers, that we see everywhere, come chiefly from Kendal; and so does a large proportion of the horse-cloths, and serge, and the checked and mottled woollen of which miners' shirts are made. Mr. Tremenheere's Reports tell us sad stories of the colliers putting on clean Sunday shirts for six months together, without ever washing the skin beneath; and those who have acquaintance with Staffordshire colliers, know too well the spectacle of the throat plastered and ingrained with coal-dust, which shows itself above the shirt collar; but, however it may be with the wearer, the shirt washes well; and there is so much comfort in it, that one cannot wonder that miners' custom remains steady to Kendal fabrics, instead of wandering to Manchester.

The great manufacture of Kendal, however, is carpets; and this, though the wages of linsey-weavers are said to be a good deal higher. For the weaving of linseys, the wages rise from ten shillings to twenty-five shillings per week; whereas for carpet-weaving, they vary from twelve shillings to twenty shillings. A carpet-weaver can earn, by such excessive labour as no man ought to undergo, as much as sixty shillings in a week, at piece-work; but the fair average may be stated at sixteen shillings, while the average of linsey-weaving is seventeen shillings and sixpence. But the linsey-weavers are employed for only

eight months out of the twelve; whereas the carpet manufacture is steady. The collective woollen manufacture employs about a third of the population of Kendal. Happily, their wages are not their only resource. In this old-fashioned place, the land is not all appropriated; and almost every cottage has a garden, — and a good-sized one. Men who have not gardens at home, look out for and obtain them, in order to grow all the vegetables that they want. Some hire land of the farmers, who are glad to let them have it for potato grounds, for the sake of the capital manuring and breaking up by the spade, which is thus obtained. The farmers lend the manure and the produce, and the tenants supply the seed, the manure (which they purchase from the town), and the cultivation; and the bargain answers well to both parties. The weavers have done something better still; — they have clubbed their money to buy a field, and have divided it into allotments, which they cultivate with zeal and profit. It is scarcely necessary to say, after this, that the Kendal weavers are not the pallid, dwarfed, sharp-visaged order of men that one sees in Spitalfields and at Norwich, — trained to one bodily action only, and moody and captious from ill-health, and from the want of general bodily exercise. Not satisfied with exercise of their limbs in the loom, and at the spade, some of them work their lungs as well, — under prodigious difficulties.

Amidst the clack and shock of twenty Jacquard looms in one apartment, they talk to each other from bench to bench. Those who can keep up conversation under such circumstances, certainly yield a strong testimony to the sociability of human nature, and may consider themselves qualified to address the noisiest mob that could be mustered, — as far, at least, as concerns the power of the human lungs. It is pleasant to hear that these men have formed a cricket club, — and pleasanter still to know that the morality of their class is far above that of the average manufacturing population. The morals and manners of the mill-workers are superior to those of the weavers who do their work at home; but the homes may contrast advantageously with those of most other towns: and they might present a better aspect still, if the dwellings were better. They are sadly small and unwholesome.

Various reasons are assigned for the creditable social condition of the Kendal weavers: but it may be said, in a general way, that the clergy have been diligent; that two or three generations have had the benefit of Sunday schools; and that these influences have been aided by the superior means of health and comfort enjoyed by the labouring class. It may be added that there is here no apparent danger of the suffering from poverty, and from angry passions, which arises from strikes for wages. The Kendal weavers al-

low no interlopers, and permit no mischief-making between themselves and their employers. They formerly experienced just enough of the misery to guard themselves against a recurrence of it. Delegates from the south came among them, some years ago, and stirred up some discontent: but the Kendal men were intelligent enough, and few enough, to be able to study and manage their own case. They formed themselves into a sort of guild (without the name). They permit no one to enter it who has not served a due apprenticeship to the business; and, of course, the employers prefer those who have so qualified themselves. No straggler from north or south finds employment here, merely because he will work for low wages, — or for any other reason than that he is really wanted. And, in consequence of some threat of trouble when agitators came from the south, the employers and their men arrived at an understanding, which has made all smooth for the last seven years. An average was struck between the highest wages known to be asked, and the lowest wages known to be given; and this has been, through all changes, the rate of wages ever since. A compensating fund is formed, by subscription of the men; and out of this a maintenance is provided for any surplus labour in seasons of slack demand. Such is the state of things in Kendal. Some may say that the steadiness of the demand, and the restriction of the numbers,

and the intelligence of the people, make this an exceptional case: others may object that it cannot last. However that may be, such is the state of things in Kendal now. Those who can't believe it had better go and see; and we can promise them that they shall see a very pleasant sight.

On entering Kendal from the north, one naturally looks upon the river from the first bridge. There, in the green meadows, some little way down the stream, stands a large grey-stone mill, — built over the water. It is the Messrs. Whitwell's mill. Let us go and see what we can find there. We shall find there all the preparations for the carpet-weaving, which is going on in their factory, in another part of the town. Let us see what those preparations are.

In a shed, there are heaps and stacks of wool as it comes in, rough and dirty. We shall see it better up-stairs, where it is carried in heavy sacks, by means of a crane. Before we follow it there, we will look into the shed where the dyes are prepared. In the yard there are piles, and stacks, and logs of the oddest-looking woods; some yellow and splintering; some red and scraggy; some purple and solid. There are barrels of salts, and carboys of acids and oils, and bundles of bark. Entering the sloppy shed, where red and yellow and purple puddles have to be avoided, we are stunned by the noise of wheels. There goes the

great water-wheel, which tells us that the river is flowing under our feet; and creaking, rushing, and crushing, go several more wheels, set in motion by it. The rasping is the noisiest process. The wood to be rasped, is brought endwise to a wheel which is set with blades like those of a plane, and which, revolving, mince off the wood, which falls as it is cut, into an inclined trough, and finds its way to its receptacle below. A more awful-looking machine is the granulating-mill. In a prodigious basin, a stout shaft is set upright, which revolves, carrying with it two vast millstones. These, being round, and set on edge, must, in being carried round, thoroughly stir and crush against the sides whatever the basin holds. We see, accordingly, the rasped wood becoming a scarlet paste. These reds, however, are rather a sore point with the manufacturer; for, in our climate, no pains and care, and no science that we yet possess, can enable us to compete with certain foreigners in our red dyes. The same materials, used in precisely the same manner, which produce a glorious depth of red in Turkey and at Nismes, and a dazzling carmine at Tunis, here come out flat and dull in comparison. It cannot be helped. We cannot "have our cake and eat it." If we rejoice in our insular position, which keeps us out of many mischiefs, we must accept its fogs. We must be thankful for a stout national character and a lasting political freedom; though

we must do without carmine and Turkey-red dyes.

The dyeing process is not done in this shed, but in another, which needs no particular description, as it consists simply in boiling the yarns in various decoctions. We may mention here, however, the method by which "tapestry carpets" are woven in a pattern, as it belongs to the dyeing department, rather than the weaving. We all know the streaked, and clouded, and shaded work that comes out in purses, comforters, and the like, from under the hands of knitting young ladies, or crochet-workers. We see that the silk or the worsted is party-coloured, and that it forms clouds or shades in the working. Just so is it with the tapestry carpets which have been in use for seven years past. The yarn is party-coloured; and it is dyed carefully, so that the red of the weft may return upon the red, to make a rose; and a green upon a former patch of green, to make a leaf — and so on. This is done by encrusting the portions of the yarn with their respective dyes, and cooking them in this crust. As might be anticipated, these dyes cannot be made so permanent as in the case of a batch of yarn boiled in one dye; consequently the tapestry carpets do not wear well.

Now let us mount, and see the wool at the top of the mill. What an immense room it is! — airy, though low. Here are women employed, and boys, and a tall young man in a pinafore. He is

wise to wear a pinafore; for the wool is, of course, oily and dusty. Two or three fleeces are brought; and we ask again whether they can be fleeces of ordinary sheep — they are so very large. Yes; they are from Westmoreland sheep. The greater part of the wool used here is of home growth. If it be true that an ingenious man has discovered a method of water-proofing the fleeces of sheep without injuring the animal's skin, and without interfering with its transpiration, it is a great discovery. We heard of it some time since, and we hope it is true. The great object was to obviate the rot in sheep, by preserving them from damp; but it is an important object, though secondary, to keep the wool from the plaster of tar which the shepherds smear all over it, to save the lungs of their bleating charge. The native wool is certainly horribly dirty; and, after fingering the long staple and the short staple, and the more silky and the more woolly wool (so to speak), we are glad to wash our hands. This blask handful is from the Punjaub; and so is that shiny, curly, white specimen. They have come down the Indus to Bombay, and thence to this nook among the hills. The dwellers in this nook are ready to take a great deal more of this Punjaub wool, whenever we can agree with the inhabitants that they shall change their spears into shepherds' crooks. The long staple, that is required for the warp of certain fabrics, comes from Rus-

sia. It used to come over in a very rough state; but it is growing cleaner, with time and experience. The wool from Buenos Ayres is highly valued, and, if there could be an assured supply, the demand would be an important one; but that assurance of supply is exactly what is wanting. Sometimes the trade has been locked up for eighteen months together; and an inferior article is a less evil than such uncertainty.

Women and boys are sorting the wool here, pulling out the long staple and the short; throwing the finer fibre here, and the coarser there, ready for the operations below. The women earn about five shillings a week here, and the boys about three shillings.

The next destiny of the wool is to be "teased" by "the devil." This "devil" is a tremendous affair to be teased by. It has cylinders set with crooked teeth, among which the wool is pulled this way and that, and torn with the most persevering malignity, until there is nothing left but shreds and patches. The wool is next "fanned" in a revolving machine, which sends the dust down through a grating, to a receptacle below. The carding, and combing, and the "scribbling," which brings the wool out in a gauzy state, ready for spinning, and the spinning process, are so like the preparation of flax and cotton, as it may be seen in every mill, that there is no need to describe them here. There is, however, a "piecing" process, inge-

niously managed by machinery, which was new to us, and very interesting, from its dispensing with the labour of children. As the proprietor observed to us, the little things can be at school while this machine is doing their work. By the revolution of a cylinder, lengths of wool are turned out horizontally, each falling into a tin channel; and being carried on, till there are about a dozen, when the dozen channels turn completely over, and spill the lengths upon a cloth beneath, so as that one end joins upon the other end of a length below. The join is then pressed, so as to unite by a cylinder beneath; and an interminable length is made. It seems to us that we have seldom seen anything more ingenious — more original in its ingenuity — than this process. It has been in use about three years.

After the spinning and reeling (women's work chiefly), comes the washing and drying. Here again we find machinery doing what was, until lately, slow and toilsome human work. The hanks, in bundles, are carried, wet and hot, round wheels, and pressed under rollers in their passage, by which the dirt is squeezed out. They are thrown into vats, where boiling water is violently soused upon them: and the same process is gone through in another vat with cold water. Here we have the yarn clean, but wet. Formerly, it took two men with staves to twist the hanks in opposite directions, to wring out the moisture,

which still left the yarn very wet. Now, there is a new machine, by which centrifugal force is made use of to send the water flying off, in proportion to the rapidity of the revolutions. By peeping into this wonderful box, we see the yarn carried madly round, faster than the eye can follow, and the moisture raining off in streams from the top and down the sides. When the rain ceases, the yarn is taken out, — now merely damp.

While we are among the hot water, we inspect the fulling process. The coarse inferior cloths, which serve for saddle linings, &c., are cleansed in the fulling-mill; thrust into a box, open on one side, to be beaten by the “fulling-stocks,” — heavy hammers, which are raised by strong pegs fixed in a revolving wheel, and let fall, and raised again. It is a rough method of scouring, but most effectual for a fabric strong enough to bear it.

The yarn being dried and dyed, and dried again, must next be warped. The warping mill is an enormous reel; and the warper has to reel off from the bobbins whatever colours are wanted for the warp of a carpet. Suspended before his eyes is a bit of the carpet to be imitated. He picks out his greens, and his reds, and his yellows, and winds them all off together on his great reel, in readiness for the loom. If it be a new pattern of carpet that he is preparing for, he has a pretty picture before him, instead of a strip of carpet.

Who paints this pretty picture? The designer to the firm. Great is the intellectual exercise, severe the toil, keen the eyesight, required to make that pattern. The artist has been trained at the Government School of Design; and he has so much taste and invention that his employers declare that they can nowhere find, within the range of the carpet manufacture, patterns which can be compared with those furnished by this young man. He sits in his office, surrounded by portfolios of drawings, — containing not only his educational exercises, but sheetsful of results of later observation. There are impressions from the various ferns of the neighbourhood, from the plane leaf and the ivy, and many another familiar growth. We see them reproduced in the carpets unrolled for us in the warehouse; and those who adjudged the Exhibition prizes had others before their eyes. The designer sketches his fancies; and, if he like them on paper, draws them carefully in little; — on paper diced with little squares, where they look so pretty in black and white, that we should be in raptures with them if they had been ours. If still approved, they are next to be drawn in colours on paper diced with larger squares, containing little ones equivalent to stitches; — the same that patterns are produced on for ladies' Berlin wool work. It is this which must be so severely trying to the eyes; for every stitch has to be attended to. As he works, the

artist now and then tries his pattern by the mirror, — two pieces of glass fixed at right angles, which, placed along two sides of his pattern, present him with an expanse, — a repetition of his work — and enables him to judge of its effect.

The choicest designs have to be wrought in the highest kinds of carpets — Wilton and Brussels; and, for these, Jacquard looms are chiefly employed. The Jacquard looms are so familiar to all who know the Spitalfields or other silk manufacture, that there can be no need to describe them here: but we may mention, that at Messrs. Whitwell's mill may be seen a curious and recent invention — an invention of their own — called a "repeating machine," for taking copies of the Jacquard pattern-cards.

In carpets, as in other things, society is subject to "rages;" and when there is a pressing demand for a fresh pattern, cards are wanted for many looms. The machine before us multiplies the needed cards. Moveable pegs, of the size of the round holes in the cards, are selected, as it were, by the pattern-card on one side of the machine, and deposited in order in a perforated frame. This frame is then transferred to the other side, and pressed down under a roller upon slips of card underneath, several of which can be thus perforated at a stroke. The piecing machine and this repeating machine were to us the

most novel and interesting particulars of the whole manufacture.

And now everything is ready for the weaving. It is noon, and the people are ready for their dinners. We, who have travelled many miles to see this mill since breakfast, and have used our eyes diligently, and our ears more than is agreeable, are ready for luncheon, though it is hardly past noon. We agree to suspend operations for an hour or two, and go to the factory when the workers have returned from dinner.

We had no idea that we should find anything picturesque in a carpet factory: but, on entering any one of the long rooms, we certainly felt a wish that an artist had been with us, to represent things just as we saw them. All along both sides of a long room are looms, placed as close as liberty of weaving will allow; — so close, that a weaver has to stop his work while a party of three steps in to observe the feats of his neighbour. The tricks of the light, falling from the high windows upon the posts and beams of the looms, are striking; and so are the gay colours of the webs, shining out here and there — and so are the characteristic outlines of the men themselves; but, much more so, are the figures of the children, one of whom sits lowly at the end of each loom, winding the spools for the shuttle. Each child has its little reel, and works beside its father, or other employer. The youngest-looking boy we spoke

to was nine, and few of the girls could have been much older. All looked neat and healthy; and the work is light enough. They earn about three shillings per week, each.

The most responsible work done by children here, and that which requires the most diligent attention, is that of the boy who attends the Jacquard loom in which a Brussels or Wilton carpet is woven. The weaver has enough to do to mind his weft, without being charged with the other management of the loom. So an intelligent boy does three or four things in succession (with a moment's rest between), which seemed to us to make up a great day's work, and for which he is paid three shillings and sixpence per week. He pulls the cord by which, in Jacquards looms, the threads of the warp are raised or depressed as they are wanted. The weaver having passed his fingers between the raised and depressed threads, to make sure that they are clear of each other, the boy slides in a polished piece of wood, thin and broad (called the "sword"), by which, when turned on its side, the upper and under series of threads are kept well apart, and the weaver inserts his "wire" — a steel skewer, as long (from the head) as the carpet is wide. The shuttle is now thrown, and the yarn which encloses the wires of course forms loops when the wires are withdrawn. There is something almost painful in seeing by how

gradual and laborious a process every hair's-breadth of the carpets we tread upon so carelessly, is made. We buy a good Brussels carpet at four shillings and sixpence a yard, or a Wilton (called Velvet) at five shillings and sixpence, and we do not think of the wool coming down the Indus to Bombay; nor of the dyes from the Pacific; nor of the linen thread, sown, grown, and prepared near Belfast; nor of the mill processes; nor of this weaver, who has to give his mind to every cast of the shuttle; nor of this boy, who is now heaving at the cord — now thrusting in his "sword," and turning, and withdrawing it — for every new loop of the whole fabric. But, what an amount of human diligence it is, to purchase at the rate of four or five shilling a yard!

The Velvet or Wilton carpets are woven much in the same way. The difference is, that the "wires," instead of being of steel, and round, are of brass, and angular, with a groove along one of the sides. This groove is indicated to the touch of the weaver by the handle of the wire being open in a line with the groove. The wire is inserted with the grooved edge uppermost; and when the weaver has covered a few wires, he runs his knife along the groove of the hindmost, cutting the loops; and, of course, giving the pile which causes the fabric to be called Velvet.

One man in this establishment wove the rug, with a dog from

Landseer for the pattern, which won a prize at the Exhibition. It is of the fabric called "finger-rugs," from the yarn being dexterously inserted by the fingers; and, when well fastened in by a weft of linen thread, snipped off with shears, and left soft and velvety. Very soft are the eyes and muzzle of this prize dog, and very tufty are his black spots. To be sure, we do not think him a very good subject for a rug, as we do not habitually tread upon dogs; but then the same might be said of a large proportion of the carpets bought by people who do not suppose themselves deficient in taste.

Of one hundred and twenty looms, one-sixth may be employed in weaving Brussels carpets, and about eighty in weaving Kidderminster or Scotch carpets. A good deal of Dutch carpeting is also made for landings and passages, and for some bedrooms. It is the simplest sort of all, with small variety of patterns, but excellent for wear, and agreeable from its look of homely neatness and comfort. There is a "barrel loom," invented by a workman of Messrs. Whitwell's, which is worth notice from its ingenuity, though it cannot compete with the Jacquard loom. It looks, in its place aloft, much like the apparatus of a shower-bath. Its barrel is set with wires, like those of a barrel-organ, by which certain threads of the warp are lifted up and held apart from others, while the shuttle is thrown. Of other kinds of loom, it would be

merely puzzling to speak; or we could tell of more.

Four engineers are retained by this establishment; and it takes about the half of the time of one of them to keep the looms in order.

When the fabric comes from the looms, it has still to pass under the eye and hand of a woman, whose business it is to see that no knots or other blemishes remain visible. Having been thus revised and "picked," the carpet is wound on a roller, in a machine, which indicates its precise length at the same time: and then it is tacked with pack-thread, ticketed, and (unless made to order from a distance) deposited on the shelves of the warehouse. If it have to travel, it is packed in a hydraulic press, which reduces it to the smallest compass.

Such is a history of the trouble Kendal takes to give us an easy and pleasant footing in our homes. All honour to the art, and prosperity to the artists!

CHIPS.

HOMŒOPATHY.

WE have never been subjects of the Homœopathic mode of treatment, nor have we ever been concerned in making others so. But as we desire to state the Homœopathic Doctrine fairly, like all other doctrines to which we make any reference, and as it has been suggested to us that we may have scarcely done so in a passing allu-

sion to it at page 368 of the last volume of this publication, we will here reprint the following extract from a work in explanation of Homœopathic principles, by DR. EPPS.

"It is not maintained that a millionth part of a grain or of a drop (to take a given, though a large quantity, in homœopathic administration,) will produce any visible action on the man in health; nor is it maintained that a millionth part of a grain or of a drop will act on the man in disease: but it is maintained that the millionth part of a grain or of a drop will act on the man in disease, if between the diseased state of the man and the medicine, infinitesimally administered, there is a homœopathic relationship. In other words, the homœopaths do not vaguely say that medicines in infinitesimal doses cure diseases; but they do say that medicines given for the cure of diseases to which they are homœopathic, do cure these diseases when administered in infinitesimal quantities; to repeat, the homœopathist, in maintaining the efficacy of medicines in infinitesimal quantities, regards three requirements as necessary: — First, the development of virtues in medicines by the process of preparation; second, the increased receptivity to impression produced by disease; and third, the selection of the right remedy."

THE TRUE BOHEMIANS OF PARIS.

THE present Bohemians of Paris are not the Bohemians of Victor Hugo, or of Borrow; nor are they the clever scamps of the modern melo-dramatist. They do not number among their order, fascinating damsels who perform necromancies with goats and gilded horns, and turn the heads of an ardent public, from captains of the Guards and archdeacons, down to bell-ringers. They no longer swallow swords, balance coach-wheels on their chins, play at catch-ball with the rapidity of fire-works, or dance hornpipes on dessert-plates. They are innocent of thimble-rig; and, being only dexterous enough with the cards to play at piquet, cannot predict the future, or pronounce on the fate of a lover by turning up the ace of hearts, and by cutting the queen of diamonds. They have ceased to steal fowls, change children, (after the manner of their Egyptian brethren), or to tell fortunes: for *their* hands are seldom crossed with silver. The true modern Bohemian is not the wild, wandering, adroit, unprincipled, picturesque vagabond, who has been the delight of the poet, the novelist, and the painter, for ages; because, being an artist himself, he does not see his own excellencies as a model for art; yet he presents many points of resemblance to the Bohemians who have been immortalised by

Hugo, Borrow, and at the Porte Saint Martin Theatre. Although neither a gipsy nor a mountebank, he is wild and wandering; occasionally mysterious, often picturesque, and not seldom, I am afraid, unprincipled. He does not beg; he merely borrows: he never robs; but his skill in creating debts, and his powers of "owing," are transcendant. The shopkeeper shuns him; but the loungee loves him. He is the terror of the counter, but the delight of the *café*.

In a word, the Parisian Bohemians of to-day are a tribe of unfortunate artists of all kinds — poets, painters, musicians, and dramatists — who haunt obscure *cafés* in all parts of Paris, but more especially in the Quartier Latin. They have been unsuccessful in their professions, and many deservedly so — aspiration being too often the substitute for inspiration, and inspiration not unfrequently wasted or misused. They are, in some respects, what our "Grub Street" authors were in the last century.

The *café* where the Bohemians most do congregate is a quiet, pleasant place enough, when these distinguished persons are not present to make it noisy and disagreeable. It is distinguished from fashionable *cafés* by the scarcity of chance-comers, and the various signs, not difficult to observe, of its being mainly supported by regular frequenters. Call in on any evening, and you

may always see the same hats on the same pegs, and the same pipes — which have hung all the morning in little numbered niches against the wall — in the mouths of their respective owners, who take great pride in smoking them until they have become as black as negroes, and nearly as valuable to dealers and connoisseurs. The owners of these hats and pipes are, for the most part, Bohemians. They congregate in an inner room by themselves — removed as far as possible from the shopkeeper, with his moderate opinions and white cravat; for they hold him in supreme contempt. They form what, in time-honoured phrase, is known as a "motley group" — so diversified are their toilettes, so strange and unconventional are their beards and their bearing. Some of them are playing at billiards in the middle of the room; others are consoling themselves with cards in the corners. All are talking, and with a volubility of tongue known only to Frenchmen and Mr. Charles Mathews. But their conversation has no reference to the games in which they are engaged; these they seem to conduct mechanically. Listen to them, and you will gain, perhaps, some useful ideas on the subject of Grecian art, mixed up with comments on the *Charivari's* last caricature of M. Thiers; the merits of the early Christian painters, as compared with a friend who has just made his debut as a posturer; how far the eminent young Bohemian Jules — who has

just been caught revoking at piquet — falls short of Raffaele; and how the same Jules owes a duty to himself and the public, to give his genius fair play, and to surpass that master. The literary discussions — which range with great impartiality between the heights of transcendentalism in poetry and philosophy, and the depths of some feeble *bon mot* in a feeble satirical journal — are conducted in much the same manner. That thoughtful-looking young man, with the bright eye and the blonde moustache, is the author of a tragedy, in five acts, in verse — and unhappily still in manuscript — which accounts for the gloomy state of affairs at the Odéon, where it was refused. Adolphe appeared for the first time in print only yesterday, and now stands responsible for an “*Epitaphe anticipée*” upon a popular journalist in the “*Tintamarre*.” He is occupied in playing at billiards, and holding forth upon the respective merits of the classical and romantic schools, with regard to which he does not seem to have any very settled opinions; it is probable that his tragedy belongs to some new school of his own discovery. He covers his cue with chalk while covering a classicist with confusion; makes a cannon — and leaves a Romanticist no head to stand upon. In the same manner, will embryo Haendels and Mozarts hold forth upon the great masters of their particular art; but you may observe that nobody gives

specimens of his own compositions, literary or musical: it is a strict rule in the order, that its members are neither to be *read to* nor *sung to*; such assaults being directed only against the common enemy, society in general; except at certain solemn *séances* of the Bohemians themselves, when every man has an allotted period of the evening for the gratification of his own idiosyncrasy.

As for politics, you will scarcely hear them touched upon among the Bohemians — certainly never unless suggested by a subject of art. “Art before all,” is their creed; morality and the virtues they hold in high estimation — as elements without which poetry could not exist; and they have the greatest reverence for what is sacred — as furnishing inspiration to the painter. They bend themselves — it is to Dante; they adore — it is before Raffaele.

So much for the aims and aspirations of the Bohemians. For the rest, you may listen sometimes to no inconsiderable amount of their conversation, without being very much edified. Their muse is associated with something like mockery, and their transcendentalism has a dash of slang. They speak, in fact, in a style of literary metaphor, which is somewhat puzzling to the uninitiated. But this is a habit common to all thorough *artists* — using the word in its general sense, — who live isolated from general society — surrounded by nothing but art

and its associations — until one might almost believe, from outward appearances, that familiarity had produced its proverbial effect.

Listen to that group in the corner of the *café*. That young man with the Vandyke beard, who sits under the peg which holds the broad-leaved felt hat, is evidently a painter. He is telling his friends the life and adventures of the grand historical picture on which he has now been engaged for several years. The picture originally represented the "Passage of the Red Sea," under which title it was duly refused admission into the Exhibition. The artist, however, unwilling to have lost his time entirely, altered some of the details without changing the general composition, and called it the "Passage of the Rubicon;" but Pharaoh, we are told, ill disguised under the mantle of Cæsar, was recognised on the following year, and summarily repulsed. The third year came, and with it came the picture, once more a candidate for exhibition. This time greater changes were made — in the Egyptian especially, who now appeared in the uniform of the Imperial Guard. This time the piece was called the "Passage of the Bérézina." The committee, however, not only saw through the artist's design, but through his colours also; although he was always inclined to produce his effects by means of what they call an "opaque medium." The work was, accordingly, again returned

upon his hands. "Never mind, however," said the artist, in recounting this last mishap — "next year I shall call it the '*Passage des Panoramas*.'" — Next to the artist is a personage, a little older and more care-worn. He is beginning to compromise, to some extent, with his ambition, and condescend to task-work. He has recently produced a *vaudeville* at the *Variétés* — that is to say, he has written the dialogue, under the direction of two established authors, one of whom has furnished the "idea" of the piece, while the other has sketched out and arranged the scenes, and given the principal "points." The names of the two established authors have appeared in large letters in the playbills; that of the Bohemian follows in small typography; and, as may be supposed, his share of the spoils has been proportionate. This division of employment is almost universal in French dramatic writing, and the least important author, who figures last, in *small cap*, is usually a Bohemian. Perhaps the successful authors, who now reap all the honours, have passed through the ordeal in their time; and the subordinate will have his day. In this case, he sinks into the traditional "literary hack," and will write anything for which he can obtain the most miserable remuneration — from a History of the Universe, to an epitaph or a tradesman's puff.

But while the young ambition which spurns the lower walks of

art, is not likely to be at once recognised and at once successful, the less aspiring or more experienced — who condescend to plod along wherever a finger-post points in the direction of a dinner — are not always certain to secure that refreshment at the end of their journey. If on the one road the fruits hang too high — on the other, where they are more accessible, there are too many gatherers. Accordingly, the path of the Bohemian is nearly always one of hardship and difficulty. To be assured of this fact, it is not necessary to penetrate into their cheerless chambers, and watch their struggles — for struggles they very frequently are — for existence. Sufficient is it to meet them in their moments of relaxation at the *café*, where the general complaint of the proprietor is, that they do not “consume” enough. That is not their fault, they answer, but simply the fault of the infamous ready-money system upon which the house is conducted. Here you will learn how a celebrated musician (celebrated in the Bohemian sense) was, on the previous day, obliged to sponge upon somebody for a breakfast; and how a great painter, of transcendental tendencies, spent the morning in intriguing for a dinner — with much matter of the same suggestive kind. The subject of borrowing — its uses and abuses — is frequently brought under grave consideration. Among the Bohemians, it is said, there are

some who have reduced the practice to a science. They keep an alphabetical list of their acquaintances, with the days on which they are known to receive money, and the sums which may be expected from each, according to his means. These they tick off from the list as they are used up one by one, — a deadly class to meet with, whatever be your clime or condition; for it is reported that they know how to request the loan of five francs in every language under the sun.

But throughout all this battle for existence the Bohemians never lose their gaiety, nor their steady fidelity to Art; which communicates its influence to all around them. Such an effect, indeed, has their mingled facetiæ and transcendentalism had upon the unprepared mind of a waiter at the *café*, that I hear he has become an idiot in the flower of his youth. Another *garçon*, under the same corrupting influence, has been detected writing amatory verses to the bar-maid.

If the Bohemian never loses his gaiety in the darkest days of his distresses, the effect of an occasional gleam of sunshine, in the shape of a remittance, can scarcely be conceived. A member of the fraternity will appear one morning among his brothers with a five hundred franc bill in his hand. Perhaps it is the fruit of some lucky speculation; or, perhaps, he is an *amateur* Bohemian, whose parents are wealthy. Of this class, it should be observed,

there are many: with means at their command to live in respectable competence, they prefer the life of the Bohemian from love and sympathy, and are quite contented to take their chance of its pains and pleasures. However that may be, there are the five hundred francs, to be devoted to the public good, or the public detriment; and, as long as the money lasts, there is no end to the most frantic festivities. The last penny expended, the Bohemians, settle down into their former state of hazardous enjoyment, and contented care.

It may be asked what is the ultimate destination of the majority? Do they ever emancipate themselves from the fatal fascination of this mode of life? Certainly, they do; that is to say, most of them who have any real claims to distinction, attain it in the end. These are no days of "mute inglorious Miltons," especially in France, where talent must eventually make its way. The Bohemians are continually losing old, and as continually gaining new, members. One of the tribe will suddenly disappear from the old familiar scenes, and will be given up as lost. A few months elapse, and his companions find themselves invited to a banquet in a fashionable quarter. Here they find their old associate emerged from his chrysalis condition, and winging his way among the fruits and flowers of high life. He has in the mean time been

thinking and working; has made a success, and has become that most happy of human beings — more particularly in Paris — a popular author, with an audience of his own — a constituency that elect him to a permanent seat among the honoured of the land. From his proud position he looks back to his Bohemian days as perhaps the most happy, and certainly not the least useful portion of his experience. For the rest, there are many to whom such honours are but idle dreams; they live on in the old way, unnoticed, unknown, and, worse still, unprinted. They abuse "the world" in their own little coteries, and imagine themselves martyrs. Instead of being great lights of the age, they flicker futilely, or burn themselves prematurely out by over-excitement. In the mean time, it is not the public that is to blame — and scarcely they themselves — poor fellows: it is their misfortune that they have not discovered their true vocation in the beginning, or taken warning in time; that they have not condescended to clerkships, or apprenticed themselves to respectable cheese-mongers.

"There is a pleasure in painting which none but painters know;" there is also a pleasure in authorship which one need not be successful to experience. The struggle to ascend Parnassus has its fascination, futile though it be. One taste of the waters of Castaly is too intoxicating for many; yet

who, at its fountain, would wish to be a moderate drinker? Perhaps, then, some of my readers, who may have had a drop too much of that celebrated beverage, will make some allowances for the poor, blind, flattered, and fascinated Bohemian.



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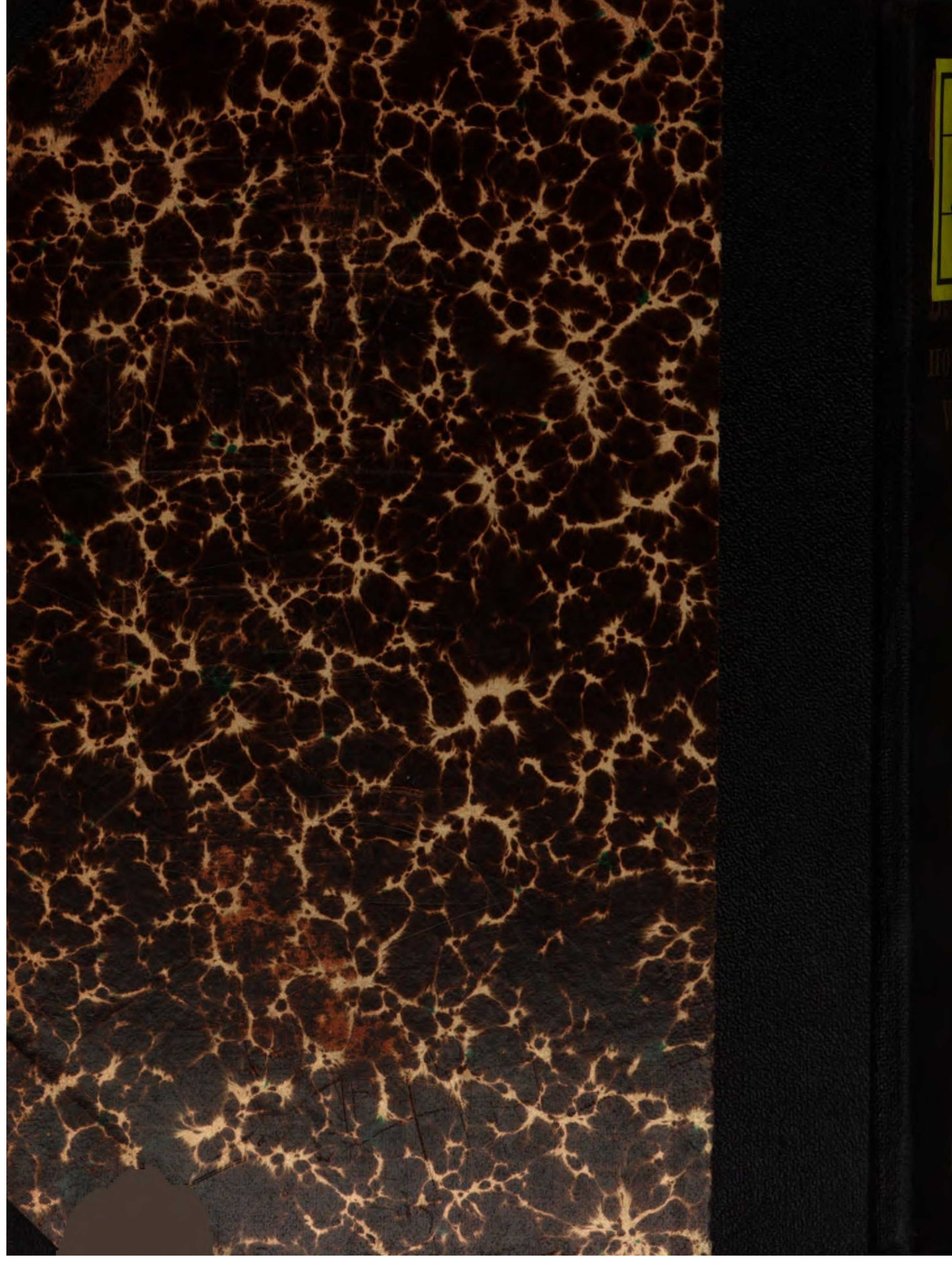
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